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William Shakspeare

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
AND
BEN JONSON

WITH A MEMOIR OF EACH

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE

BOSTON:
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY.
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C.

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MEMOIR OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE.

“He was not of an age, but for all time.”

BEN JONSON.

“ALL that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare, is—that he was born at Stratford upon Avon—married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried.”¹ Such is the remark of the most acute of his commentators; and I have quoted it here, as a sort of apology to the reader for the imperfections of the present essay.

It appears, that John Shakespeare, the father of our poet, could not boast a descent from ancestors of gentle blood, though his family had been long established in the county of Warwick. The place² of his birth is doubtful; but not long

¹ Note by George Steevens on Shakespeare's xciii^d *Sonnet*.

² It is probable that John Shakespeare was the son of a Richard Shakespeare of Snitterfield, (a town three miles from

after the year 1550, we find him settled as a tradesman in Stratford upon Avon. Concerning the nature of his vocation biographers disagree. The memoranda of Aubrey declare that he was a butcher; according to Rowe, he "was a considerable dealer in wool;" and Malone has adduced a contemporary document, which renders it probable that he followed the profession of a glover.³

Stratford,) who was tenant of a house and land belonging to Robert Arden. Collier, p. lxii., Halliwell, p. 8. The earliest notice of the Shakespeare family at Stratford is of the date April 29, 1552.]

³ "William Shakespeare's father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy, he exercised his father's trade; but *when he killed a calfe, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech!*" *M. S. Aubrey. Mus Ashmol. Oxon.*

Rowe tells us, that he received from Betterton, the actor, the chief part of the materials for our poet's Life; "his veneration for the memory of Shakespeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire, on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a veneration."

Malone, at one time, thought the assertions of Aubrey and Rowe by no means inconsistent: "Dr. Farmer," says he, "has illustrated a passage in *Hamlet* from information derived from a person who was at once a woolman and butcher, and, I believe, few occupations can be named which are more naturally connected with each other." *Shak.*, by Reed, iii. 214. ed. 1813. But he afterwards discovered the following entry in a very old manuscript, containing an account of the proceedings in the bailiff's court, which he considered decisive as to the occupation of our poet's father:

[Stretford, ss. Cur. Philippi et Mariæ, Dei gratia regis et

That he was a person of estimable character, may be concluded, as well from his having attained the highest municipal dignities of the town,⁴ as from his having formed a matrimonial connection with a woman whose rank in life was much superior to his own. About 1557, he married Mary,⁵ the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, her portion being a small estate in land called Asbies, and the sum of six pounds, thirteen shillings, and fourpence. The family of Arden was of great antiquity in Warwickshire, and several of its members had held

reginæ Angliæ, Hispaniarum, &c., secundo et tercio, ibidem tent. die Marcurii, videlicet xvij^o die Junii, anno prædicto, [June 17, 1556,] coram Johanne Burbage ballivo, &c. Thomas Sicke de Arscotte in com. Wigorn. queritur versus Johannem Shakyspere de Stretford in com. Warwici glover in placito quod reddat ei octo libras, &c.]

⁴ On April 30, 1556, and September 30, 1558, he was one of the jury of the court leet. On August 12, 1556, he was summoned on a jury in a civil action. In June 1557, he was one of the ale-tasters. On October 6, 1559, and again in May, 1561, he was made an affeeror. Either on Michaelmas day 1557, or early in 1558, he was chosen burgess. In 1558, and the next year, he served as constable. In September, 1561, he was elected one of the chamberlains, and filled the office for the two succeeding years. On July 4, 1565, he was chosen alderman. From Michaelmas, 1568, to Michaelmas, 1569, he served as high-bailiff, and on September 5, 1571, he was elected chief alderman for the ensuing year.

⁵ From a comparison of the wills of her parents, it appears that she was the youngest of at least four daughters. [She was the youngest of at least seven. Collier, p. lxiii.]

situations of honour; both in their native⁶ county, and at the court of their sovereign.

In 1569,* or 1570, John Shakespeare obtained from the Herald's Office a grant of arms; in 1596, he received another grant; and in 1599, a confirmation of arms, the chief object of which seems to have been, to enable him to impale with his own bearings those of Arden.⁷

There is reason to believe, that during the earlier part of his career, his circumstances were easy, though far from affluent. At a court leet

⁶ Rob. Arden de Bromwich, was in the list of Warwickshire gentry, returned by the commissioners in 1433. In 1562, and 1568, Sim. Arden and Edw. Arden were sheriffs of the county. Sir John Arden, the elder brother of our Robert's grandfather, was squire of the body to Henry the Seventh. Robert Arden, the father of our Robert, was groom or page of the bedchamber to the same king, by whom he was constituted keeper of the royal park called Aldercar, and bailiff of the lordship of Codnore: he also obtained from the crown a valuable lease of the extensive manor of Yoxsall in Staffordshire.

* [There is not sufficient authority for this statement. He is called *yeoman* (not gentleman, or glover,) in 1579 and in 1597. It seems quite probable, that the grant of arms was not really *obtained* until 1599.]

⁷ The later applications were doubtless made at the suggestion of his son, who was then rising into consequence. When in these grants to John Shakespeare, mention is made of his ancestors having been advanced and rewarded by Henry the Seventh, &c., it is certain that the expressions relate not to the ancestors of John Shakespeare, but to those of his wife.—See Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 28, et seq. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

held in October, 1556, the lease of a house in Greenhill street and that of another in Henley street, were assigned to him. In 1564, his charities place him in the second class of the inhabitants of Stratford. In 1570, he rented a field of about fourteen acres, known by the name of "Ingon, alias Ingon meadow;" and in [1575,] he purchased a small property, consisting of two houses in Henley street, with gardens and orchards annexed to them.

Before 1578, however, his affairs had become greatly embarrassed; in that year he mortgaged for forty pounds the little estate of Asbies, derived from his wife; was required to pay only half the sum for which the other aldermen were assessed; and was altogether excused from contributing his share of a petty weekly tax for the relief of the poor;—see below,⁸ where will be

⁸ When it was agreed in January, 1578, that every alderman should pay towards the furniture of three pikemen, two billmen, and one archer, vi^s viii^d, John Shakespeare, in consideration of his embarrassments, was required to pay only iii^s and iv^d; in November next, when it was ordained that every alderman should contribute iiiii^d a week for the relief of the poor, it was determined that he should "not be taxed to pay any thing." From the will of a baker, named Sadler, who died towards the end of 1578, we find that John Shakespeare owed him five pounds, for the payment of which two persons had entered into securities. In an account of money levied on the inhabitants of Stratford in 1579, for the purchase of armour and defensive weapons, his name occurs among the defaulters. What follows is from the register of

found a variety of notices, drawn from the records of the borough of Stratford, &c., which sufficiently indicate the decline of his fortunes. In 1586, in consequence of his having neglected the business of his office, another alderman was appointed in his stead.⁹

In a bill of complaint against John Lambert, which he exhibited in Chancery in 1597, he describes himself as a "*man of very small wealth*;"¹⁰

the Bailiff's Court, in 1585-86, [the words being written without contraction.—Jan. 19, 28 Eliz.; Ad hunc diem servientes ad clavam burgi prædicti retornant processum de distringas eis directum versus Johannem Shackspere ad sectam Johannis Browne, quod prædictus *Johannes Shackspere nihil habet unde distringi potest*. Ideo fiat capias versus eundem Johannem Shackspere ad sectam prædicti Johannis Browne, si petatur.—It may be added that in 1579 John Shakespeare parted with his wife's interest in two tenements in Snitterfield for the small sum of 4*l*.]

In a report to the Privy Council, dated Sept. 25, 1592, a return is made of "such recusants as have been heretofore presented for not coming weekly to the church according to her Majesty's laws." John Shakespeare appears on a list with eight others, of whom "it is said that these last come not to church for fear of process for debt."

⁹ "At the hall, holden on the 6th day of September, in the twenty-eighth year of our Sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth.

"At this hall, William Smith and Richard Courte are chosen to be aldermen, in the places of John Wheler and John Shakspeare, for that Mr. Wheler doth desire to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakspeare doth not come to the halls, when they be warned, nor hath not done of long time."

¹⁰ At the bottom of the grant of arms to John Shakespeare, made in 1596, is a note, "That he hath lands and tenements

and who had very few friends or alliances in the county of Warwick." He died in 1601.

Mary Shakespeare deceased in 1608. We are not to suppose that during their later years they were left to struggle with pecuniary difficulties: their gifted son, who was then possessed of considerable property, doubtless assisted them to the utmost of his means.

Four sons, and four daughters, born in the following order, were the offspring of this pair: Joan, Margaret, William, Gilbert, another Joan, Anne, Richard, and Edmund. The elder Joan, Margaret, and Anne, were cut off immaturely. Whether Gilbert died at an early, or at an advanced period of life, is uncertain.¹¹ The second Joan became the wife of William Hart, a hatter in Stratford, and died in 1646. Richard, of whom nothing is known, was buried in 1612-13,

of good wealth and substance, 500*l*." But Malone has, I think, sufficiently accounted for this minute, and shown that it is not entitled to credit. See his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 89, et seq. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

It may be added here, that few of the corporation of Stratford in those days could write their names, and that among the marksmen is found John Shakespeare.

¹¹ It has been supposed that Gilbert was the brother of our author, who, according to Oldys, "lived to a good old age, even some years after the restoration of King Charles the Second," and saw the great dramatist perform a character in one of his own plays, which, from the description, must have been Adam in *As You Like It*. The anecdote is given in a later part of this Memoir.

having nearly attained the age of thirty-nine. Edmund embraced the profession of an actor, played at the Globe Theatre, and was interred in the church of St. Saviour's (the parish where he resided) on the 31st of December, 1607, in his twenty-eighth year.

William Shakespeare, the third child and the eldest son of his parents, was born¹² at Stratford-upon-Avon, in April, 1564; as he was baptized on the 26th,¹³ it has been conjectured that his birth took place on the 23d of the month.

When he was about nine weeks old, the plague broke out in his native town; but though it raged there during six months with the most fatal violence, we gather from the register of deaths that not a single individual of the name of Shakespeare became its victim.

No anecdotes of his earliest years have been preserved. All the education he received was

¹² A house in Henley street is pointed out as that in which Shakespeare was born; but whether it is "the very roof that sheltered his infant innocence," (as Dr. Drake has it) may perhaps be doubted. In 1820 I visited this mansion, and saw the "Shakesperian relics," which are there exhibited to all "curious travellers;" they consist of a card and dice box with a pincushion on its top, *presented to him by the Prince of Castile*, a Toledo, an iron box which inclosed his Will, a table cloth of black velvet embroidered with gold, *the gift of Queen Elizabeth*, his wife's shoe, a drinking-glass, *made for him in his sickness*, a table *on which he wrote his works*, &c.

¹³ [The memorandum in the register is as follows: 1564. April 26. Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakspeare.]

probably at the free school of Stratford;¹⁴ but at what period he was first placed there, or how long he remained, are points which it is impossible to ascertain. What quantity of classical learning he possessed, is a question which has given rise to much discussion. That he had no pretensions to *scholarship* is beyond a doubt; but that he should have failed to carry away from a respectable school as much learning as a talented and well-taught stripling generally acquires, I can see no reason to disbelieve.¹⁵ From the line in Jonson's admirable verses to his memory,

“And though thou had'st small Latin, and less Greek,”

we are not to conclude that he was utterly ignorant of those languages,—Ben probably meant to allow him a school-boy knowledge of both; and be it remembered, that even considerable attainments in learning would have appeared slight to Jonson, who having devoted many a laborious hour to the study of the classics, had stored his mind with all the treasures of antiquity. In opposition to Gildon, Upton, and other critics who

¹⁴ Rowe—Malone has shown that Mr. Thomas Hunt and Mr. Thomas Jenkins were successively masters of the school from 1572 to 1578, during which time we may suppose that Shakespeare belonged to it.

¹⁵ “He understood Latin pretty well,” says Aubrey, “for he had been in his younger yeares a schoolmaster in the country.” MSS. *Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* [Collier suggests that he might have been employed by the master of the Stratford school to aid him in the instruction of the junior boys.]

asserted the extensive erudition of Shakespeare, Farmer has incontrovertibly shown that, while composing several of his dramas, he had recourse to North's Plutarch, and to other vernacular books, instead of consulting the ancient authors in the original. Let me just observe, that if he was unable to read the Greek text of the "Cheronean sage," not a few worthy gentlemen of our own day, who have taken their degrees at Oxford or Cambridge, stand in the same predicament. It is difficult to believe that he never acquired any knowledge either of Italian or French, as both languages were then more familiar to Englishmen than at the present time.

In consequence of the embarrassments of his father (which have been already noticed) we are informed by Rowe,¹⁶ that the youthful poet was withdrawn from school, his assistance being required at home. The truth of this statement¹⁷ is weakly disputed by Malone, who as unsuccessfully endeavours to establish, from the frequent employment of law terms in our author's dramas,

¹⁶ *Life of Shakespeare.*

¹⁷ His brother Gilbert, says Malone, "was little more than two years younger than our poet, and, at the time now under our consideration, *was as capable of carrying out parcels of gloves* for his father (all that a boy could do) as his elder brother! For this purpose, therefore, it was not necessary to impede the progress of the eldest son's education." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 106. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

that he was stationed for two or three years in the office of a Stratford attorney.* Aubrey's assertion,¹⁸ that Shakespeare in his youth was a school-master in the country, whether worthy of credit or not, must be referred to this period of his life.

But to turn from uncertainties to facts — in 1582, when he was a little more than eighteen, he married¹⁹ Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford.²⁰ There was considerable disproportion in

* [The great number of law terms and of allusions to legal processes which occur in Shakespeare's plays, and the propriety with which they are introduced, make Malone's supposition by no means incredible.]

¹⁸ See note, p. ix.

A story of Shakespeare and some of his companions having accepted the challenge of the Bidford toppers and sippers to drink with them, &c., was communicated to Malone by a native of Stratford, *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 500, (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.) et seq. and is related with some variations in Ireland's *Picturesque Views*, p. 229 et seq. It informs us that Shakespeare composed these lines on the occasion, which the late Mr. Boswell suspected to have been from Brathwaite's pen:

“Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hilborough, and Hungry Grafton,
With Dadging Exhall, Papist Wixford,
Beggary Broom, and Drunken Bidford.”

¹⁹ Neither the day, nor the place of their union are known. [On the 28th November, 1582, two persons entered into a bond to obtain such a dispensation from the bishop of Worcester as would authorize a clergyman to marry William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway “with once asking of the banns.”

²⁰ Rowe.

their ages, for the lady was in her twenty-sixth year; but Oldys²¹ seems to have learned, by tradition, that she was beautiful; and it is indeed unlikely that a woman devoid of personal charms should have won the youthful affections of so imaginative a being as Shakespeare. It is unfair to conclude (as some biographers have done) from certain passages in his plays concerning marriage, that he afterwards repented of this connection; but when we find that during his almost constant residence in London, his wife remained at Stratford, and that he only remembers her slightly, and, as it were, casually in his will, we have some reason to suspect that their union was not productive of much domestic happiness. From some of Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, it has been supposed that, after he became a husband, he was by no means remarkable for purity of morals; but (as I shall have occasion to notice more particularly in a subsequent part of this essay) no inference respecting his conduct should be drawn from compositions, most of which appear to have been written under an assumed character. In May, 1583, his wife bore a daughter, who was called Susanna;²² and, about eighteen

²¹ See note on our author's xciii^d *Sonnet*.—Malone's *Shakespeare* (by Boswell) xx. [This sonnet could not have been addressed to the poet's wife.]

²² Baptized May 26.

months afterwards, she was delivered of twins, a son and daughter, baptized²³ by the names of Hamnet and Judith. It does not appear that she again became a mother.

We are now arrived at an event in our author's history of great importance, inasmuch as it caused him to abandon his native town, and put forth the energies of his mighty genius. Having fallen into the company of some wild and disorderly young men, he was induced to assist them, on more than one occasion, in stealing deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in the neighbourhood of Stratford. For this offence (which in those days used to be regarded as a venial frolic) he was treated, as he thought, too harshly; and he repaid the severity by ridiculing Sir Thomas in a ballad. So bitter was this satirical effusion, that the prosecution against its author was redoubled; and forsaking his family and occupation, he took shelter in the metropolis from his powerful enemy. Such is the story²⁴ which tradition has preserved; and that it

²³ February 2nd, 1584-5.

²⁴ Rowe's account has been followed in the text.

In the archives of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, are the MS. collections of a learned antiquary, Mr. William Fulman, who died in 1688, with additional notes, by the friend to whom he bequeathed them, Mr. Richard Davies, archdeacon of Lichfield, who died in 1707. Among these papers is the following record concerning Shakespeare by the latter gentleman. "He was much given to all unluckinesse,

has some foundation in truth, cannot, surely, be doubted, notwithstanding what has been urged to the contrary by Malone, whose chief object in

in stealing venison and rabbits; particularly from Sir — Lucy, who had him oft whipt, and sometimes imprisoned. and at last, made him fly his native country, to his great advancement. But his reveng was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate; and calls him a great man, and that, in allusion to his name, bore three lowses rampant for his arms." *Fulman's MSS.* vol. xv.

A Mr. Thomas Jones of Turbich, a village in Worcestershire, about eighteen miles from Stratford, who died aged upwards of ninety, in 1703, remembered to have heard from several very old people, the story of the deer-stealing, with this addition, that the ballad was fixed on Sir Thomas Lucy's park-gate, and could repeat a stanza of the said ballad, which Oldys and Capel have preserved.

Oldys tells us, (in a MS. note, which Steevens first printed) "he [Jones] could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing, and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me:

"A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:

He thinks himself greate,
Yet an asse in his state

We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Sing lowsie Lucy—whatever befall it."

• "Mr. Jones," says Capel, in his nebulous style, "had put down in writing the first stanza of this ballad, which was all he remembered of it, and Mr. Thomas Wilkes (my grandfather) transmitted it to my father by memory, who also took it down in writing, and his copy is this," &c.

writing the Life of our poet was, to shake the credibility of the facts brought forward by Rowe.

As an evidence that Shakespeare long retained a grudge against Sir Thomas Lucy, the opening scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* may be adduced: there, Justice Shallow complains that Falstaff had "killed his deer;" Slender informs us, that the arms of the Shallows are a "dozen white luces;"²⁵ and Sir Hugh Evans plays upon the word "luce," in the same manner as the stanza of the ballad given in my note, plays upon the surname "Lucy."

Various sets of players,—the Queen's company, the servants of Lord Worcester, of Lord Leicester, of Lord Warwick, and of other noblemen, had been in the habit of resorting to Stratford, and exhibiting their performances in its Guildhall.

These verses may be genuine; but not so, I fear, is the entire song said to have been found in a chest of drawers at Shottery, near Stratford, and several times printed.

In a MS. *History of the Stage*, (supposed to have been written by that mendacious personage Chetwood) are two stanzas of a different pasquinade on Sir Thomas Lucy, by Shakespeare, which we are informed Joshua Barnes (the editor of Homer and Euripides, &c.) recovered from the singing of an old woman, as he was baiting at an inn in Stratford.

²⁵ The coat of Sir Thomas Lucy was "gules, *three* luces [i. e. pike-fishes] hariant, argent." Even Malone allows that passages of this scene "afford grounds for believing that our author, on some account or other, had not the most profound respect for Sir Thomas Lucy." *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 142. [†]*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

Before Shakespeare was compelled to forsake his home, he had doubtless seen the best theatrical productions (such as they were) represented by the best actors then alive; and it is probable that, his inclination for the theatre having early manifested itself, he had become known to the elder Burbage, to Heminge, and to Thomas Greene, all players of note.²⁶ It has been supposed that the two first of these Thespian heroes were the countrymen of Shakespeare; the last was certainly his townsman, and perhaps his relation. It was natural, therefore, that under his present circumstances, Shakespeare should have had recourse to the theatre, as a means of subsistence, and in all probability he was "nothing loath" to exchange the dull monotony of his former occupation (whatever it may have been) for the more exciting profession of the stage.

²⁶ [The earliest record of the representation of plays in Stratford is dated in the year when John Shakespeare was bailiff, 1569. In 1573, the Earl of Leicester's Players, of whom James Burbage was the leader, performed in the town. Various companies exhibited nearly every year after this; in 1587 no fewer than five. A family of the name of Burbage was resident in Stratford, and one member of it attained the highest dignity in the corporation. In the Muster-book of the county of Warwick in 1569, the names of Burbage, Slye, and Heminge occur in various places, although not with the same christian names as those of the actors in Shakespeare's plays: the name Nicholas Fooley is, however, found there, and he was a well known member of the company to which Shakespeare was attached. Collier's *Life*, pp. xcix—ci.]

His arrival in London cannot well be fixed earlier than the year 1586 or 1587. According to Rowe, "he was received into the company, at first in a very mean rank:" it has also been said that he was employed as *call-boy*, whose business is to give notice to the performers, when their different entries on the stage are required; and ²⁷

27 "In the time of Elizabeth," says Dr. Johnson, "coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play, and when Shakespeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous, for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakespeare's boy, sir*. In time Shakespeare found higher employment, but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of *Shakespeare's boys*." This story first appeared in Cibber's *Lives of the English Poets*, 1753, the whole, or at least the greater part, of which book was written by Shiels, the amanuensis of Johnson. "Sir William Davenant," we are there informed, "told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe; Mr. Rowe told it to Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope told it to Dr. Newton, the late editor of Milton; and from a gentleman who heard it from

another tradition informs us, that he used to hold the horses of those who rode to the theatre without attendants, till the performance was concluded. Biographers seem to agree in rejecting the last anecdote as unworthy of belief. His situation was not desperate enough to subject him to so degrading an employment: his father, though not in easy circumstances, was still probably engaged in trade; his father-in-law was a yeoman of respectability; and it is unlikely that, on his removal to the metropolis, they withheld from him all pecuniary assistance. If, however, his rank was at first subordinate, he soon raised himself to distinction; and but a few years had elapsed before he became possessed of a principal share in the theatres, to which he was attached.* As all his dramas²⁸ appear to have been performed at the Globe and Blackfriars (which belonged to the same comedians,) there is no reason to believe that he was ever connected with any other houses.

The following buildings were used for the representation of plays in London, between the time of

him, 'tis here related." The "gentleman" was doubtless Dr. Johnson.

* [We first hear of Shakespeare at London in 1589, when he was an actor at the Blackfriars theatre and one of the sixteen shareholders.]

²⁸ *Titus Andronicus* was played by the servants of the Earl of Pembroke, &c. *The First Part of Henry VI.* by those of Lord Strange.

Shakespeare's first appearance there and his final retirement to Stratford; it must be understood, however, that they were not all open together.

The *Theatre*, (so called by distinction,) and the *Curtain*, both in Shoreditch; the *Blackfriars Theatre*, near the present site of Apothecaries' Hall; *Paris Garden*, on the Bankside; the *Whitefriars Theatre*; the *Globe*, on the Bankside; the *Fortune*, in Golden, or Golding Lane, St. Giles, Cripplegate; the *Rose*, the *Hope*, and the *Swan*, all three on the Bankside; the *Newington Theatre*; and the *Red Bull*, at the upper end of St. John Street.²⁹

Nearly all these buildings, it is probable were constructed of wood. Those which (for some undiscovered reason) were termed private ⁴⁰ theatres, were entirely roofed in from the weather, while the public theatres were open to the sky, except over the stage and galleries. On the outside of each was exhibited a sign indicative of its name; and on the roof, during the time of performance, was hoisted a flag.

Their interior arrangements resembled those of the present day. There were tiers of galleries

²⁹ The *Cockpit*, or *Phœnix*, does not appear to have been converted into a theatre until Shakespeare had finally retired to Stratford.

³⁰ For an account of all the distinguishing marks of private playhouses, see Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 335.

or *scaffolds*; beneath these, the boxes or *rooms* intended for persons of the highest class, and which at the private theatres were secured with locks, the keys being given to the individuals who engaged them;³¹ and there was the centre area (separated, it seems, from the stage by pales) at the private theatres termed the *pit*, and furnished with seats, but at the public theatres called the *yard*, and affording no such accommodation. Cressets or large open lanterns served to illuminate the body of the house, and two ample branches, of a form similar to those now hung in churches, gave light to the stage. The band of musicians, which was far from numerous, sat, it is supposed, in an upper balcony, over what is now called the stage-box; the instruments chiefly used were trumpets, cornets, hautboys, lutes, recorders, viols, and organs.

The amusements of the audience, previous to the commencement of the play, were reading, playing at cards, smoking tobacco, drinking ale, and eating nuts and apples. Even during the

³¹ "At each side of this balcony [the balcony at the back of the stage, described at p. xxvii.] was a box, very in conveniently situated, which sometimes was called the *private box*. In these boxes, which were at a lower price, some persons sate, either from economy or singularity." Malone's *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, p. 80.—(*Shak.* by Boswell, iii.) The exact situation of these private boxes is by no means certain.

performance, it was customary for wits, critics, and young gallants who were desirous of attracting attention, to station themselves on the stage;³² either lying on the rushes, or seated on hired stools, while their pages furnished them with pipes and tobacco.

At the third *sounding*, or flourish of trumpets, the exhibition began. The curtain, which concealed the stage from the audience, was then drawn, opening in the middle and running upon iron rods. Other curtains called *traverses* were used as a substitute for scenes. At the back of the stage was a balcony,³³ the platform of which

³² Malone thought this custom was confined to private theatres, but see Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 352.

³³ "It appears," says Malone, "from the stage-directions given in *The Spanish Tragedy*, that when a play was exhibited within a play (if I may so express myself) as is the case in that piece and in *Hamlet*, the court or audience before whom the interlude was performed, sat in the balcony, or upper stage, already described; and a curtain or traverse, being hung across the stage *for the nonce*, the performers entered between that curtain and the general audience, and on its being drawn, began their piece, addressing themselves to the balcony, and regardless of the spectators in the theatre, to whom their backs must have been turned during the whole of the performance." *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, p. 108.—(*Shak.* by Boswell, iii.) Though, as Mr. Collier remarks, (*Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 363,) the authorities here cited by Malone do not bear out his supposition, I cannot help thinking that it is right. There was no necessity, however, that, on such occasions, the actors should absolutely turn their backs on the audience.

was raised about eight or nine feet from the ground; it served as a window, gallery, or upper chamber; from it a portion of the dialogue was sometimes spoken; and in front of it curtains were suspended, to conceal, if necessary, those who occupied it from the audience. The internal roof of the stage, either painted blue, or adorned with drapery of that colour, was termed *the heavens*. The stage was generally strewed with rushes, but on extraordinary occasions was matted. There is reason to believe, that when tragedies were performed, it was hung with black.

Movable painted scenery there was assuredly none:

“The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest,—
The forest-walks of Arden’s fair domain,
Where Jaques fed his solitary vein;
No pencil’s aid as yet had dar’d supply,
Seen only by the intellectual eye.”⁸⁴

A board containing the name of the place of action in large letters, was displayed in some conspicuous situation. Occasionally, when a change of scene was necessary, the audience was required to suppose that the performers, who had not quitted the boards, had passed to a different spot.⁸⁵ A bed thrust forth, showed that the stage

⁸⁴ Charles Lamb.

⁸⁵ So in Peele’s *Old Wives Tale*:

“*Smith*. Well, masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood: in consideration whereof, if you will

was a bed-chamber; and a table with pen and ink, indicated that it was a counting-house. Rude contrivances were employed to imitate towers, walls of towns, hell-mouths, tombs, trees, dragons, &c.; trap-doors had been early in use; but to make a celestial personage ascend to the roof of the stage, was more than the mechanists of the theatre could always accomplish.³⁶

What a contrast between the almost total want of scenery in those days, and the splendid representations of external nature in our modern play-houses! Yet, perhaps the decline of the drama, may in a great measure be attributed to this improvement. The attention of an audience is now directed rather to the efforts of the painter than to

go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

All O blessed Smith, O bountiful Clunch!

Smith. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so [Here a dog bark.
Hark! this is Ball my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language. come, take heed for stumbling on the threshold: open door, Madge, take in guest.

Enter Old Woman.

Old Wo. Welcome, Clunch, and good fellows all," &c.—
See my second edition of Peele's *Dramatic Works and Poems*, 1. 209, 1829.

³⁶ A stage-direction at the end of Greene's *Alphonsus* is, "*Exit Venus, or if you can conveniently, let a chair come down from the top of the stage, and draw her up.*" See my edition of Greene's *Dramatic Works and Poems*, ii. 67.

those of the actor, who is lost amid the marvellous effects of light and shade on our gigantic stages.

From Henslowe's Memoranda, and from passages in old writers, it is manifest that the best theatrical wardrobes were of a costly kind; * but the dresses were of course less elegant and appropriate at some theatres than at others. The performers of male characters occasionally wore periwigs. Female parts were played solely by boys or young men, who sometimes used vizards. The person who spoke the Prologue, and who entered immediately after the third *sounding*, was usually dressed in a black velvet cloak. An Epilogue does not appear to have been a regular appendage³⁷ to a play.

During the performance, the clown would break forth into extemporaneous buffoonery: there was dancing and singing between the acts; and at the end of the piece was a song, or a *jig*,—a farcical rhyming composition of considerable length, sung or said by the clown, and accompanied with dancing and playing on the pipe and tabor. A prayer for the queen, offered by the actors on their knees, concluded the whole.

* ["Sometimes more than 20*l* were given for a cloak, an enormous price, when it is recollected that money was then five or six times as valuable as at present" Collier.]

³⁷ Mr. Collier thinks that many epilogues which were spoken have not come down to us, the printer having chosen to omit them, rather than give an additional leaf to the play. *Hist. of English Dram. Poet* iii. 444.

The price of admission appears to have varied according to the rank and estimation of the theatres; a shilling was charged for a place in the best boxes; the entrance money to the pit and galleries was the same,—sixpence, twopence, and a penny. The performance commenced at three o'clock.³⁸ During the reign of Elizabeth, plays were acted on Sundays, as well as on other days of the week;³⁹ but during that of her successor, dramatic exhibitions on the Sabbath appear to have been tolerated only at court.

Of the immediate predecessors of Shakespeare, the following dramatists were the most distinguished,—Lyly, Peele, Greene, Kyd, Nash, Lodge, and Marlowe. The comedies of Lyly⁴⁰ are cold, mythological, conceited productions, presenting occasional glimpses of a better style. In the dramas of Peele,⁴¹ especially in *David and Bethsabe*, there is no inconsiderable portion of poetic beauty; and he must be allowed the honour of having suggested hints to Milton for the composition of *Comus*, till chance has discovered to us

³⁸ See Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 377.

³⁹ In 1580, the magistrates of the city of London obtained from the Queen a prohibition against plays on the Sabbath, which seems to have continued in force but a short time.

⁴⁰ Nine plays by Lyly have come down to us.

⁴¹ See his [six] extant plays in my edition of his *Dramatic Works and Poems*, 2 vols. 1829. [A third volume was published in 1839.]

some common original of that lovely Masque, and of the *Old Wives Tale*. In richness of fancy Greene⁴² is inferior to Peele; and with the exception of his amusing comedy, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, there is, perhaps, but little to admire in his dramatic productions: he was far happier in some of those lyric pieces, scattered through the vast variety of prose pamphlets, which he poured forth with surprising facility. The *Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd⁴³ excited much contemporary applause; and long after its first appearance, it continued to be remembered from the parodies of its more ridiculous passages, in which a host of succeeding dramatists loved to indulge. Doubtless, it is full of absurdities; but though less poetical than the plays of Peele and Greene, it excels them in touches of passion and in power of thought. To the three dramatists last mentioned, Nash⁴⁴ was in every respect inferior. As a prose satirist he was justly celebrated, and the pamphlets which he published during his famous controversy with Gabriel Harvey, exhibit such specimens of coarse wit and violent invective, as may, perhaps, have been

⁴² See his six extant plays in my edition of his *Dramatic Works and Poems*, 2 vols. 1831.

⁴³ *Jeronimo*, the *Spanish Tragedy*, and *Cornelia*, (from the French of Garnier) are the only remaining dramas of Kyd.

⁴⁴ Of Nash's dramatic works two have survived; *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, and *Dido*. Of the latter Marlowe wrote a portion.

equalled, but certainly have never been surpassed, in any language. Lodge, like Nash, was more distinguished in other walks of literature than in the drama. His satirical poetry is of no mean rank ; and several copies of verses interspersed among his different prose tracts are picturesque and graceful. In his tragedy, entitled,⁴⁵ *The Wounds of Civil War*, I cannot see the merit which some critics have discovered ; its more praiseworthy passages appear to me rather rhetorical than poetical. Marlowe⁴⁶ possessed a genius of a far higher order, an intellect far more vigorous than any of these playwrights. In delineating character, he reaches a degree of truth, to which they make but slight approaches, and in scenes of *Faustus* and *Edward the Second*, he attains to real grandeur and pathos. He too often mistakes the horrible for the sublime, and indulges in flights of splendid bombast ; but perhaps such faults are to be attributed more to his desire of pleasing an audience accustomed to exaggeration both of incident and style, than to his want of

⁴⁵ This play, and part of *A Looking Glass for London*, written in conjunction with Greene, are the only remaining plays of Lodge.

⁴⁶ There are extant seven plays by Marlowe, (one of them partly by Nash,) which will be found [in Dyce's edition of his works, 3 vols. 1850.] Marlowe, Peele, Greene, and Kyd, were probably the authors of some of the early anonymous dramas which have come down to us.

taste. He was the first great improver of blank verse, to which he gave a happy variety of pause. The lines in which Drayton describes him have been often quoted :

“ Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs,
Had in him those brave translunary things
That your first poets had : his raptures were
All air and fire, which made his verses clear ;
For that fine madness still he did retain,
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.”

To the list of dramatic poets, preceding Shakespeare, may be added the names of Chettle, Munday, and Wilson, who also continued to write, when his reputation as an author was established. Plays are still extant by the two first, containing scenes of considerable merit ; but from what remains of Wilson's productions, we cannot entertain a very favourable opinion of his talents.

It was usual in those days for dramatists to alter, and make additions to, the plays of preceding writers ; and that Shakespeare commenced his career as an author by adapting the works of others to the stage, and not by any original composition, there is every reason to believe. Even at a later period, as most readers are aware, he occasionally availed himself,—in *Lear* and *King John*, for instance—of the labours of his predecessors, awaking, by his magic touch, their dead and cold creations to breathing and passionate beauty. Among the numerous dramas, manuscript as well

as printed, of which time has spared no copies, were probably several *rifacimenti* by his master hand. Two of his earliest performances in this way yet remain,—*The Second* and *Third Parts* of *Henry the Sixth*, which he formed on the still surviving plays, entitled, *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*.

Before the end of 1592, Shakespeare had certainly been employed on such alterations. In September of that year, after a course of profligacy and debauchery, Greene expired in poverty and neglect, having devoted his last days to the writing of a pamphlet, which was published immediately on his decease by Chettle, and entitled, *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*. At the conclusion of the tract Greene exhorts his fellow-dramatists, Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele,⁴⁷ to abandon the vain occupation of catering for the stage, and to amend their dissolute and ungodly lives; and in this interesting Address, the following remarkable passage occurs; “there is an *vpstart Crow beautified with our Feathers*, that with his *tygres heart, wrapt in a Players hyde* supposes hee is as well able to bombast out a Blanke

⁴⁷ Though not mentioned by name, they are undoubtedly the persons alluded to. See the whole of this Address in my Life of Greene (p. lxxix. et seq.) prefixed to his *Dramatic Works and Poems*, 2 vols. 1831.

verse as the best of you ; and beeing an absolute Johannes factotum, is, in his owne conceyt, *the onely Shakescene in a Countrey.*" (ed. 1617.) Here is a manifest allusion to Shakespeare ; and it would seem, by the expression, "our feathers," that he had remodelled certain pieces, in the composition of which Greene and those whom he addresses had been concerned—very probably the two old dramas (already mentioned) on which our great poet formed *The Second and Third Parts of Henry the Sixth*, the words, "his tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide," being a parody on the following line,

"O tyger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide,"

found both in *The true Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, Sig. K 3, ed. n. d., and in *the Third Part of Henry the Sixth*, act i. sc. 4.

That this Address of the dying man gave offence both to Marlowe, whom it charged with atheism, and to Shakespeare, at whom it so sarcastically pointed, we learn from Chettle's preface to his *Kind Hart's Dream*,⁴⁸ which was also published

⁴⁸ Though Chettle does not give the names of the poets who had taken offence, there can be no doubt that he refers to Marlowe and Shakespeare. "In consequence, as it is probable, of this expression of resentment on the part of Shakespeare, a pamphlet from the pen of Chettle, called *Kind Hart's Dream*, issued from the press," &c. Symmons's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 18. The Doctor never could have seen the pamphlet in question: it contains no allusion to Shakespeare, except in the Preface.

in 1592. He there informs us, that he neither is, nor desires to be, acquainted with Marlowe, and that in his capacity of editor, he had struck out from the Address in the *Groatsworth of Wit* several offensive passages concerning him. Of Shakespeare he speaks thus: "The other, whome at that time I did not so much spare, as since I wish I had, for that as I haue moderated the heate of living writers, and might haue vsde my owne discretion, (especially in such a case,) the author beeing dead, that I did not, I am as sory, as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe haue seene his demeanour no lesse ciuill than he exelent in the qualitie* he professes: Besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoues his art." I need scarcely observe, that this quotation bears a striking testimony to our author's moral worth.

It is most probable, that before 1592,⁴⁹ Shakespeare had made few attempts as an original dramatist. *Pericles*,⁵⁰ — which, though the greater

* [That is *acting*.]

⁴⁹ In the Preface mentioned above, Chettle terms Greene "the only comedian of a vulgar writer in this country;" an expression which, in Mr. Collier's opinion, decidedly proves that Shakespeare had acquired no reputation as an original dramatic poet in 1592. *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* ii. 436.

⁵⁰ Some critics, among whom, I believe, was the late Mr.

part of it must be assigned to some ruder playwright, has several passages that no one but Shakespeare could have written,—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *The Comedy of Errors*, may be considered among his earliest pieces. To determine exactly the dates of all his dramas is impossible; but a Chronological List of them, approaching, perhaps, as near to the true order of their appearance as any hitherto made, is annexed to the present Memoir. I have excluded from that list *The First Part of Henry the Sixth*, as well as *Titus Andronicus*,⁵¹ because both are altogether in the manner of an older school, and exhibit no traces of Shakespeare's peculiar style. *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, a drama, printed in 1608, with his name on the titlepage, possesses, I think, a far better claim to be admitted into a collection of his works than either of the last mentioned plays. Dr. Drake has chosen to class it with what he rather hastily terms the "wretched dramas," *Loocrine*, *Sir John*

Gifford, have thought that Shakespeare had no share in the composition of *Pericles*. Among those who are of a different opinion, is Mr. Coleridge. In a Lecture, publicly delivered in 1813, he declared that he could recognize the hand of our great poet in this drama "even to half a line."

⁵¹ Marlowe or Kyd were most probably the authors of these pieces. Two different companies of comedians, by whom not one of Shakespeare's undoubted productions is said to have been played, were the original actors in both; see note p. xvii.

Oldcastle,⁵² *Lord Cromwell*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Puritan*,—pieces, which have also been attributed to Shakespeare, but which are far inferior to *A Yorkshire Tragedy*. I by no means assert that it was the work of our author, but I am greatly mistaken if it does not contain passages worthy of his pen.⁵³

⁵² *Sir John Oldcastle*, we know from Henslowe's Memoranda, was the joint production of Munday, Drayton, Wilson, and Hathway. From internal evidence, it is certain that Shakespeare had no share in the composition of *Loocrine*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The London Prodigal*, and *The Puritan*.

⁵³ *A Yorkshire Tragedy* was founded on a murder committed in 1604. It is short, and not divided into acts, and was played at the Globe, together with three other short dramas, that were represented on the same day under the name of *All's One*. In the second scene the Wife soliloquizes thus:

“What will become of us? All will away:
My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And 'tis set down by heaven's just decree,
That riot's child must needs be beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
Taking his bed with surfeits; ill beseeming
The ancient honour of his house and name?
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad
His fortunes cannot answer his expense,
He sits, and sullenly locks up his arms,
Forgetting Heaven, looks downward; which makes him
Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart:

In 1593, Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594, his *Rape of Lucrece*, issued from the press, both being dedicated to Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, who on the publication of the first poem, had not attained his twentieth year. The acquaintance between Shakespeare and this amiable and accomplished nobleman, originating probably in the fondness of the latter for theatrical exhibitions,⁵⁴ appears to have ripened quickly into familiar friendship. Rowe⁵⁵

Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vex'd his money cannot make them last:
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow!"

⁵⁴ Lord Southampton's mother, soon after the death of her husband, married Sir Thomas Heneage, treasurer of the chamber, an office, which of course, brought him into connection with actors and dramatists, and which most probably led to the young nobleman's acquaintance with Shakespeare. Throughout life, Southampton retained his love for the drama. Rowland Whyte tells Sir Robert Sidney, in a letter dated 1599, "My lord Southampton and lord Rutland came not to the Court [at Nonesuch]. The one doth but very seldome, they pass away the Tyme in London *merely in going to Plaies every Day.*" *Sidney Papers*, ii. 132. In 1601, Southampton was induced to join the conspirators at Essex house; and it is worthy of remark, that, the afternoon preceding the rebellion, the *Play of the deposing Richard II.* was played before them. Southampton died at Bergen-op-Zoom, 1624, in his fifty-second year.

⁵⁵ Rowe says "he had been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his [Shakespeare's] affairs." *Life of Shakespeare*. [Mr. Collier is inclined to believe that Lord

relates, that on one occasion the generous patron presented the poet with a thousand pounds, that he might be enabled to complete a purchase which he wished to make. Such excessive liberality is perhaps not inconsistent with Southampton's sincere regard for Shakespeare, and enthusiastic admiration of his genius, yet, when we consider that the sum in question was equivalent to five thousand pounds in our own day, we may be allowed to suspect that tradition has considerably magnified the gift.

But whatever might have been the extent of Southampton's bounty, to it must the rapid rise of Shakespeare's fortunes be in great measure ascribed, and not to any emoluments he could have derived from the stage either as actor or author. That in 1596, he possessed a share in the Blackfriars' Theatre, is ascertained by the very curious document now to be mentioned. It is an address from the Lord Chamberlain's players⁵⁶

Southampton made Shakespeare this large present, to enable him to pay his part of the expense of building a new playhouse, the Globe Theatre on the Bankside.]

⁵⁶ "To the right honourable the Lords of her Majesties most honourable Privie Councill.

"The humble petition of Thomas Pope, Richard Burbadge, John Hemings, Augustine Phillips, *William Shakespeare*, William Kempe, William Slye, Nicholas Tooley, and others servaunts to the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlaine to her Majestie.

"Sheweth most humbly, that your Petitioners are owners

to the Privy Council, entreating that they might be permitted to carry on the repairs of, and to continue their performances in, that house ; and it was drawn up in consequence of a petition from the inhabitants of the Liberty to the same authorities, praying that the players might not be allowed to complete their work upon the theatre, and that their farther performances in that quarter might be prevented. In the enumeration of the principal actors at the commencement of their address, the

and players of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars, which hath beene for many yeares used and occupied for the playing of tragedies, comedies, histories, enterludes, and playes. That the same, by reason of its having beene so long built, hath fallen into great decay, and that besides the reparation thereof, it has beene found necessarie to make the same more convenient for the entertainment of auditories coming thereto. That to this end your Petitioners have all and eche of them put down sommes of money, according to their shares in the said theatre, and which they have justly and honestly gained by the exercise of their qualitie of stage-players ; but that certaine persons, (some of them of honour,) inhabitants of the said precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars have, as your Petitioners are informed, besought your honourable Lordships not to permitt the said private house any longer to remaine open, but hereafter to be shut up and closed, to the manifest and great injurie of your petitioners, who have no other meanes whereby to maintain their wives and families, but by the exercise of their qualitie as they have heretofore done. Furthermore, that in the summer season, your Petitioners are able to playe at their new built house on the Bankside calde the Globe, but that in the winter they are compelled to come to the Blackfriars ; and if your honorable Lordships give

name of Shakespeare is the fifth, and from its position, we may form a conjecture as to the rank which he at that time held in the company. There is reason to believe that this counter-petition of the players was successful.

Another proof of Shakespeare's prosperity is contained in a letter, addressed to him in 1598 by Richard Quynay, of Stratford, requesting the loan of thirty pounds,⁵⁷ which in those days was no inconsiderable sum. Of the many epistles which our

consent unto that which is prayde against your Petitioners, they will not onely, while the winter endures, loose the meanes whereby they now support them selves and their families, but be unable to practise them selves in anie playes or enterludes, when calde upon to perform for the recreation and solace of her Ma^{tie} and her honourable Court, as they have beene heretofore accustomed. The humble prayer of your Petitioners therefore is, that your honorable Lordships will grant permission to finish the reparations and alterations they have begun; and as your Petitioners have hitherto been well ordred in their behaviour, and just in their dealings, that your honourable Lordships will not inhibit them from acting in their above namde private house, in the precinct and libertie of the Blackfriars, and your Petitioners, as in dutie most bounden, will ever pray for the increasing honor and happinesse of your honorable Lordships."

This valuable document was first given to the public in Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* i. 298, from a copy preserved in the State Paper Office.

⁵⁷ "Loving Contryman, I am bolde of yow as of a frende, craueing yow^r helpe wth xxx^{lb}. uppōn Mr. Bushell and my securitytee, or Mr. Myttens with me. Mr. Rosswell is not come to London, as yeate, & I have especiall cawse. Yo^w shall frende me muche in helpeing me out of all the debeits I owe

poet must have received this alone remains; and it was undoubtedly written by the father of the Thomas Quayney, who was afterwards the husband of Shakespeare's youngest daughter. The applicant, as its style plainly shows, entertained no dread of a denial.

Though his occupation obliged him to reside almost constantly in the metropolis, Shakespeare

in London, I thanck god, and muche quiet to my mynde wch wolde not be indebted. I am now towards the Cowrte in hope y^r answer for the dispatche of my Buysenes. Yo^w shall nether loose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde willinge; & nowe butt pswade yo^{ur} selfe soe as I hope & yo^w shall nott need to feare but with all hartie thanckfullnes I wyll holde my tyme & content yo^{wr} frend, & yf we Bargaine farther, yo^w shall be the paie m^t yo^{ur} selfe. My tyme bidds me to hasten to an ende, & soe I comitt thys [to] yo^{wr} care & hope of yo^{wr} helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe this night from the Cowrte. haste. the Lorde be wth yo^w & wth us all. amen. From the Bell in Carter Lane the 25 october 1598.

Yo^{wrs} in all kyndenes,

"To my Loveing good frend
& contryman, Mr. W^m.

Ryc. Quayney.

Shackesp'e thees." — [Collier's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. clxxxii.]

The following extracts from letters, written about the same time, by Abraham Sturley, of Stratford, to Mr. Richard Quayney, then in London, also show the flourishing circumstances and the influence of Shakespeare:

"This is one speciall remembrance, from u^r fathrs motion. It seemeth bi him that o^r countriman Mr. Shaksp'e is willing to disburse some monej upon some od yardeland or other att Shotttrj or neare about us. he thinketh it a very fitt patterne to move him to deale in the matter of o^r Tithes. Bj

appears to have retained a love for his birthplace, and to have regarded it as the spot where, having finally withdrawn from the noise of theatres, he was to pass in tranquillity the evening of his life. It has been said—and why should we discredit the tradition?—that he was in the habit of annually⁵⁸ visiting Stratford, from which his family never removed; and we may conclude that he was pre-

the instructions u can geve him theareof, & bj the frendes he can make therefore, we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote at, & not impossible to hitt. It obtained would advance him in deede, & would do us much good."

"Yr l'er of the 21 of octobr came to mj handes the laste of the same at night p' Grenwai, w^c imported a staj of suites bj Sr Ed^d Gr [Edward Grevill's] advise, until &c^r. & y^t only u should follow on for tax & sub. pⁿtly and allso ur travell & hinderance of answeare therein, bj ur longe travell & thaf-faires of the Courte: And that o^r countrima Mr. W. Shak. [Shakespeare] would p^rcure us monej, w^c I will like of, as I shall heare when, & wheare, & howe, and I praj let not go that occasion, if it maj sorte to anj indifferent condicions." Ap. to Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, pp. 566, 569. (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii)

⁵⁸ "He was wont to go to his native country once a yeare." MSS. Aubrey, *Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* According to the same authority: "The humour of the constable in *A Midsummer Night Dreame*, he happened to take at Crendon, in Bucks, (I think it was Midsummer night that he happened to be there,) which is the road from London to Stratford; and there was living that constable, about 1642, when I came first to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Stowe is of the parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men wher-ever they came." Aubrey here makes a slight mistake—in- stead of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* he should have written *Much ado about Nothing*.

sent at the burial of his only son Hamnet in 1596, and at the marriage of his eldest daughter, Susanna, who, in 1607, became the wife of John Hall, a physician of eminence. The year 1597 has been assigned as the date when he bought one of the best houses in Stratford, called New Place,⁵⁹ which he repaired and improved. I am inclined, however, to believe with Mr. Collier, that this purchase was made at a somewhat later period.* In 1602 he gave £320 for one hundred and seven acres of land, which he attached to this property.⁶⁰

Elizabeth was fond of the drama, and justly appreciated and encouraged the poet, who was the brightest ornament of her reign. We are told⁶¹ that she showed him "many marks of her favour;" and that the *Merry Wives of Windsor*

⁵⁹ It was called New Place as early as 1565. See Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 520 (*Shak.* by Boswell, ii.)

..* [From a document dated 4 February 1597-8, it appears that Shakespeare was living at that time in Chapel Street Ward where New Place was situated. It may therefore be considered as made out that New Place was acquired by the poet as early as 1597. Collier's *Life*, p. clxiv. and clxxxi.]

⁶⁰ It may be mentioned here, that in 1605 he purchased, for £440, the lease of a moiety of the great and small tithes of Stratford, and in 1613 a house in Blackfriars, near the Wardrobe, for £140.

⁶¹ By Rowe—Dennis, however, was the first who gave to the public the anecdote concerning the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in the Epistle Dedicatory to his alteration of that play, entitled, *The Comical Gallant*, 1702: "This comedy," says he, "was

was written by the command of her majesty, who had been so delighted with Falstaff in the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she desired to see the portly knight in the character of a lover. The most enchanting compliment ever paid by genius to royal vanity, is the allusion to the Virgin Queen in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; and it forms a striking contrast to the gross and vulgar flattery with which other contemporary dramatists endeavoured to soothe her ear:

“That very time I saw (but thou could'st not) !
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
 Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon;
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free.” Act ii. sc. 2.

The *Passionate Pilgrim* appeared in 1599, with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, containing some pieces, which are known not to be his, and others, which it would be difficult to believe that he composed.

In King James, who was attached to literature in all its departments, and whose talents, as a writer,

written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleased at the representation.”

are perhaps too much undervalued, the drama found a kind and liberal patron. But a few days after his arrival in London, in 1603, he granted to "Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, and others," the license subjoined in the note.⁶² Our poet and his associates were then at the head of the Lord Chamberlain's company, performing at the Globe in summer, and at the Blackfriars in winter; for though the former theatre only is noticed in the instrument, it has been shown (p. xli.)

62 "BY THE KING.

"Right trusty and welbelovèd Counsellor, we greete you well & will and commaund you, that under our privie Seale in your custody for the time being, you cause our letters to be drected to the keeper of our greate seale of England, commaunding him under our said greate Seale, he cause our letters to be made patents in forme following. James, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Fraunce, and Irland, defendor of the faith, &c. To all Justices, Maiors, Sheriffs, Constables, Headboroughes, and other our officers and loving subjects greeting Know ye, that we of our speciall grace, certaine knowledge, and meere motion have licensed & authorized, and by these presentes doe licence & authorize, these our servants, Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillippes, John Hemmings, Henrie Condell, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowlye, and the rest of their associats, freely to use & exercise the arte and faculty of playing Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Enterludes, Moralls, Pastoralls, Stage plaies, and such other like, as thei have already studied, or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure. And the said Comedies, Tragedies, Histories, Enterludes, Moralls, Pastoralls, Stage plaies, and such like, to shew & exercise publicly to their best

that Shakespeare and others were employed as early as 1596 on the repairs of the Blackfriars. By virtue of this grant they ceased to be the Lord Chamberlain's company, and were henceforth designated as the King's Players. It should be observed that the name of Shakespeare, which stood fifth in the actors' petition to the Privy Council in 1596, is here placed second; such importance had he acquired in the interval.

The good-natured James is said to have written

commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within their now usuall howse called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie towne halls, or mout halls, or other convenient places within the liberties & freedome of anie other citie, universitie, towne, or borough whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions. Willing and commaunding you, and every of you, as you tender our pleasure, not only to permit and suffer them heerin, without any your letts, hinderances or molestations, during our said pleasure, but also to be ayding or assisting to them yf any wrong be to them offered. And to allowe them such former courtesies, as hathe bene given to men of their place and qualitie: and also what further favour you shall shew to these our servants for our sake, we shall take kindly at your hands. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in this behalfe. Given under our Signet at our mannor of Greenewiche, the seavententh day of May in the first yeere of our raigne of England, France, & Ireland, & of Scotland the six & thirtieth. Ex. per Lake."

The above document is a copy of the Privy Seal, preserved in the Chapter House, Westminster, and printed in Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* i. 348. The Patent under the Great Seal, in Rymer's *Fœdera*, bears date, two days later, from Westminster.

with his own hand "an amicable letter" to our poet; ⁶³ perhaps, as Farmer conjectures, in consequence of the compliment to the Stuart family in the tragedy of *Macbeth*.⁶⁴

Shakespeare's place of abode in London, before 1596, has not been traced; but in that year he seems to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-Garden, and probably, did not change his residence till he finally quitted the metropolis.⁶⁵

⁶³ "That most learned prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person, now living, can testify." Advertisement to Lintot's ed. of *Shakespeare's Poems*. Oldys, in a MS. note on his copy of Fuller's *Worthies*, says, that "the story came from the Duke of Buckingham, [Sheffield] who had it from Sir William D'Avenant." The late Mr. Boswell (*Shakespeare*, ii. 481) possessed a vol. of MS. poems in a hand-writing of about the time of the restoration, in which were these lines:

SHAKESPEARE UPON THE KING.

"Crownes have their compasse, length of days their date,
Triumphes their tombs, felicity her fate;
Of more then earth can earth make none partaker,
But knowledge makes the king most like his maker."

⁶⁴ "And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and *some* I see,
That two-fold balls and treble scepters carry:
Horrible sight! Now I see 'tis true;
For the blood bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And *points at them for his.*" Act iv. sc. 1.

⁶⁵ "From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn, the player, our poet [Shakespeare]

Besides the patronage of the munificent Southampton, that of the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery⁶⁶ appears to have been extended to Shakespeare. Of his intimacies with those in his own rank of life, we knew but little. His fellow-players, Heminges, Burbage, Condell, and Phillips,⁶⁷ possessed a portion of his esteem. With Beaumont and Fletcher⁶⁸ he was on very friendly terms. That a sincere regard subsisted

appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in 1596. Another curious document in my possession affords the strongest presumptive evidence that he continued to reside in Southwark to the year 1608 nor is there any ground for supposing that he ceased to reside there, till he quitted the stage entirely; for he did not purchase the tenement in the Blackfriars, till March 10, 1612-13 (about which time he probably retired to Stratford;) and soon after he got possession of it, he appears to have made a lease of it for a term of years to one John Robinson, who is mentioned in his Will three years afterwards as the tenant in possession." Malone's *Inquiry into the Authenticity of Certain Papers, &c.*, p. 215. In his *Life of Shakespeare*, which Malone did not live to complete, no mention is made of these valuable documents.

⁶⁶ See the Players' Dedication of the first folio, 1623; but what degree of patronage these two noblemen showed to Shakespeare we are ignorant.

⁶⁷ See the Wills of Shakespeare and Phillips.

⁶⁸ The title-page of the first edition of Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinsmen* attributes the play partly to Shakespeare; I do not think our poet had any share in its composition: but I must add, that Mr. C. Lamb (a great authority in such matters) inclines to a different opinion. [Mr. Dyce has altered his opinion since he wrote this note. See his Beaumont and Fletcher, p. lxxxii. of the Memoir.]

between him and Ben Jonson, will never again be doubted, after the masterly Memoir of the latter from Mr. Gifford's trenchant pen.⁶⁹ It is indeed surprising, that the foul calumny of Jonson's enmity towards Shakespeare should not have met with an earlier refutation, especially as Ben's writings exhibit the most unequivocal testimonies of his affection and admiration for our poet. A warmer or more beautiful eulogy than his verses *To the Memory of MY BELOVED, the author, Mr. William Shakespeare*, was never dictated by friendship; and one of the latest of his many labours, contains these words concerning him, "*I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry, as much as any.*"⁷⁰ The com-

⁶⁹ It is but fair to mention that Octavius Gilchrist's *Examination of the Charges maintained by Messrs. Malone, Chalmers, and others, of Ben Jonson's enmity, &c., towards Shakespeare*, was published a few years before Mr. Gifford's ed. of Jonson's *Works*.

⁷⁰ The entire passage concerning Shakespeare in the *Discoveries*, is too interesting to be omitted. "I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility,

mencement of their acquaintance, according to Rowe, was this: "Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through; and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public."⁷¹

that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.' He replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." *Discoveries*—Works, ed. Gifford, ix. 175. Tyrwhitt supposes, that the passage in Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. sc. 1.

"Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied,"

stood originally,

"Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, *but with just cause*,
Nor without cause will he be satisfied;"

and that it was afterwards altered, in consequence of Jonson's criticisms at one of the earliest representations of the play.

⁷¹ *Life of Shakespeare.*

Shakespeare's commentators have chosen to suppose that the piece here alluded to was *Every Man in his Humour*, but it can be proved, that when that drama was produced, Jonson was as well known to the world as Shakespeare,* and that it was performed at a theatre with which the latter had no connection. Mr. Gifford, therefore, treats the story as "an arrant fable." I am willing, however, to believe, that the friendship of these great men originated in an act of kindness on the part of Shakespeare, and that, though the above anecdote may be in some respects erroneous, it is yet an adumbration of the truth. If this were the place for such discussions, I could show, from authentic documents, that a certain ludicrous tale concerning Jonson, which Mr. Gifford rejected with scorn, is fully entitled to belief.

Private dwellings in those days did not present the accommodations and comforts which they now afford; and conviviality was confined almost entirely to taverns and ordinaries. At the Mer-

* [Gifford assumed that the comedy of the "Umers," which was acted in 1597, at the Rose theatre, was Ben Jonson's play of *Every Man in his Humour*. This play, however, Jonson expressly states was not acted until 1598. As for Jonson's being as well known as Shakespeare, it must be borne in mind that in 1598, Shakespeare had been twelve years connected with the stage, and had written at least as many dramas, while Jonson, who was, by the way, ten years Shakespeare's junior, had produced only one play, and was described by Henslowe as "Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer."] See Collier's *Life*, p. clxviii.

maid in Friday Street, Sir Walter Raleigh had instituted a club, which included among its members, Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Donne, and others eminent for genius and learning. There, probably, it was, that Shakespeare and Jonson delighted their associates with those brilliant and good-humoured repartees, of which no memorial now remains, except in Fuller's honest page. "Many," says that worthy man, "were the wit-combates betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great Gallion, and an English Man-of-War; Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shakespeare with the English man of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."⁷²

⁷² Fuller's *Worthies*, fol. p. 126, A a a.

The following specimens of our poet's wit are poor enough.

"Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christning being in a deepe study, Jonson came to cheere him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy? 'No faith, Ben (sayes he,) not I, but I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my God-child, and I have resolved at last; I pry'the what, sayes he?' I faith, Ben, Ile e'en give him a dozen good Lattin spoones, and thou shalt translate them." From a Collection of *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, by L'Estrange, (Sir Roger's nephew,) *Harleian MSS.* 6395.—Latten is a mixed kind of metal; lexicographers have variously ex-

The *Sonnets* of Shakespeare, some of which had been composed as early as the year 1598,⁷⁸

plained its composition. It is now generally said to have been brass, which I doubt: Brathwaite has the following line,

“Of *latten* silver make, and gold of *brasse*.”

The Honest Ghost, 1658, p. 124.

“Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe theatre,—

Totus mundus agit histrionem.

JONSON.

“If, but *stage actors*, all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?”

SHAKESPEARE.

“Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
We are all both *actors* and *spectators* too.”

Poetical Characteristicks, 8vo MS. vol. I. formerly in the Harleian Library.

“Mr. Ben Jonson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare being merrie at a tavern, Mr. Jonson begins this for his epitaph,

Here lies Ben Jonson,
Who was once one—

he gives it to Mr. Shakespeare to make up, who presently writte,

That, while he liv'd, was a *slow* thing,
And now, being dead, is *no*-thing.”

Ashmole MSS. 38.

The letter from Peele to Marlowe, concerning Shakespeare and Jonson, which has been given in several publications, is undoubtedly a forgery: see my *Life of Peele*, p. iii. prefixed to his *Works*, sec. ed. 1829.

My friend, Mr. Collier, in his excellent *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* iii. 276, committed a slight oversight in printing, as Shakespeare's, four lines concerning the wine at the Mitre, which he found attributed to our author in a MS. Collection of Poems; they are merely four verses of Ben Jonson's 1st Epigram, a little altered.

78 “As the soule of Euphorbus,” says Meres, “was thought

were first printed in 1609. Concerning these exquisite productions I shall have more to say hereafter. A beautiful piece, called *The Lover's Complaint*, was appended to them.

Before noticing the final retirement of Shakespeare from the metropolis, let us inquire what were his merits as an actor, and what were the characters he performed. His contemporary Chettle (in a passage already quoted, p. xxxvii.) terms him "excellent in the qualitie he professes;" and though the Preface in which the words occur was intended to be apologetical to Shakespeare, yet Chettle would hardly have ventured to use so strong an epithet as *excellent*, unless our author's histrionic powers had been of a superior order. Aubrey, too, had been informed that he "did act exceedingly well."⁷⁴ Other testimonies are somewhat at variance with these. Wright had heard that Shakespeare "was a much better poet than player:"⁷⁵ and Rowe tells us, that soon after his admission into the company, he became distinguished, "if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer."⁷⁶ Perhaps his execution did

to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witnes his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his *sugred Sonnets* among his private friends, &c." *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury*, 1598, fol. 281.

⁷⁴ MSS. *Aubrey. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

⁷⁵ *Historia Histrionica*, a tract printed in 1639.

⁷⁶ *Life of Shakespeare.*

not equal his conception of a character; but we may rest assured, that he who wrote the incomparable instructions to the player in *Hamlet*, would never offend his audience by an injudicious performance. In *Every Man in his Humour*, produced with alterations at the Blackfriars in 1598,⁷⁷ and in *Sejanus*, brought out in 1603, Shakespeare had a part; but from the arrangement of the list of performers, which Jonson appended to those dramas in the folio of 1616, it is impossible to determine what were the characters he played. Rowe could only learn that "the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*."⁷⁸ According to a tradition, which Malone disbelieved, but did not confute, he used to personate *Adam* in *As you Like it*.⁷⁹

⁷⁷ Dr. Drake (*Shakespeare and his Times*, i. 424,) says that *Every Man in his Humour* was "first acted in 1598;" but it was played at the Rose either in 1595 or 1596. [Ben Jonson himself says "this comedy was first acted in the year 1598."]

⁷⁸ *Life of Shakespeare*.

⁷⁹ "One of Shakespeare's younger brothers [Gilbert, probably, see p. xiii,] who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of King Charles the Second, would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother Will, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued, it seems, so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c., they justly held him in the highest

It is probable that Shakespeare soon conceived a distaste for the profession of a player, and regarded himself as degraded by being obliged to tread the boards. In his *cxth* and *cxith* *Sonnets* (which have evidently a personal application to the poet) he expresses a regret that he had

“made himself a motley to the view,”

and bids his friend upbraid Fortune,

“That did not better for his life provide

Than public means, which public manners breeds.”

We have seen that Shakespeare first quitted Stratford a needy and undistinguished fugitive, and we now behold him returning thither, to pass his remaining years, in possession of a competency adequate to his unambitious views of

reverence. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, [Charles Hart, see p. lxxvii.] this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatic character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities, (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects,) that he could give them but little light into their inquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother Will in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song.”
Oldys's MSS.

happiness, while the applause of all that was most noble and talented among his countrymen crowned his immortal labours. To the time when he finally established himself at New Place (the purchase of which has been already noticed) we cannot well assign a later date than 1613. How he occupied himself in this dignified retirement, no account has reached us; but the truth of Rowe's assertion is not to be doubted, that "his pleasurable wit and good-nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood." * An anecdote which appears to refer to this period of the poet's life, is related by the same biographer. "It is a story almost still remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury. It happened that in a pleasant conversation amongst their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakespeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to outlive him; and since he could not know what might be said of him when he was dead, he desired it might be done immediately; upon which Shakespeare gave him these four verses:

*Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd;
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd:
If any man ask, Who lies in this tomb?
Ho! ho! quoth the Devil, 'tis my John-a Combe."*

* *Life of Shakespeare.*

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.”⁸⁰ The story is evidently a fabrication; we find that Combe left a legacy of five pounds to Shakespeare as a mark of esteem, and that our

⁸⁰ *Life of Shakespeare*.—Aubrey gives a different version of the epitaph, and says it was written after Combe's death. *MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.* In all probability Brathwaite was its author. The verses occur in a variety of shapes in our old Miscellanies. See Boswell's note on Malone's *Life of Shakespeare*, (*Shak.* ii. 500.)

The next piece of trash is scarcely worth transcription. As Shakespeare was one day leaning over a mercer's door, in his native town, a drunken blacksmith with a carbuncled face accosted him thus:

“Now, Mr. Shakespeare, tell me, if you can,
The difference between a youth and a young man:”

Our poet immediately answered,

“Thou son of fire, with thy face like a maple,
The same difference as between a scalded and a coddled
apple.”

“This anecdote,” says Malone, “was related near fifty years ago to a gentleman at Stratford, by a person then above eighty years of age, whose father might have been contemporary with Shakespeare.” *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, 133. (*Shak.* by Boswell, iii.)

In a MS. vol. of Poems, by Herrick and others, among Rawlinson's Collections in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, is the following

EPITAPH.

“When God was pleas'd, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature payd his debt,
And here repositeth: as he liv'd, he dyde;
The saying in him strongly verefide,—

poet bequeathed his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe, the nephew of the money-lender.

On the 10th of February, 1616, his youngest daughter, Judith, was married to Thomas Quayney, a vintner at Stratford. On the 25th of the fol-

Such life, such death: then, the known truth to tell,
He liv'd a godly life, and dyde as well.

WM. SHAKSPEARE."

A monumental inscription, said to be written by our author, is preserved in a collection of Epitaphs at the end of the Visitation of Salop, taken by Sir William Durdale in 1664, now remaining in the College of Arms, C. 35. fol. 20. Sir William thus describes a monument in Tongue church, erected in memory of Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, who died probably about 1600: "On the north side of the chancel stands a very statelie tombe, supported with Corinthian columnes. It hath two figures of men in armour, thereon lying. the one below the arches and columnes, and the other above them, and this epitaph upon it:

"Thomas Stanley, Knight, second son of Edward, Earle of Derby, Lord Stanley and Strange, descended from the famielie of the Stanleys, married Margaret Vernon, one of the daughters and coheires of Sir George Vernon of Nether-Haddon, in the county of Derby, Knight, by whom he had issue two sons, Henry and Edward. Henry died an infant: Edward survived, to whom those lordships descended: and married the lady Lucie Percie, second daughter of the Earle of Northumberland; by her he had issue seaven daughters. She and her foure daughters, Arabella, Marie, Alice, and Priscilla, are interred under a monument in the church of Waltham, in the county of Essex. Thomas, her son, died in his infancy, and is buried in the parish church of Winwich, in the county of Lancaster. The other three, Petronilla, Frances, and Venesia, are yet living.

lowing March,⁸¹ her father made his will "in perfect health and memory;" but his existence was drawing to a close; for he died on the 23rd of the ensuing April, the anniversary of his birth, having exactly completed his fifty-second year.

Concerning the nature of the disease which removed this mighty spirit from the earth, no record exists; even tradition is silent. His son-in-law,⁸² Dr. Hall, who most probably attended him during his illness, left a note-book contain-

"These following verses were made by William Shakespeare, the late famous tragedian:

Written upon the east end of this tombe.

"Aske who lyes here, but do not weepe;
He is not dead, he doth but sleepe.
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones:
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live, when earthly monument is none."

Written upon the west end thereof.

"Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor skye-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble, and defacers' hands.
When all to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven."

This epitaph (as Malone observes) must have been composed after 1600, as Venetia Stanley, afterwards wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, was born in that year.

⁸¹ It appears to have been drawn up on the 25th of [January,] though not executed till the 25th of March. See note on the Will, *Appendix* ii.

⁸² See p. xlvi. He was married to Susanna Shakespeare, 5th June, 1607.

ing cases of various patients ; but it unfortunately affords no information on the interesting subject of Shakespeare's death, none of the memoranda being dated earlier than 1617.

His body was interred on the 25th of April, on the north side of the chancel of the great church, at Stratford. On his grave-stone is this inscription :

“ Good Frend for Iesus SAKE forbear
To digg T-E Dust EnclōAsed HERe
Blese be T-E Man $\frac{T}{Y}$ spares T-Es Stones
And curst be He $\frac{T}{Y}$ moves my Bones.”

A monument was subsequently erected there to his memory, at what time is not known, but certainly before 1623, as it is mentioned in the verses by Leonard Digges, prefixed to the folio of Shakespeare's Dramatic Works published in that year. It represents him⁸³ seated under an arch, with a cushion spread before him, his right hand holding a pen, his left resting on a scroll of paper. Immediately below the cushion is the following distich :

“ Judicio Pylivm, genio⁸⁴ Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympvs habet.”

⁸³ The bust is as large as life, and was originally painted over in imitation of nature: the eyes were light hazel; the hair and beard auburn; the doublet, or coat, scarlet; the loose gown, or tabard, without sleeves, black; the upper part of the cushion green, the under half crimson; and the tassels gilt. Its colours were renewed in 1748; but Malone caused it to be covered over with one or more coats of white paint in 1793.

⁸⁴ As the first syllable in “ Socratem ” is here made short,

On a tablet underneath the cushion are these lines :

“ Stay, passenger, why goest thou so fast,
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monument, Shakspeare; with whome
Quick nature dide, whose name doth deck ys tomb
Far more than cost; sieth all yt he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serue his witt.

Obiit An^o Doi 1616. Ætatis 53. Die 23 Ap.”

The will of Shakespeare is given in an Appendix to this Memoir. His estate was valued by Gildon at £300 a year, which was equal to at least £1000 in the present time : but Malone doubts if all his property was worth more than £200 per annum, which yet was a considerable sum in those days.

A legacy of his “second-best bed,⁸⁵ with the furniture,” expressed by an interlineation in his

(doubtless from the writer's slight knowledge of quantity) Steevens would read “Sophoclem.”

⁸⁵ I shall not withhold from the reader the late Mr. Boswell's observations on this bequest. “The total omission of his wife's name by Shakespeare in the first draft of his will, and the very moderate legacy he afterwards inserted, has created a suspicion that his affections were estranged from her either through jealousy or some other cause. But if we may suppose that some provision had been made for her during his life time, the bequest of his *second-best* bed was probably considered in those days neither as uncommon nor reproachful. Sir Thomas Lucy, the younger, by his will in 1600, of which I find an account among Mr. Malone's Adversaria, leaves to his second son, Richard, his *second-best* horse, but no land, because his father-in-law had promised

will, was all that Shakespeare left to his wife! * Having survived her illustrious husband several years, she died on the 6th of August, 1623.

The death of his only son Hamnet, (buried 11th of August, 1596,) has been before noticed.

To his eldest daughter, Susanna, and her husband, Dr. Hall, the poet bequeathed the bulk of his property. Mrs. Hall expired on the 11th of July, 1649, distinguished for her mental endowments and Christian benevolence.⁸⁶ She left only

to provide for him. Shakespeare's not recollecting at first to mention her name at all, will be no great subject of surprise, when we recollect the remarkable instances of forgetfulness which perpetually occur in documents of this nature. He had forgotten also at first, his fellows, Heminge, Burbage, and Condell, upon whom he certainly did not intend to fix a stigma. If he had taken offence at any part of his wife's conduct, I cannot believe that he would have taken this petty mode of expressing it." *Shak.* ii. 609.

* [This gross mistake was first corrected by Mr. Knight. "Shakspere knew the law of England better than his legal commentators. His estates, with the exception of a copyhold tenement expressly mentioned in his will, were freehold. *His wife was entitled to dower. She was provided for amply by the clear and undeniable operation of the English law.* Postscript to Twelfth Night. *Pictorial Shakspere.*

⁸⁶ The inscription on her tomb, preserved by Dugdale, was this:

"Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall,
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse.
Then, passenger, hast ne're a teare,
To weep with her that wept with all:

one child, Elizabeth, who married first, Thomas Nash, a country gentleman, and afterwards Sir John Barnard, knight, of Abington, near Northampton, and deceased without offspring.

Judith, his youngest daughter, bore three sons to her husband Thomas Quynay, namely, Shakespeare, who was cut off in infancy, and Richard and Thomas, who died, the former, in his 21st, the latter in his 19th year, both unmarried; their mother was buried on the 9th of February, 1662.

Charles Hart, who at an early age fought in the battle of Edge-Hill, as lieutenant, in Prince Rupert's regiment, and afterwards became a very celebrated tragic actor, is believed to have been the grandson of Shakespeare's sister Joan, the wife of William Hart, a hatter in Stratford. An old woman,⁸⁷ who within the last few years obtained a subsistence by showing to strangers the house in which Shakespeare is said to have been born,

That wept, yet set her selfe to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne're a teare to shed."

⁸⁷ Mary Hornby, whose maiden name was Hart. In 1820, after favouring me with some remarks on Shakespeare's dramas, she said, "I *writes* plays, sir:" she then told me, that she had published by subscription, a tragedy called *The Battle of Waterloo*, and showed me the MS. of another which she had composed, *The Broken Vow*, founded on a circumstance that happened to one of her relations.

used to assert that she was the sole surviving representative of the family of the Harts.

New Place, the abode of the poet's later years, had been originally built by Sir Hugh Clopton, in the reign of Henry the Seventh. On Shakespeare's death it came to Mrs. Hall, and on her decease, to her only child, Elizabeth Nash, afterwards Lady Barnard. In this mansion, while it was in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Nash, Queen Henrietta Maria held her court for about three weeks in 1643. It had reverted to the possession of the Clopton family in 1742, when Garrick, Macklin, and Dr. Delany, were hospitably entertained under Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, by Sir Hugh Clopton. The constant tradition of Stratford declared that this celebrated tree was planted in the garden by the poet's hand ;—probably in 1609, as during that year an immense number of young mulberry-trees was imported from France, and sent into different counties of England, by order of King James, with a view to the encouragement of the silk manufacture. Sir Hugh Clopton modernized the house by internal and external alterations. His son-in-law, Henry Talbot, Esq., sold New Place to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire. This wealthy and unamiable clergyman, conceiving a dislike to the mulberry-tree, because it subjected him to the importunities of travellers, whose veneration for Shakespeare induced them to visit it

caused it to be cut down and cleft into pieces for fire-wood, in 1756 ; the greater part of it, however, was bought by a watchmaker of Stratford, who converted every fragment into small boxes, goblets, toothpick cases, tobacco-stoppers, &c., for which he found eager purchasers. Having quarrelled with the magistrates about parochial assessments, Mr. Gastrell razed the mansion to the ground in 1759, and quitted Stratford amidst the rage and execrations of the inhabitants.

Aubrey has informed us that Shakespeare "was a handsome, well shaped man."⁸⁸ The bust at Stratford ; the engraving by Droeshout on the title-page of the first folio of his plays ; the Chandos picture (very probably painted by Burbage, the tragedian, who is known to have handled the pencil,) in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham ; the head by Cornelius Jansen, (perhaps executed for Lord Southampton,) belonging to the Duke of Somerset ; and the print by Marshall prefixed to the edition of his poems in 1640 ; are considered the most authentic likenesses of the bard.

His contemporaries, when speaking of Shakespeare, celebrate his integrity, candour, sweetness of temper, and ready wit. We have seen⁸⁹ that Chettle, as early as 1592, noticed "his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty ;" and

⁸⁸ MSS. *Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

⁸⁹ p. xxxvii and p. lii.

that Jonson, after his death, pronounced him to have been "indeed honest, and of an open and free nature:" the latter too, in the Verses to his Memory terms him "My gentle Shakespeare." Fuller's allusion to his convivial sprightliness has been already quoted.⁹⁰ "He was," says Aubrey, "verie good companie, and of a very ready, and pleasant, and smooth witt."⁹¹ What Rowe had heard concerning his moral character and disposition accords with these testimonies.⁹²

After the volumes which they have called forth,

⁹⁰ p. lv.

⁹¹ *MSS. Mus. Ashmol. Oxon.*

⁹² Two "scandalous stories" have been related of the poet. "If tradition may be trusted, Shakespeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city,) a grave, melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakespeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will Davenant (afterwards Sir William) was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakespeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god-father* Shakespeare. There 's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain. This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority." *Oldys's MSS.*—See also the account of Davenant from Aubrey's *MSS.* in Malone's *Hist. Acc. of English Stage*, p. 278. (*Shak.* by Boswell, iii.)

"March 18, 1601 Upon a tyme when Burbidge played

it will not be expected that I should attempt any minute criticism on the plays of Shakespeare. Never has his excellence, as a writer for the stage, been so thoroughly understood, or so universally acknowledged, as during the nineteenth century. Now even foreign readers justly appreciate those wonderful dramas, which exhibit with perfect truth whatever is most terrible, most piteous, most romantic, or most laughable, in the scenes of many-coloured life, each nice variety of human character, each delicate shade of human feeling;—which present to us pictures, strong as realities, from the realms of spirits, and from fairy-land;—which in deep reflection and in useful maxims yield nothing to the pages of the philosophers;—and which glow with all the poetic beauty that an exhaustless fancy could shower upon them. Nor let it be forgotten, that in all probability, our

Rich. 3, there was a citizen grewe so farre in liking with him, that before shee went from the play shee appointed him to come that night unto hir, by the name of Rich. the 3. Shakespeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was entertained, and at his game ere Burbidge came. Then, message being brought that Rich. the 3 was at the dore, Shakespeare caused returne to be made, that William the Conqueror was before Rich. the 3.—Shakespeare's name Willm." From a MS. Diary, the writer of which heard this story from Tooley the player.—*Collier's Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* i. 331.

The former anecdote probably had its origin in Sir William D'Avenant's vanity, who was willing to be thought the son of Shakespeare, even at the expense of his mother's reputation: the latter ~~reals~~ very like a mere invention.

author composed those dramas without an eye to the admiration of posterity, and that, after they had served his immediate purposes, he let them drop from him with indifference, as the tree gives its blossoms to the wind. Of all the poets, born in various climes, in earlier or in later days, how many have possessed such creative minds, as entitle them to occupy with Shakespeare that highest station in "Fame's proud temple," to which his plays have raised him? Perhaps, three only; the ancient bard, who told the tale of Troy, the Florentine, who saw the vision of the infernal world, and he, whose "great argument" was the loss of Eden.

In various publications are to be found essays on the old English theatre, the writers of which seem desirous of impressing their readers with an idea that his dramatic contemporaries were but little inferior to the mighty poet himself. For my own part, I must be allowed to say, that a careful perusal of every existing drama of the reigns of Elizabeth and James, has thoroughly convinced me of the immeasurable superiority of Shakespeare to all the playwrights of his time. I am not, I trust, insensible to the invention and power displayed by Fletcher, Jonson, Ford, Webster, Massinger, Dekker, Tourneur, Heywood, Chapman, Middleton, and the rest of that illustrious brotherhood; but I feel that over the worst of Shakespeare's dramas, his genius has diffused a

peculiar charm, of which *their* best productions are entirely destitute; and to insinuate that any of his contemporaries ever produced a play worthy of being ranked with his happiest efforts,—with *Othello* for instance, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, or *Hamlet*,—seems to me an absurdity almost unpardonable in any critic.⁹³

Though *Venus and Adonis*, *The Rape of Lucrece*, and the *Sonnets* of Shakespeare have been cast into the shade by his dramas, and are familiar to few readers, they nevertheless deserve to be numbered among the finest compositions of the golden age of our literature.

Both *Venus and Adonis*, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, abound in elaborate descriptions, as vivid as language has ever conveyed, in striking thoughts, expressed with uncommon terseness, and in similes of perfect originality; while both, in accordance with the taste of the period at which they were written, are occasionally soiled by quaintness and conceit. It is to be regretted, that, for the sake of affording a contrast to the coldness of *Adonis*, Shakespeare should have so over-painted the passion of the Goddess, as to render several portions of the former production equally offensive to decency and good taste. The “first heir of his

⁹³ Weber, in the Introduction to his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Works*, expressly tells us, that *Philaster* “possesses excellencies little inferior” to those of *Macbeth* and *Lear*, p. xiv.

invention," (as he terms *Venus and Adonis*) appears to me, however, more full of the ethereal spirit of poesy than *The Rape of Lucrece*; though it wants the pathos, the energy, and the moral grandeur, of that painful tale.

In order to show what progress had been made by Englishmen in the cultivation of the Sonnet, before it engaged the pen of Shakespeare, I shall now proceed to extract some pieces from different writers, who had attempted it anterior to the year 1609.⁹⁴

Among the *Songes and Sonnettes*, 1557, of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, is this pleasing *Description of Spring, wherein each thing renews, save only the Lover* :

"The soote⁹⁵ season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
 The turtle to her make⁹⁶ hath told her tale.
 Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
 The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
 The adder all her slough away she flings;
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
 The busy bee her honey now she mings;⁹⁷
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
 And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!"

⁹⁴ It has been already mentioned that though Shakespeare's Sonnets were not published till 1609, some of them were written as early as 1598; see p. lvi.

⁹⁵ Sweet.

⁹⁶ Mate.

⁹⁷ Mingles.

It is well known that Steevens pronounced Thomas Watson to be “a more elegant Sonneteer than Shakespeare:” the following effusion (which is a fair specimen of Watson’s talents) from the ΕΚΑΤΟΜΗΘΙΑ, or *Passionate Centurie of Love*, printed without date, but entered on the Stationers’ Books, 1581, will show how preposterous was the decision of the commentator; who, after all, perhaps, did not declare his real opinion on the subject, as sincerity was not among his virtues:

“When May is in his prime, and youthfu. Spring⁹⁸
 Doth clothe the tree with leaves, and ground with flowers,
 And time of year reviveth every thing,
 And lovely nature smiles, and nothing lours;
 Then Philomela most doth strain her breast,
 With night complaints, and sits in little rest.
 The bird’s estate I may compare with mine,
 To whom fond love doth work such wrongs by day,
 That in the night my heart must needs repine,
 And storm with sighs, to ease me as I may,
 Whilst others are becalm’d, or lie them still,
 Or sail secure, with tide and wind at will.
 And as all those which hear this bird complain,
 Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
 Without remorse, or pitying her pain;
 So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
 Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint:
 A just reward for serving such a saint!”

A Vision upon this conceipt of the Faery Queen, attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh, is appended to

⁹⁸ Watson’s Sonnets all consist of eighteen, instead of fourteen, lines.

the three first books of Spenser's great poem which were printed in 1590 :

“Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn; and passing by that way,
To see that buried dust of living fame,
Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept;
All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen:
At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seen;
For they this Queen attended; in whose stead
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
And curs'd th' access of that celestial thief.”

Sir Philip Sidney, who died in 1586, was the wonder of his own age, and his laurels as a warrior and a poet are yet unwithered. One of the best portions of his *Astrophel and Stella*, which was not published till 1591, is this :

“With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What, may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace,
To me that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?"

The two next pieces are from the *Delia* of Samuel Daniel, 1592, a writer remarkable for propriety of thought, and purity of diction, though his peculiar beauties are, I think, less conspicuous in his Sonnets than in his other works:

"I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong,
When golden hairs shall change to silver wire,
And those bright rays that kindle all this fire
Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.
Then beauty (now the burden of my song)
Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
Must yield up all to tyrant time's desire;
Then fade those flowers which deck'd her pride so long.
When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,
Go you, my verse, go tell her what she was;
For what she was, she best shall find in you:
Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
But Phoenix-like shall make her live anew."

"Look, Delia, how we 'steem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honour;
Whilst in her tender green she doth inclose
That pure sweet beauty, time bestows upon her.
No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her full-blown pride is in declining;
She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the fair;
So clouds thy beauty after fairest shining.
No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,
Whose blooming grace adorns thy glory now;
Swift speedy time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
O, let not then such riches waste in vain,
But love, whilst that thou may'st be lov'd again."

From the *Idea* of Michael Drayton, 1593:⁹⁹

“Clear Anker, on whose silver-sanded shore,
My soul-shrin’d saint, my fair Idea, lies,
O blessed brook, whose milk-white swans adore
Thy crystal stream refined by her eyes,
Where sweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the spring
Gently distills his nectar-dropping showers,
Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
Amongst the dainty dew-impearled flowers;
Say thus, fair brook, when thou shalt see thy queen;
Lo, here thy shepherd spent his wandering years;
And in these shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,
And here to thee he sacrific’d his tears:
Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, sweet Anker, art my Helicon.”

Henry Constable appears to have been strangely overrated by his contemporaries; in his miserably quaint and conceited *Diana*, 1594, I can find nothing better than what follows:

“To live in hell, and heaven to behold,
To welcome life, and die a living death,
To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold,
To grasp at stars, and lie the earth beneath,
To tread a maze that never shall have end,
To burn in sighs, and starve in daily tears,
To clime a hill, and never to descend,
Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears,
To pine for food, and watch th’ Hesperian tree,
To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw,
To live accurst, whom men hold blest to be,
Ane weep those wrongs, which never creature saw;
If this be love, if love in these be founded,
My heart is love, for these in it are grounded.”

⁹⁹ Not having had an opportunity of seeing this sonnet in

From *Sonnets to the fairest Cælia*, by W. Percy,
1594 :

“Receive these writs, my sweet and dearest friend,
The lively patterns of my lifeless body;
Where thou shalt find in ebon pictures penn’d,
How I was meek, but thou extremely bloody.
I’ll walk forlorn along the willow shades,
Alone, complaining of a ruthless dame;
Where’er I pass, the rocks, the hills, the glades,
In piteous yells shall sound her cruel name.
There I will wail the lot which fortune sent me,
And make my moans unto the savage ears;
The remnant of the days which Nature lent me,
I’ll spend them all, conceal’d, in ceaseless tears.
Since unkind fates permit me not t’ enjoy her,
No more (burst eyes!) I mean for to annoy her.”

From Barnaby Barnes’s *Divine Centurie of Spiritual Sonnets*, 1595 ;

“Unto my spirit lend an angel’s wing,
By which it might mount to that place of rest,
Where Paradise may me relieve, oppress.
Lend to my tongue an angel’s voice to sing;
Thy praise, my comfort; and for ever bring
My notes thereof from the bright east to west.
Thy mercy lend unto my soul distrest,
Thy grace unto my wits: then shall the sling
Of righteousness that monster Sathan kill,
Who with despair my dear salvation dar’d;
And, like the Philistine, stood breathing still
Proud threats against my soul, for heaven prepar’d.
At length, I like an angel shall appear,
In spotless white, an angel’s crown to wear.”

Let us now turn to one of Spenser’s *Amoretti* or

the original edition, I have some doubts about the correctness of the date, 1593: but vide Ritson’s *Bib. Poet.* p. 191.

Sonnets, 1595, which are not the most perfect of his minor poems ;

“ Like as the culver, on the bared bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishful vow
For his return, that seems to linger late:
So I alone, now left disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love;
And, wandering here and there all desolate,
Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight:
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasance to delight.
Dark is my day whiles her fair light I miss,
And dead my life, that wants such lively bliss.”

Richard Barnefeilde enjoyed great popularity during his time.* The following lines are from his *Cynthia, With Certaine Sonnets*, 1595: better specimens of his talent as a Sonnetteer might have been given, but for reasons which may be gathered from the note at p. lxxxiii. I did not choose to exhibit them :

“ It is reported of fair Thetis’ son,
Achilles, famous for his chivalry,
His noble mind, and magnanimity,
That when the Trojan wars were new begun,
Whos’ever was deep-wounded with his spear,
Could never be recured of his maim,
Nor ever after be made whole again,
Except with that spear’s rust he holpen were:

* See p. 262 of Shakespeare’s Poems.

Even so it fareth with my fortune now,
 Who being wounded with her piercing eye,
 Must either thereby find a remedy,
 Or else to be reliev'd I know not how.
 Then, if thou hast a mind still to annoy me,
 Kill me with kisses, if thou wilt destroy me."

From the *Chloris* of William Smith, 1596:

"My love, I cannot thy rare beauties place
 Under those forms which many writers use.
 Some, like to stones compare their mistress' face,
 Some in the name of flowers do love abuse;
 Some make their love a goldsmith's shop to be,
 Where orient pearls and precious stones abound:
 In my conceit these far do disagree,
 The perfect praise of beauty forth to sound.
 O Chloris, thou dost imitate thyself!
 Self-imitating passeth precious stones;
 For all the Eastern-Indian golden pelf,
 Thy red and white with purest fair atones.
 Matchless for beauty Nature hath thee fram'd,
 Only unkind and cruel thou art nam'd."

What follows is from *Diella, Certaine Sonnets, adioyned to the amorous Poeme of Dom Diego and Gineura*, by R. L. Gentleman, 1596:

"When love had first besieg'd my heart's strong wall,
 Rampir'd and countermur'd with chastity,
 And had with ordnance made his tops to fall,
 Stooping their glory to his surquedry;
 I call'd a parley, and withal did crave
 Some composition, or some friendly peace:
 To this request he his consent soon gave,
 As seeming glad such cruel wars should cease
 I, nought mistrusting, open'd all the gates,
 Yea, lodg'd him in the palace of my heart;

When lo! in dead of night he seeks his mates,
And shows each traitor how to play his part;
With that they fir'd my heart, and thence 'gan fly,
Their names, sweet smiles, fair face, and piercing eye."

From the *Fidessa* of R. Griffin, 1596:

"Care-charmer sleep, sweet ease in restless misery,
The captive's liberty, and his freedom's song,
Balm of the bruised heart, man's chief felicity,
Brother of quiet death, when life is too too long;
A comedy it is, and now an history,
What is not sleep unto the feeble mind?
It easeth him that toils, and him that's sorry
It makes the deaf to hear, to see the blind.
Ungentle sleep, thou helpest all but me,
For, when I sleep, my soul is vexed most:
It is *Fidessa* that doth master thee,
If she approach, alas, thy power is lost!
But here she is—see, how he runs amain;
I fear at night he will not come again."

From the *Aurora*, of William Alexander, Earl
of Sterline, 1604.

"I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
And by those golden locks whose lock none slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment and thy generous thought,
Which in this darken'd age have clearly shin'd;
I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then, since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Should'st thou not love this virtuous mind in me?"

The greater portion of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* is addressed to a male object; and the kind of exaggerated friendship which some of them profess, can only surprise a reader who is unacquainted with the manners of those days. It was then not uncommon for one man to write verses to another in a strain of such tender affection, as fully warrants our terming them *amatory*; ¹⁰⁰

¹⁰⁰ "Abraham Fraunce," says Warton, "in 1591 translated Virgil's ALEXIS into English hexameters, verse for verse, which he calls *The lamentation of Corydon for the love of Alexis*. It must be owned, that the selection of this particular Eclogue from all the ten for an English version, is somewhat extraordinary. But in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I could point out whole sets of sonnets written with this sort of attachment, for which, perhaps, it will be but an inadequate apology, that they are free from direct impurity of expression and open immodesty of sentiment. Such at least is our observance of external propriety, and so strong the principles of a general decorum, that a writer of the present age who was to print love-verses in this style, would be severely reproached, and universally proscribed. I will instance only in the AFFECTIONATE SHEPHERD of Richard Barneficke, printed in 1595. There, through the course of twenty sonnets, not inelegant, and which were exceedingly popular, the poet bewails his unsuccessful love for a beautiful youth, by the name of Ganymede, in a strain of the most tender passion, yet with professions of the chastest affection. Many descriptions and incidents which have a like complexion, may be found in the futile novels of Lodge and Lilly." *Hist. of English Poetry*, iii. 405.

In an address "To the courteous Gentlemen Readers" prefixed to Barneficke's *Cynthia, with Certaine Sonnets, &c.*, 1595, he speaks thus of his former production, noticed in the preceding remarks of Warton: "Some there were that

and even in the epistolary correspondence between two grave and elderly gentlemen, friendship used frequently to borrow the language of love.

Who was the object in question, the commentators of Shakespeare have unsuccessfully laboured to discover; of their various conjectures on this point, I shall only mention two; the one remarkable for its ingenuity, the other for its absurdity. Tyrwhitt, putting together the initials w. h. in the Dedication to the *Sonnets*, and the following line of the xxth *Sonnet*, given thus in the original edition,

“ A man in *hew* all *Hews* in his controlling ”

did interpret the *Affectionate Shepherd*, otherwise then (in truth) I meant, touching the subject thereof, to wit, the love of a Shepherd to a boy; a fault, the which I will not excuse, because I never made. Only this, I will unshadow my conceit: being nothing else but an imitation of Virgill in the second Eglogue of *Alexis*.” I may add, that at a considerably later period, Phineas Fletcher (one of the purest of poetical spirits) in his first *Piscatory Eclogue*, introduces Thelgon lamenting the inconstancy of Amyntas; and that in a short copy of verses “To Master W. C.” by the same writer, is the following stanza:

“ Return now, Willy; now at length return thee:
Here thou and I, under the sprouting vine,
By yellow Chame, where no hot ray shall burn thee,
Will sit, and sing among the Muses nine;
And safely cover'd from the scalding shine,
We'l read that Mantuan shepherds sweet complaining,
Whom fair Alexis griev'd with his unjust disdain'ing.”

See his *Piscatorie Eclogs, and other Poeticall Miscellanies*, (appended to *The Purple Island*,) 1633, p. 1, and p. 60.

imagined that the mysterious personage was a W. Hughes; while George Chalmers, as if to show that there are no bounds to the folly of a critic, maintained that Queen Elizabeth was typified by the poet's masculine friend!

Perhaps, after all, what Lord Byron says of Junius, is true concerning the object to whom the *Sonnets* are principally addressed;

"I've an hypothesis,—'tis quite my own,

'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call,
Was really, truly, nobody at all;"

perhaps Shakespeare's "lovely youth" was merely the creature of imagination, and had no more existence than those fair ones, whom various writers have so perseveringly wooed in verse.¹⁰¹ I have long felt convinced, after repeated perusals of the *Sonnets*, that the greater number of them was composed in an assumed character, on different subjects, and at different times, for the amusement, and probably at the suggestion, of the author's intimate associates.¹⁰² While, there-

¹⁰¹ "Dost thou think the poets, who every one of 'em celebrate the praises of some lady or other, had all real mistresses? . . . No, no, never think it; for I dare assure thee, the greatest part of 'em were nothing but the mere imaginations of the poets, for a groundwork to exercise their wits upon, and give to the world occasion to look on the authors as men of an amorous and gallant disposition." *Don Quixote* (translated by several hands) i. 225, edition 1749.

¹⁰² Meres calls them "his sugred Sonnets *among his private friends*:" see p. xlvi.

fore, I contend that allusions scattered through these pieces should not be hastily referred to the personal circumstances of Shakespeare, I am willing to grant that one or two *Sonnets* have an individual application to the poet, as for instance, the cxth and the cxith, in which he expresses his sense of the degradation that accompanies the profession of the stage. Augustus Schlegel is of opinion, that sufficient use has not been made of them, as important materials for Shakespeare's biography; but, even if we regard them all as transcripts of his genuine feelings, what a feeble and uncertain light would they throw on the history of his life!

About the excellence of these *Sonnets*, slightly disfigured as they are by conceits and quibbles,¹⁰³ there can be no dispute. Next to the dramas of Shakespeare, they are by far the most valuable of his works. They contain such a quantity of profound thought as must astonish every reflecting reader; they are adorned by splendid and delicate imagery; they are sublime, pathetic, tender, or sweetly playful; while they delight the ear by their fluency, and their varied harmonies of rhythm. Our language can boast no sonnets

¹⁰³ What Robert Gould, in *The Play House, A Satire*, (*Works* ii. 245, edition 1702,) says of our author's dramas, applies also to his poems;

"And Shakespeare play'd with words, to please a quibbling age."

altogether worthy of being placed by the side of Shakespeare's, except the few which Milton¹⁰⁴ poured forth,—so severe, and so majestic.

Among the minor poems in the present volume, *A Lover's Complaint* stands preëminent in beauty. We recognize but little of Shakespeare's genius in 'The Miscellany' entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*: it appears to have been given to the press without his consent, or even his knowledge; and how much of it proceeded from his pen, cannot be distinctly ascertained.

¹⁰⁴ The English Sonnets that approach nearest in merit to Shakespeare's and Milton's, are undoubtedly those by the living ornament of our poetic literature, Wordsworth.

APPENDIX I.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.¹

Pericles.....	1590
Second Part of Henry VI.....	1591
Third Part of Henry VI.....	1591
Two Gentlemen of Verona.....	1591
Comedy of Errors.....	1592
Love's Labour's Lost.....	1592
Richard II.....	1593
Richard III.....	1593
Midsummer Night's Dream.....	1594
Taming of the Shrew.....	1596
Romeo and Juliet.....	1596
Merchant of Venice.....	1597
First Part of Henry IV.....	1597
Second Part of Henry IV.....	1598
King John.....	1598
All's Well that Ends Well.....	1598
Henry V.....	1599
As you like It.....	1599
Much Ado about Nothing.....	1600
Hamlet.....	1600
Merry Wives of Windsor.....	1601
Twelfth Night ²	1601

¹ See p. xxxvii.

² See Collier's *Hist. of English Dram. Poet.* i. 327.

Troilus and Cressida	1602
Henry VIII.....	1603
Measure for Measure	1603
Othello ³	1604
King Lear	1605
Macbeth	1606
Julius Cæsar	1607
Antony and Cleopatra	1608
Cymbeline	1609
Coriolanus	1610
Timon of Athens	1610
Winter's Tale	1611
Tempest	1612

³ I agree with Malone in thinking that the passage of *Othello* (act iii. sc. iv.)

“the hearts of old gave hands,

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts,”

does not contain the slightest allusion to the institution of the order of Baronets in 1611: see his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 402. (*Shak.* by Boswell. ii.)

APPENDIX II.

SHAKESPEARE'S WILL.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE OFFICE OF THE PREROGATIVE
COURT OF CANTERBURY.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii,¹ Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Annoque Domini 1616.

Testamentum Wmi. Shackspeare.

In the name of God, Amen. I William Shackspeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory, (God be praised!) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith, one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful

¹ Our poet's will appears to have been drawn up in February, though not executed till the following month; for *February* was first written, and afterwards struck out, and *March* written over it. MALONE.

English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant, all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath, of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid; and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece² Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty

² — to my niece —] Elizabeth Hall was our poet's granddaughter. So, in *Othello*, Act 1. sc. i. Iago says to

pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Hart, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease: provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at any [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Brabantio, "You'll have your *nephews* neigh to you;" meaning his grandchildren. MALONE.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, ——— Hart,³ and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate, (except my broad silver and gilt bowl,)⁴ that I now have at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe⁵ my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five

³ — *Hart*.] It is singular that neither Shakspeare nor any of his family should have recollected the christian name of his nephew, who was born at Stratford but eleven years before the making of his will. His christian name was *Thomas*; and he was baptized in that town, July 24, 1605.

MALONE.

⁴ — *except my broad silver and gilt bowl*.] This bowl, as we afterwards find, our poet bequeathed to his daughter Judith. Instead of *bowl*, Mr. Theobald, and all the subsequent editors, have here printed *boxes*. MALONE.

⁵ — *Mr. Thomas Combe*.] This gentleman was baptized at Stratford, Feb. 9, 1588-9, so that he was twenty-seven years old at the time of Shakspeare's death. He died at Stratford in July 1657, aged 68; and his elder brother William died at the same place, Jan. 30, 1666-7, aged 80

pounds; and to Francis Collins⁶ of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet [*Hamnet*] Sadler⁷ twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker,⁸ twenty shillings in

Mr. Thomas Combe by his will made June 20, 1656, directed his executors to convert all his personal property into money, and to lay it out in the purchase of lands, to be settled on William Combe, the eldest son of John Combe of Allchurch in the county of Worcester, gent. and his heirs male; remainder to his two brothers successively. Where, therefore, our poet's sword has wandered, I have not been able to discover. I have taken the trouble to ascertain the ages of Shakespeare's friends and relations, and the time of their deaths, because we are thus enabled to judge how far the traditions concerning him which were communicated to Mr. Rowe in the beginning of this century, are worthy of credit. MALONE.

⁶ — *to Francis Collins* —] This gentleman was, I believe, christened at Warwick. He died the year after our poet, and was buried at Stratford, Sept. 27, 1617, on which day he died. MALONE.

⁷ — *to Hamnet Sadler* —] This gentleman was godfather to Shakspeare's only son, who was called after him. Mr. Sadler, I believe, was born about the year 1550, and died at Stratford-upon-Avon, where he was buried, October 26, 1624. His wife, Judith Sadler, who was godmother to Shakspeare's youngest daughter, was buried there, March 23, 1613-14. Our poet probably was godfather to their son William, who was baptized at Stratford, Feb. 5, 1597-8.

MALONE.

⁸ — *to my godson, William Walker.*] This godson of

gold; to Anthony Nash,⁹ gent. twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash,¹⁰ twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell,¹¹ twenty-six shillings eight-pence apiece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments what-

our author was the son of Mr. Henry Walker, who was elected an alderman of Stratford, January 3, 1605-6. William was baptized at Stratford, Oct. 16, 1608. I mention this circumstance, because it ascertains that our author was at his native town in the autumn of that year. Mr. William Walker was buried at Stratford, March, 1679-80. MALONE.

⁹ — *to Anthony Nash.*] He was father of Mr. Thomas Nash, who married our poet's granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall. He lived, I believe, at Welcombe, where his estate lay; and was buried at Stratford, Nov. 18, 1622. MALONE.

¹⁰ — *to Mr. John Nash.*] This gentleman died at Stratford, and was buried there, Nov. 10, 1623. MALONE.

¹¹ — *to my fellows, John Hemynge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell.*] These our poet's fellows did not very long survive him. Burbage died in March, 1619; Cundell in December, 1627; and Heminge in October, 1630. MALONE.

soever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, received, perceived,¹² or taken, within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe,¹³ or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being, in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe;¹⁴ and

¹² — *received, perceived.*] Instead of these words, we have hitherto had in all the printed copies of this will, *reserved, preserved.* MALONE.

¹³ — *old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe.*] The lands of Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, here devised, were in Shakspeare's time a continuation of one large field, all in the parish of Stratford. Bishopton is two miles from Stratford, and Welcombe one. For *Bishopton*, Mr. Theobald erroneously printed *Bushaxton*, and the error has been continued in all the subsequent editions. The word in Shakspeare's original will is spelt *Bushopton*, the vulgar pronunciation of Bishopton.

I searched the Indexes in the Rolls chapel from the year 1589 to 1616, with the hope of finding an enrolment of the purchase deed of the estate here devised by our poet, and of ascertaining its extent and value; but it was not enrolled during that period, nor could I find any inquisition taken after his death, by which its value might have been ascertained. I suppose it was conveyed by the former owner to Shakspeare, not by bargain and sale, but by a deed of feoffment, which it was not necessary to enrol. MALONE.

¹⁴ — *that messuage or tenement—in the Blackfriars in London near the Wardrobe;*] [See p. xlv. n. 60.] By *the Wardrobe* is meant the King's Great Wardrobe, a royal house, near Puddle Wharf, purchased by King Edward the Third from Sir John Beauchamp, who built it. King Richard III.

all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same so to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs

was lodged in this house in the second year of his reign See Stowe's *Survey*, p. 693, edition 1618. After the fire of London, this office was kept in the Savoy, but it is now abolished. MALONE.

males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second best bed, with the furniture.¹⁵

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susanna his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq. and Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness

¹⁵ — *my second best bed, with the furniture.*] Thus Shakspeare's original will. Mr. Theobald and the other modern editors have been more bountiful to Mrs. Shakspeare, having printed instead of these words, "— my *brown* best bed, with the furniture." MALONE.

It appears, in the original will of Shakspeare, (now in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons,) that he had forgot his wife; the legacy to her being expressed by an interlineation, as well as those to Heminge, Burbage, and Condell.

The will is written on three sheets of paper, the two last of which are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakspeare's own hand. The first indeed has his name in the margin, but it differs somewhat in spelling as well as manner, from the two signatures that follow. STEEVENS.

whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written.

By me,¹⁶ William Shakspeare.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

Fra. Collins,¹⁷

Julius Shaw,¹⁸

John Robinson,¹⁹

Hamnet Sadler,²⁰

Robert Whattcoat.

Probatum fuit testamentum suprascriptum apud London, coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616; juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. &c. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, &c. Susannæ Hall, alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur. &c.

¹⁶ By me William Shakspeare.] This was the mode of our poet's time. Thus the Register of Stratford is signed at the bottom of each page, in the year 1616, "*Per me Richard Watts, Minister.*" These concluding words have hitherto been inaccurately exhibited thus: "*— the day and year first above-written by me, William Shakspeare.*" Neither the day, nor year, nor any preceding part of this will, was written by our poet. "*By me,*" &c. only means—*The above is the will of me William Shakspeare.* MALONE.

¹⁷ — Fra. Collins.] See p. xciv. n. 6.

¹⁸ — Julius Shaw—] was born in Sept. 1571. He married Anne Boyes, May 5, 1594; and died at Stratford, where he was buried June 24, 1629. MALONE.

¹⁹ — John Robinson.] John, son of Thomas Robinson was baptized at Stratford, Nov. 30, 1589. I know not when he died. MALONE.

²⁰ — Hamnet Sadler.] See p. xciv. n. 7.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Poculo Castalia plena ministret aqua. OVID.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,
I KNOW not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear¹ so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

¹ ear] i. e. plough.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase ;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn :
 Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
 And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

“Thrice fairer than myself,” thus she began,
“The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
“Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
“More white and red than doves or roses are ;
 “Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
 “Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

“Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
“And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow ;
“If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
“A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know :
 “Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
 “And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses ;

“And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
“But rather famish them amid their plenty,

“Making them red and pale with fresh variety,
“Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :
“A summer’s day will seem an hour but short,
“Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.”

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth’s sovereign salve to do a goddess good :
Being so enrag’d, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser’s rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush’d and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens ; (O how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove :
Backward she push’d him, as she would be thrust,
And govern’d him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And ’gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;

And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame ; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks :
Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks :

He saith, she is immodest, blames her 'miss ;¹
What follows more, she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires² with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone ;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content,³ but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face ;
She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies ;

¹ 'miss] For *amiss*,—i. e. misbehaviour.

² *Tires....on*] A hawking term—tears, pulls, pecks.

³ *content*] i. e. acquiescence.

Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :
Rain added to a river that is rank,⁴
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale ;
Being red, she loves him best ; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears, [wet ;
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in ;
So offers he to give what she did crave ;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn :
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;

⁴ *rank*] i. e. abounding in water.

She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn :

“ Oh, pity,” ’gan she cry, “ flint-hearted boy !

“ ’Tis but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

“ I have been woo’d, as I entreat thee now,

“ Even by the stern and direful god of war,

“ Whose sinewy neck in battle ne’er did bow,

“ Who conquers where he comes, in every jar ;

“ Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,

“ And begg’d for that which thou unask’d shalt
have.

“ Over my altars hath he hung his lance,

“ His batter’d shield, his uncontrolled crest,

“ And for my sake hath learn’d to sport and dance,

“ To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;

“ Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,

“ Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

“ Thus he that over-rul’d, I oversway’d,

“ Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain :

“ Strong-temper’d steel his stronger strength

“ Yet was he servile to my coy disdain. [obey’d,

“ O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,

“ For mastering her that foil’d the god of fight !

“ Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,

“ (Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red.)

“ The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine :—

“ What seest thou in the ground ? hold up thy head ;

“ Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies :
“ Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

“ Art thou asham'd to kiss ? then wink again,
“ And I will wink, so shall the day seem night ;
“ Love keeps his revels where there are but twain ;
“ Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :
“ These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
“ Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

“ The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
“ Shows thee unripe ; yet may'st thou well be
tasted ;
“ Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
“ Beauty within itself should not be wasted :
“ Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
“ Rot and consume themselves in little time.

“ Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
“ Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
“ O'er-worn, despised, rheumatick and cold,
“ Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
“ Then might'st thou pause, for then I were
not for thee ;
“ But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

“ Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;
“ Mine eyes are grey,⁵ and bright, and quick in
turning ;

⁵ *grey*] i. e. blue.

"My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,

“My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;

“My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand
felt,

"Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,

"Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,

“Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell’d hair,

“Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen :

“Love is a spirit all compact of fire,

“Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

“Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;

“These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support
me; [sky,

“Two strengthless doves will draw me through the

“ From morn to night, even where I list to sport me :

"Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be

“That thou should'st think it heavy unto thee?

“Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?

“Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?”

“Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,

“Steal thine own freedom, and complain on theft.

“Narcissus, so, himself himself forsook,

“And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,

"Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,

“ Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear ;
“ Things growing to themselves are growth’s abuse :
 “ Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
 beauty,
 “ Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

“ Upon the earth’s increase why should’st thou feed,
“ Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ?
“ By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
“ That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead ;
 “ And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
 “ In that thy likeness still is left alive.”

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, ’tired⁶ in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;
 Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
 So he were like him, and by Venus’ side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o’erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
 Souring his cheeks, cries, “ Fie, no more of love !
 “ The sun doth burn my face ; I must remove.”

“ Ah me.” quoth Venus, “ young, and so unkind !
“ What bare excuses mak’st thou to begone !

⁶ ‘tired] i. e. attired.

“ I’ll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
“ Shall cool the heat of this descending sun ;
“ I’ll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;
“ If they burn too, I’ll quench them with my
tears.

“ The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
“ And lo, I lie between that sun and thee ;
“ The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
“ Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me :
“ And were I not immortal, life were done,
“ Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

“ Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
“ Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth ?
“ Art thou a woman’s son, and canst not feel
“ What ’tis to love ? how want of love tormenteth ?
“ O had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
“ She had not brought forth thee, but died
unkind.⁷

“ What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this ?⁸
“ Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
“ What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?
“ Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be mute :
“ Give me one kiss, I’ll give it thee again,
“ And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

⁷ *unkind* | i. e. unnatural.

⁸ *contemn me this* | Is, I think, rightly explained by Malone,
“ contemptuously refuse this favour that I ask.”

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
 "Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
 "Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
 "Thing like a man, but of no woman bred ;
 "Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
 "For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
 And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
 Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong ;
 Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause :
 And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
 And now her sobs do her intendments⁹ break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
 Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
 Sometimes her arms infold him like a band ;
 She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;
 And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
 She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee
 "Within the circuit of this ivory pale, [here,
 "I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;
 "Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale .
 "Graze on my lips ; and if those hills be dry,
 "Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

⁹ *intendments*] i. e. intentions.

“ Within this limit is relief enough,
“ Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
“ Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
“ To shelter thee from tempest and from rain ;
 “ Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;
 “ No dog shall rouse thee, tho’ a thousand bark.”

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;
 Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
 Why there love liv’d, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round-enchancing pits,
Open’d their mouths to swallow Venus’ liking :
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking ?
 Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
 To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn !

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing :
 “ Pity ”—she cries,—“ some favour—some re-
 morse—” ¹⁰

Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

¹⁰ remorse] i. e. tenderness.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud :
 The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
 Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resonands like heaven's thund-
 The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth, [der ;
 Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up prick'd ; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd¹¹ crest now stand¹² on end ;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :
 His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
 Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo ! thus my strength is tried :
 And this I do to captivate the eye
 Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

¹¹ *compass'd*] i. e. arched.

¹² *mane . . . stand*] " Our author uses *mane*, as composed of many hairs, as plural." MALONE.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?

He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
Nor nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excell a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and
long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril
wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing
strong.
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base¹³ he now prepares,

¹³ *To bid the wind a base* | i. e. to challenge the wind to contend with him in speed: *base*,—*prison-base*, or *prison-bars*—was a rustic game, consisting chiefly in running.

And whêr¹⁴ he run, or fly, they knew not whether ;
For thro' his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind :
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind ;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
He vails¹⁵ his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent ;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume :
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him ;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there :
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast ;
And now the happy season once more fits,

¹⁴ whêr] i. e. whether.

¹⁵ vails] i. e. lowers.

That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
But when the heart's attorney ¹⁶ once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

Hè sees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind),
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind ;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy '
To note the fighting conflict of her hue !
How white and red each other did destroy !
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :

¹⁶ *the heart's attorney*] i. e. the tongue.

His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new fallen snow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them !
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them ;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing :
And all this dumb play had his¹⁷ acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe :
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
" O fairest mover on this mortal round,
" Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
" My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound ;¹⁸
" For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
" Though nothing but my body's bane would
cure thee."

" Give me my hand," saith he, " why dost thou
feel it ? " [have it ;
" Give me my heart," saith she, " and thou shalt

¹⁷ his] i. e. its.

¹⁸ thy heart my wound] i. e. " thy heart wounded as mine is " MALONE.

“O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
“And being steel’d, soft sighs can never grave it:
“Then love’s deep groans I never shall regard,
“Because Adonis’ heart hath made mine hard.”

“For shame,” he cries, “let go, and let me go ;
“My day’s delight is past, my horse is gone,
“And ’tis your fault I am bereft him so ;
“I pray you hence, and leave me here alone :
“For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
“Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.”

Thus she replies : “Thy palfrey, as he should,
“Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
“Affection is a coal that must be cool’d ,
“Else, suffer’d, it will set the heart on fire :
“The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
“Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

“How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
“Servilely master’d with a leathern rein !
“But when he saw his love, his youth’s fair fee,
“He held such petty bondage in disdain ;
“Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
“Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

“Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
“Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white.
“But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
“His other agents aim at like delight ?

“ Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
 “ To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

“ Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy ;
 “ And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
 “ To take advantage on presented joy ; [thee.
 “ Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach
 “ O learn to love ; the lesson is but plain,
 “ And, once made perfect, never lost again.”

“ I know not love,” quoth he, “ nor will not know it,
 “ Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it ;
 “ ’Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it ;
 “ My love to love¹⁹ is love but to disgrace it ;
 “ For I have heard it is a life in death,
 “ That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a
 breath.

“ Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish’d ?
 “ Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth ?
 “ If springing things be any jot diminish’d,
 “ They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth :
 “ The colt that’s back’d and burthen’d being
 young,
 “ Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

“ You hurt my hand with wringing ; let us part,
 “ And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat :
 “ Remove your siege from my unyielding heart ;

¹⁹ *My love to love, &c.*] i. e. “ my inclination towards love
 is only a desire to render it contemptible.” MALONE.

“To love’s alarms it will not ope the gate.

“Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
flattery ; [tery.”

“For where a heart is hard, they make no bat-

“What ! canst thou talk,” quoth she, “hast thou
a tongue ?

“O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing !

“Thy mermaid’s voice hath done me double wrong ;

“I had my load before, now press’d with bearing :

“Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sound-
ing, [wounding.

“Ear’s deep-sweet music, and heart’s deep-sore

“Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love

“That inward beauty and invisible ;

“Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move

“Each part in me that were but sensible :

“Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,

“Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

“Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,

“And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,

“And nothing but the very smell were left me,

“Yet would my love to thee be still as much ;

“For from the still’tory of thy face excelling

“Comes breath perfum’d, that breedeth love
by smelling.

“But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,

“Being nurse and feeder of the other four !

“ Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
“ And bid suspicion double-lock the door ?
“ Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
“ Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.”

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield ;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws²⁰ to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth :
A smile recures the wounding of a frown,
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth !
The silly boy believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red :

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !

²⁰ *flaws*] i. e. sudden blasts of wind.

For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
 He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
 Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue window's faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth:
 And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
 So is her face illumin'd with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
 But hers, which thro' the crystal tears gave light,
 Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she, "in earth or heaven,
"Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?"
"What hour is this? or morn or weary even?"
"Do I delight to die, or life desire?"
 "But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
 But now I died, and death was lively joy.

“O thou didst kill me ;—kill me once again :
“Thy eyes’ shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
“Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such
 disdain,
“That they have murder’d this poor heart of mine ;
 “And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
 “But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

“Long may they kiss each other, for this cure !
“O never let their crimson liveries wear !
“And as they last, their verdure still endure,
“To drive infection ²¹ from the dangerous year !
 “That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
 May say, the plague is banish’d by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
“What bargains may I make, still to be sealing ?
“To sell myself I can be well contented,
“So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing ;
 “Which purchase, if thou make, for fear of
 slips, ²²
 “Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

“A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;
“And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
“What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?
“Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?

²¹ *To drive infection, &c.* | During the plague, rooms were strewed with strong smelling herbs, to prevent infection.

²² *slips* | i. e. counterfeit money.

“ Say, for non-payment that the debt should
double,

“ Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ? ”

“ Fair queen,” quoth he, “ if any love you owe me,

“ Measure my strangeness²³ with my unripe years ;

“ Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;

“ No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :

“ The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks
fast,

“ Or being early pluck’d, is sour to taste.

“ Look, the world’s comforter, with weary gait,

“ His day’s hot task hath ended in the west :

“ The owl, night’s herald, shrieks, ’tis very late ;

“ The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest ;

“ And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven’s
light

“ Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

“ Now let me say *good night*, and so say you ;

“ If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.”

“ *Good night*,” quoth she ; and, ere he says *adieu*,

The honey fee of parting tender’d is :

Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace ;

Incorporate then they seem ; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin’d, and backward drew

The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,

²³ *strangeness*] i. e. coyness.

Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth :

He with her plenty press'd, she faint with
dearth,

(Their lips together glu'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;

Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,

Paying what ransom the insulter willeth ; [high,

Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so

That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,

With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;

Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,

And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;

Planting oblivion, beating reason back,

Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's
wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,

Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,

Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chasing,

Or like the froward infant, still'd with dandling,

He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,

While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,

And yields at last to every light impression ?

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave²⁴ exceeds commission :
Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is
froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;
What though the rose have prickles ? yet 'tis pluck'd :
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all a
last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart :
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him ;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

" Sweet boy," she says, " this night I'll waste in
sorrow,
" For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
" Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to-morrow ?
" Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the
match ? "

He tells her no ; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

²⁴ *leave*] i. e. licentiousness.

“The boar!” quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheeks; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
 She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
 He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
 That worse than Tantalus’ is her annoy,
 To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceiv’d with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless²⁵ berries saw:
 The warm effects which she in him finds miss-
 ing,
 She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay’d as much as may be prov’d;
Her pleading hath deserv’d a greater fee;
She’s Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov’d.
 “Fie, fie,” he says, “you crush me; let me go;
 “You have no reason to withhold me so.”

²⁵ *helpless*] i. e. that give no help, no sustenance.

“Thou hadst been gone,” quoth she, “sweet boy,
ere this, [boar.

“But that thou told’st me, thou would’st hunt the

“O be advis’d ! thou know’st not what it is

“With javelin’s point a churlish swine to gore,

“Whose tushes never-sheath’d he whetteth still,

“Like to a mortal²⁶ butcher, bent to kill.

“On his bow-back he hath a battle set

“Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;

“His eyes like glowworms shine when he doth fret ;

“His snout digs sepulchres where’er he goes ;

“Being mov’d, he strikes whate’er is in his way,

“And whom he strikes, his cruel tushes slay.

“His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm’d,

“Are better proof than thy spear’s point can enter ;

“His short thick neck cannot be easily harm’d ;

“Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :

“The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,

“As fearful of him, part through whom he
rushes.

“Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,

“To which Love’s eyes pay tributary gazes ;

“Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,

“Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;

“But having thee at vantage (wondrous dread !)

“Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

²⁶ mortal] i. e. deadly.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still!
 "Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
 "Come not within his danger by thy will;
 "They that thrive well, take counsel of their friends.
 " When thou didst name the boar, not to dis-
 semble,
 " I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

" Didst thou not mark my face ? Was it not white ?
 " Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye ?
 " Grew I not faint ? And fell I not downright ?
 " Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
 " My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no
 rest, [breast.
 " But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my

" For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
 " Doth call himself affection's sentinel ;
 " Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
 " And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill* ;
 " Distempering gentle love in his desire,
 " As air and water do abate the fire

This sour informer, this bate-breeding²⁷ spy,
 " This canker that eats up loves tender spring,
 " This carry-tale, dissensious jealousy, [bring,
 " That sometime true news, sometime false doth
 " Knocks at my heart and whispers in mine ear,
 " That if I love thee, I thy death should fear :

²⁷ *bate-breeding*] i. e. strife breeding.

“ And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
“ The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
“ Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
“ An image like thyself, all stain’d with gore ;
 “ Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
 “ Doth make them droop with grief, and hang
 the head.

“ What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
“ That tremble at the imagination ?
“ The thought of it doth make my faint heart
 bleed,
“ And fear doth teach it divination :
 “ I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
 “ If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

“ But if thou needs will hunt, be rul’d by me ;
“ Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
“ Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
“ Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :
 “ Pursue these fearful creatures o’er the downs,
 “ And on thy well-breath’d horse keep with thy
 hounds.

“ And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
“ Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot²⁸ his troubles,
“ How he outruns the wind, and with what care

²⁸ *overshoot*] Malone absurdly gives in the text, and attempts to defend in a note, the reading of the old copy “*overshut*”

“ He cranks²⁹ and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
“ The many musits³⁰ through the which he goes,
“ Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
“ To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
“ And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
“ To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
“ And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer;
“ Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

“ For there his smell with others being mingled,
“ The hot scent-snuffing-hounds are driven to
doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled,
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
“ Then do they spend their mouths: Echo re-
plies,
“ As if another chase were in the skies.

“ By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
“ Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
“ To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
“ Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
“ And now his grief may be compared well
“ To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell

²⁹ *cranks*] i. e. winds.

³⁰ *musits*] i. e. gaps in hedges or thickets, through which the hare is wont to pass.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
 "Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
 "Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
 "Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur
 " For misery is trodden on by many, [stay ;
 " And being low, never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
 "Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
 "To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
 "Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,³¹
 " Applying this to that, and so to so ;
 " For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave ?"—"No matter where,"
 quoth he ;
 "Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
 "The night is spent." "Why, what of that,"
 quoth she ?
 "I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends ;
 " And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."—
 " In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
 "The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
 "And all is but to rob thee of a kiss. [lips
 "Rich preys make true³² men thieves ; so do thy
 " Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
 " Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn

³¹ *moralize* | i. e. comment.

³² *true* | i. e. honest.

“Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
“Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
“That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
“And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 “Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night
 “Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

“What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
“Seeming to bury that posterity
“Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
“If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?
 “ If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 “Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

“So in thyself thyself art made away ;
“A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
“Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do
 slay,
“Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
 “Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
 “But gold that’s put to use, more gold begets.”

“Nay, then,” quoth Adon, “you will fall again
“Into your idle over-handed theme ;
“The kiss I gave you is bestow’d in vain,
“And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
 “For by this black’d-fac’d night, desire’s foul
 nurse,
“Your treatise makes me like you worse and
 worse.

“ If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
“ And every tongue more moving than your own,
“ Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s songs,
“ Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown ;
 “ For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear,
 “ And will not let a false sound enter there ;

“ Lest the deceiving harmony should run
“ Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
“ And then my little heart were quite undone,
“ In his bedchamber to be barr’d of rest.
 “ No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
 “ But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

“ What have you urg’d that I cannot reprove ?
“ The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;
“ I hate not love, but your device in love,
“ That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 “ You do it for increase ; O strange excuse !
 “ When reason is the bawd to lust’s abuse.

“ Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
“ Since sweating lust on earth usurp’d his name ;
“ Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
“ Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
 “ Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon be-
 “ As caterpillars do the tender leaves. [reaves,

“ Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain,
“ But lust’s effect is tempest after sun ;

“ Love’s gentle spring doth always fresh remain,

“ Lust’s winter comes ere summer half be done.

“ Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies :

“ Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies.

“ More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;

“ The text is old, the orator too green.

“ Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;

“ My face is full of shame, my heart of teen ;⁸⁴

“ Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,

“ Do burn themselves for having so offended.”

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace

Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,

And homeward through the dark lawnd⁸⁵ runs

apace ;

Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress’d.

Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky,

So glides he in the night from Venus’ eye ;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore

Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,

Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,

Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend ;

So did the merciless and pitchy night

Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz’d, as one that unaware

Hath dropp’d a precious jewel in the flood,

⁸⁴ *teen*] i. e. grief.

⁸⁵ *lawnd*] An old form of *lawn*.

Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood ;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans ;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled :
Ah me ! she cries, and twenty times, *woe, woe !*
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty ; [dote ;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short :
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport :
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits ?

She says, *'tis so* : they answer all, *'tis so* ;
And would say after her, if she said *no*.

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high, .
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;
 Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
 That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow :
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
"From whom each lamp and shining star doth
 borrow
"The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
 " There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
 " May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings, of her love ;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horn :
 Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth³⁶ to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay ;

³⁶ *coasteth*] i. e. *advanceth*.

She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn, hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder ;

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud :
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part :
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy ;
Till, cheering up her senses all-dismay'd,
She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error that they are afraid ;

Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more ;
And with that word she spied the hunted boar ;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither ;
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
She treads the path that she untreads again ;
Her more than haste is mated⁸⁷ with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain ;
Full of respects,⁸⁸ yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster ;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks; and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice:
Another and another answer him,

⁸⁷ *mated*] i. e. confounded.

⁸⁸ *respects*] i. e. circumspection.

Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies :

So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

" Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
" Hateful divorce of love," (thus chides she death,)
" Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what, dost
 thou mean

" To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
 " Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
 " Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

" If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
" Seeing his beauty, thou should'st strike at it—
" O yes, it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
" But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
 " Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
 " Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

" Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
" And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
" The destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
" They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a
 flower :

“ Love’s golden arrow at him should have fled,
“ And not death’s ebon dart, to strike him dead.

“ Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok’st such
weeping ?

“ What may a heavy groan advantage thee ?

“ Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping

“ Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?

“ Now Nature cares not for thy mortal³⁹ vigour,

“ Since her best work is ruin’d with thy rigour.”

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail’d⁴⁰ her eyelids, who, like sluices, stopp’d
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp’d ;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver
rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow !
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
Both crystals, where they view’d each other’s
sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief ;

³⁹ mortal] i. o. deadly.

⁴⁰ vail’d] i. e. lowered

All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best ; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla ;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well :
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expell ;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass ;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous !
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous :
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought ;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame ;
It was not she that call'd him all-to⁴¹ naught ;

⁴¹ *all-to*] i. e. entirely, altogether. Malone, not understanding the expression, printed "*all to*."

Now she adds honours to his hateful name ;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for
kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

“ No, no,” quoth she, “ sweet Death, I did but jest ;
“ Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
“ Whenas I met the boar that bloody beast,
“ Which knows no pity, but is still severe ;
“ Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)
“ I rail’d on thee, fearing my love’s decease.

“ ’Tis not my fault : the boar provok’d my tongue ;
“ Be wreak’d on him, invisible commander ;
“ ’Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong ;
“ I did but act, he’s author of thy slander :
“ Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
“ Could rule them both, without ten women’s wit.”

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate ;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate ;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs ; and stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

“ O Jove,” quoth she, “ how much a fool was I,
“ To be of such a weak and silly mind,
“ To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
“ Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind !

“ For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
“ And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again

“ Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear
“ As one with treasure laden, hemm’d with thieves ;
“ Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
“ Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves.”
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcons to the lure, away she flies ;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light ;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar’s conquest on her fair delight ;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder’d with the view,
Like stars asham’d of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother’d up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again ;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head ;

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain ;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again ;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes ;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound :

This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd :

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth ;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head ;
Dumbly she passions, frantickly she doteth ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.

Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow ;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
three ;

And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:

“The wind would blow, it off, and, being gone,
“Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep.
“And straight, in pity of his tender years,
“They both would strive who first should dry
his tears.

“To see his face, the lion walk’d along
“Behind some hedge, because he would not fear
him:
“To recreate himself, when he hath sung,
“The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him:
“If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
“And never fright the silly lamb that day.

“When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
“The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
“When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
“That some would sing, some other in their bills
“Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red
cherries;
“He fed them with his sight, they him with
berries.

“But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted⁴³ boar,
“Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
“Ne’er saw the beauteous livery that he wore:
“Witness the entertainment that he gave;
“If he did see his face, why then I know,
“He thought to kiss him, and hath kill’d him so.

⁴³ *urchin-snouted*] i. e. snouted like a hedgehog.

“’Tis true, ’tis true ; thus was Adonis slain ;
“ He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
“ Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
“ But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;
 “ And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
 “ Sheath’d, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

“ Had I been tooth’d like him I must confess
“ With kissing him I should have kill’d him first ;
“ But he is dead, and never did he bless
“ My youth with his ; the more am I accurst.”
 With this she falleth in the place she stood,
 And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told :
 She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
 Where, lo ! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness
 lies :

Two glasses where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell’d,
And every beauty robb’d of his effect :
 “ Wonder of time,” quoth she, “ this is my
 spite,
 “ That, thou being dead, the day should yet be
 light.

“ Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,
“ Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend ;
“ It shall be waited on with jealousy,
“ Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;
 “ Ne’er settled equally, but high or low ;
 “ That all love’s pleasure shall not match his
 woe.

“ It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
“ Bud and be blasted in a breathing while ;
“ The bottom poison, and the top o’erstraw’d
“ With sweets, that shall the truest sight beguile :
 “ The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 “ Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to
 speak.

“ It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
“ Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;⁴⁴
“ The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
“ Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with
 treasures :
 “ It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
 “ Make the young old, the old become a child.

“ It shall suspect where is no cause of fear ;
“ It shall not fear where it should most mistrust ;
“ It shall be merciful, and too severe,
“ And most deceiving, when it seems most just ;

⁴⁴ *measures*] A *measure* was a solemn dance with measured steps.

“Perverse it shall be, where it shows most toward,
“Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

“It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
“And set dissension ’twixt the son and sire;
“Subject and servile to all discontents,
“As dry combustious matter is to fire;
 “Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
 “They that love best, their loves shall not
 enjoy.”

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill’d,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spill’d,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer’d with white,
 Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood,
 Which in round drops upon their whiteness
 stood.

She bows her head, the new sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis’ breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
 She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
 Green dropping sap, which she compares to
 tears.

“Poor flower,” quoth she, “this was thy father’s
 guise,
“ (Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling sire)

“ For every little grief to wet his eyes :

“ To grow unto himself was his desire,

“ And so 'tis thine ; but know, it is as good

“ To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

“ Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast ;

“ Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right :

“ Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,

“ My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night :

“ There shall not be one minute in an hour

“ Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.”

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,

And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift aid

Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies

In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,

Holding their course to Paphos, where their
queen

Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TITCHFIELD.

THE love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end ; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety.¹ The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours ; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater : meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with all happiness.

Your Lordship's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

¹ *moiety*] i. e. part.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus), after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper, every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet smothering his

passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; where-with the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid lurks to aspire,
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;
When Collatine unwisely did not let ¹
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
 Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's
 beauties,
With pure aspécts did him peculiar duties,

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state :
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate :
Reckoning his fortune at such high proud rate,
 That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

¹ *let*] i. e. forbear.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun !
An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator ;
What needeth then apologies be made
To set forth that which is so singular ?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested ² this proud issue of a king ;
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
 should vaunt
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :
His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,

² *suggested* | i. e. tempted.

Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old !

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
Which of them both should underprop her fame :
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intituled,³
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field ;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to guild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield ;
Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
When shame assail'd, the red should fence the
white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right :
Yet their ambition makes them still to fight ;
The sovereignty of either being so great,
That oft they interchange each other's seat.

³ *intituled*] i. e. having a title in.

This silent war of lilies and of roses
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
Therefore that praise ⁴ which, Collatine doth owe,⁵
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil ;
Birds never lim'd no secret blushes fear :
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,

⁴ *praise*] i. e. object of praise.

⁵ *owe*] i. e. own, possess.

Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more

But she that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books ;
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks ;
 Nor could she moralize⁶ his wanton sight,
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory ;
 Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express
 And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
 And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

⁶ *moralize*] i. e. interpret.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending ⁷ weariness with heavy spright;
For, after supper, long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth fight;
 And every one to rest themselves betake,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
 that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to ab-
 staining;
Despair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining;
 And when great treasure is the meed propos'd,
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death
 suppos'd.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;

⁷ *Intending*] i. e. pretending.

And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage ;
 Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect ;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have : so then we do neglect
 The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
 Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust ;
And for himself, himself he must forsake :
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
 When he himself himself confounds, betrays
 To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful
 days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries ;
Now serves the season that they may surprise
 The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead and still,
 While lust and murder wake to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ;
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread ;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm ;
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth ;
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly :
“ As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
“ So Lucrece must I force to my desire.”

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise ;
Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust :

“ Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it
not
“ To darken her whose light excelleth thine !
“ And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
“ With your uncleanness that which is divine !
“ Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine :

“ Let fair humanity abhor the deed

“ That spots and stains love’s modest snow-
white weed.

“ O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !

“ O foul dishonour to my household’s grave !

“ O impious act, including all foul harms !

“ A martial man to be soft fancy’s^s slave ;

“ True valour still a true respect should have ;

“ Then my digression is so vile, so base,

“ That it will live engraven in my face.

“ Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,

“ And be an eye-sore in my golden coat ;

“ Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,

“ To cipher me, how fondly I did dote ;

“ That my posterity, sham’d with the note,

“ Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin

“ To wish that I their father had not been.

“ What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?

“ A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy :

“ Who buys a minute’s mirth, to wail a week ?

“ Or sells eternity, to get a toy ?

“ For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?

“ Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,

“ Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
down ?

^s *fancy’s*] i. e. love’s.

“ If Collatinus dream of my intent,
“ Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
“ Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ?
• “ This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
“ This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 “ This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
 “ Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame ?

“ O what excuse can my invention make,
“ When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed ?
“ Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
 shake ?
“ Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart
 bleed ?
“ The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed ;
 “ And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 “ But, coward-like, with trembling terror die.

“ Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
“ Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
“ Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
“ Might have excuse to work upon his wife ;
“ As in revenge or quittal of such strife :
 “ But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
 “ The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

“ Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known :
“ Hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving :
“ I'll beg her love ;—but she is not her own ;
“ The worst is but denial. and reproving :

“ My will is strong, past reason’s weak removing.
“ Who fears a sentence or an old man’s saw,
“ Shall by a painted cloth⁹ be kept in awe.”

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
’Tween frozen conscience and hot-burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still ;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, “ She took me kindly by the hand,
“ And gaz’d for tidings in my eager eyes,
“ Fearing some hard news from the warlike band
“ Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
“ O how her fear did make her colour rise !
“ First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
“ Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

“ And how her hand, in my hand being lock’d,
“ Forc’d it to tremble with her loyal fear ;
“ Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock’d,
“ Until her husband’s welfare she did hear ;
“ Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
“ That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
“ Self-love had never drown’d him in the flood.

⁹ *painted cloth*] i. e. not tapestry, but hangings for rooms of cloth painted in oil, which were interspersed with moral sentences.

- “Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
“All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
“Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
“Love thrives not in the heart that shadows
 dreadeth:
“Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
 “And when his gaudy banner is display’d,
 “The coward fights, and will not be dismay’d.

“Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
“Respect¹⁰ and reason wait on wrinkled age!
“My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
“Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage;
“My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
 “Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
 “Then who fears sinking where such treasure
 lies?”

As corn o’ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok’d by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
 So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
 That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine:

¹⁰ *Respect*] i. e. prudence, that looks to consequences.

That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline ;

But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.

By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward ;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard ;
The threshold grates the door to have him heard ;
Night-wand'ring weesels shriek to see him there ;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct ¹¹ in this case ;

But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch :

¹¹ *conduct*] i. e. conductor.

Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heaven should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair,
And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts :—quoth he, “ I must de-
flower ;

“ The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,

“ How can they then assist me in the act ?

“ Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide !

“ My will is back'd with resolution :

“ Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,

“ The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution ;

“ Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.

“ The eye of heaven is out, and misty night

“ Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.”

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide :
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch ;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside ;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head :
By their high treason is his heart misled ;
Which gives the watchword to his hand full
soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight ;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light :
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame sup-
posed ; [closed.
But blind they are, and keep themselves en-

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill !
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still :
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill ;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss ;
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss ;

Between whose hills her head entombed is :
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet ; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
O modest wantons ! wanton modesty ! [breath :
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality :
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred :
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted ?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd ?

What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
 Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
 Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified ;
Slack'd, not suppress'd ; for standing by her side,
 His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
 Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins :

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting, [ing,
Nor children's tears, nor mother's groans respect-
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting :
 Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
 Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their
 liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand ;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land ;
 Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
 Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
 Where their dear governess and lady lies,
 Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
 And fright her with confusion of their cries:
 She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
 Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
 Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
 From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
 That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
 Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
 What terror 'tis! but she, in worsè taking,
 From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
 The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
 Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
 She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
 Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
 Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries:
 Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
 In darkness daunts them with more dreadful
 sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
 (Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
 May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
 Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
 Beating her bulk,¹⁶ that his hand shakes withal.

¹⁶ *bulk*] i. e. body.

This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show ;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies : “ The colour in thy face
“ (That even for anger makes the lily pale,
“ And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,)
“ Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale :
“ Under that colour am I come to scale
“ Thy never-conquer'd fort ; the fault is thine,
“ For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

“ Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide :
“ Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
“ Where thou with patience must my will abide,
“ My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
“ Which I to conquer sought with all my might ;
“ But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
“ By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

“ I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;
“ I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;
“ I think the honey guarded with a sting :

“ All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends :
“ But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends ;
“ Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
“ And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or
duty.

“ I have debated, even in my soul,
“ What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
breed ;
“ But nothing can affection's course control,
“ Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
“ I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
“ Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
“ Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.”

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Concheth the fowl below with his wing's shade,
Whose crooked beak threats if he mount he dies :
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

“ Lucrece,” quoth he, “ this night I must enjoy thee :
“ If thou deny, then force must work my way,
“ For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee ;
“ That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
“ To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
“ And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
“ Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

“ So thy surviving husband shall remain
“ The scornful mark of every open eye ;
“ Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
“ Thy issue blurr’d with nameless bastardy :
“ And thou, the author of their obloquy,
 “ Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
 “ And sung by children in succeeding times.

“ But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
“ The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
“ A little harm, done to a great good end,
“ For lawful policy remains enacted.
“ The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 “ In a pure compound ; being so applied,
 “ His venom in effect is purified.

“ Then for thy husband and thy children’s sake,
“ Tender my suit : bequeath not to their lot
“ The shame that from them no device can take,
“ The blemish that will never be forgot ;
“ Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour’s blot ;
 “ For marks descried in men’s nativity
 “ Are nature’s faults, not their own infamy.”

Here with a cockatrice’ dead-killing eye
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype’s¹⁷ sharp claws,

¹⁷ *grype’s*] i. e. griffin’s, or vulture’s: our old poets use the word most frequently in the latter sense.

Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite :

But¹⁸ when a black fac'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their
biding,

Hiinderer their present fall by this dividing ;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his holdfast foot the weak mouse panteth ;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth :
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with
raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,

¹⁸ *But*] Malone thought this word "evidently a misprint," and substituted "*Look*." The text, however, seems to require no alteration. "He only obeys his foul appetite, *but*, as some gentle gust, &c., so her words," &c.

And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
 oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
 That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
 And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality [tended;¹⁹
" With such black payment as thou hast pre-
" Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
" Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
" End thy ill aim, before thy shoot²⁰ be ended:
 " He is no woodman that doth bend his bow
 " To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

" My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
" Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
" Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
" Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me:
" My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
 thee.
 " If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
 " Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;

¹⁹ *pretended*] i. e. intended, proposed to thyself.

²⁰ *shoot*] A play is meant here on the words *shoot* and *suit*.

“ All which together, like a troubled ocean,
“ Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart ;
“ To soften it with their continual motion ;
“ For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
“ O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
 “ Melt at my tears, and be compassionate !
 “ Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

“ In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee ;
“ Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame ;
“ To all the host of heaven I complain me,
“ Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
 name.
“ Thou art not what thou seem'st ; and if the same,
 “ Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king ;
 “ For kings like gods should govern every thing.

“ How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
“ When thus thy vices bud before thy spring ?
“ If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
“ What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king ?
“ O be remember'd, no outrageous thing
 “ From vassal actors can be wip'd away ;
 “ Then king's misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

“ This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
“ But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love :
“ With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
“ When they in thee the like offences prove :
“ If but for fear of this, thy will remove ;

“ For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
“ Where subjects’ eyes do learn, do read, do look.

“ And wilt thou be the school where Lust shall
learn ?

“ Must he in thee read lectures of such shame ?

“ Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern

“ Authority for sin, warrant for blame,

“ To privilege dishonour in thy name ?

“ Thou back’st reproach against long-living
laud,

“ And mak’st fair reputation but a bawd.

“ Hast thou command ? by him that gave it thee,

“ From a pure heart command thy rebel will :

“ Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,

“ For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.

“ Thy princely office how canst thou fulfill,

“ When, pattern’d by thy fault, foul Sin may say,

“ He learn’d to sin, and thou didst teach the way ?

“ Think but how vile a spectacle it were

“ To view thy present trespass in another.

“ Men’s faults do seldom to themselves appear ;

“ Their own transgressions partially they smother :

“ This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy
brother.

“ O how are they wrapp’d in with infamies,

“ That from their own misdeeds askaunce their
eyes !

“To thee, to thee, my heav’d-up hands appeal,
“Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;
“I sue for exil’d majesty’s repeal;
“Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
“His true respect will ’prison false desire,
 “And wipe the dim mist from thy dotting eyne,
 “That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine.”

“Have done,” quoth he; “my uncontrolled tide
“Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
“Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
“And with the wind in greater fury fret:
“The petty streams that pay a daily debt
 “To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls’
 haste,
 “Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.”

“Thou art,” quoth she, “a sea, a sovereign king;
“And lo, there falls into thy boundless flood
“Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
“Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
“If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
 “Thy sea within a puddle’s womb is hers’d,
 “And not the puddle in thy sea dispers’d.

“So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
 slave;
“Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
“Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
“Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride:
“The lesser thing should not the greater hide;

“ The cedar stoops not to the base shrub’s foot,
“ But low shrubs wither at the cedar’s root.

“ So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state”—
“ No more,” quoth he, “ by heaven, I will not
 hear thee :

“ Yield to my love ; if not, enforced hate,
“ Instead of love’s coy touch, shall rudely tear thee ;
“ That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
 “ Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
 “ To be thy partner in this shameful doom.”

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies :
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath seiz’d his prey, the poor lamb cries,
 Till with her own white fleece her voice controll’d
 Entombs her outcry in her lips’ sweet fold :

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head ;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed !
 The spots whereof could weeping purify,
 Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again.

This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain :

Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight ;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night :

His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination !
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case :
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with
grace,

For there it revels ; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays,

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chas'd ;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgrac'd :

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd ;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual :
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her fore-sight could not forestall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he
stealeth,

A captive victor, that hath lost in gain ;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain,
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.

She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence ;
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence ;
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth tear :

He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear ;
She stays exclaiming on the direful night ;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite ;
She there remains a hopeless cast-away :
He in his speed looks for the morning light ;
She prays she never may behold the day ;
“ For day,” quoth she “ night’s scapes doth open
lay ;
“ And my true eyes have never practis’d how
“ To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

“ They think not but that every eye can see
“ The same disgrace which they themselves be-
hold ;
“ And therefore would they still in darkness be,
“ To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
“ For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
“ And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,
“ Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.”

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.

Frantick with grief thus breathes she forth her
spite

Against the unseen secrecy of night :

“ O comfort-killing night, image of hell !
“ Dim register and notary of shame !
“ Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
“ Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
“ Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
 “ Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator,
 “ With close-tongu’d treason and the ravisher !

“ O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
“ Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
“ Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
“ Make war against proportion’d course of time !
“ Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
 “ His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
 “ Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

“ With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
“ Let their exhal’d unwholesome breaths make sick
“ The life of purity, the supreme fair,
“ Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick ; ²¹
“ And let thy musty vapours march so thick,
 “ That in their smoky ranks his smother’d light
 “ May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

“ Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night’s child,)
“ The silver-shining queen he would distain :
“ Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil’d,
“ Through night’s black bosom should not peep
 again ;

²¹ *prick*] i. e. point.

“ So should I have copartners in my pain :
“ And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
“ As palmers’ chat makes short their pilgrimage.

“ Where²² now I have no one to blush with me,
“ To cross their arms, and hang their heads with
mine,
“ To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;
“ But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
“ Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine,
“ Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,
“ Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

“ O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
“ Let not the jealous day behold that face
“ Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
“ Immodestly lies martyr’d with disgrace !
“ Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
“ That all the faults which in thy reign are
made,
“ May likewise be sepúlcher’d in thy shade !

“ Make me not object to the tell-tale day !
“ The light will show, charáctér’d in my brow,
“ The story of sweet chastity’s decay,
“ The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :
“ Yea, the illiterate that know not how

²² *Where*] i. e. Whereas.

“To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
“Will quote²³ my loathsome trespass in my
looks.

“The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
“And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's
name;

“The orator, to deck his oratory,
“Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
“Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
“Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
“How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

“Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
“For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
“If that be made a theme for disputation,
“The branches of another root are rotted,
“And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted.
“That is as clear from this attaind of mine,
“As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

“O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
“O unfelt sore! crest-wounding, private scar!
“Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
“And Tarquin's eye may read the mot²⁴ afar,
“*How he in peace is wounded, not in war.*
“Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
“Which not themselves, but he that gives
them, knows!

²³ *quote*] i. e. mark.

²⁴ *mot*] i. e. motto.

" If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
 " From me by strong assault it is bereft.
 " My honey lost, and I a drone-like bee,
 " Have no perfection of my summer left,
 " But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :
 " In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
 " And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee
 kept.

" Yet am I guilty ²⁵ of thy honour's wreck,—
 " Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
 " Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
 " For it had been dishonour to disdain him ;
 " Besides of weariness he did complain him,
 " And talk'd of virtue :—O, unlook'd for evil,
 " When virtue is profan'd in such a devil !

" Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud
 " Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?
 " Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud !
 " Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ?
 " Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?
 " But no perfection is so absolute,
 " That some impurity doth not pollute.

²⁵ *guilty*] Malone alters this word to "*guiltless*," very unnecessarily: the meaning of the passage is plain;—Lucrece at first declares herself guilty of the wreck of her husband's honour, by having admitted Tarquin to visit her; but immediately recollects that it was for her husband's honour that she entertained the ravisher.

“ The aged man that coffers up his gold
“ Is plagued with cramps, and gouts, and painful
fits,

“ And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,

“ But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,

“ And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;

“ Having no other pleasure of his gain,

“ But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

“ So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,

“ And leaves it to be master'd by his young ;

“ Who in their pride do presently abuse it :

“ Their father was too weak, and they too strong,

“ To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.

“ The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,

“ Even in the moment that we call them ours.

“ Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;

“ Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers ;

“ The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing ;

“ What virtue breeds iniquity devours :

“ We have no good that we can say is ours.

“ But ill-annexed opportunity

“ Or kills his life, or else his quality.

“ O Opportunity ! thy guilt is great :

“ 'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;

“ Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get ;

“ Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season ;

“Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason ;
 “ And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
 “ Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

“Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath ;
 “Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is thaw'd ;
 “Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth :
 “Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !
 “Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud :
 “Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 “Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

“Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 “Thy private feasting to a public fast ;
 “Thy smoothing²⁶ titles to a ragged name :
 “Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste :
 “Thy violent vanities can never last.
 “How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
 “Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

“When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
 “And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd ?
 “When wilt thou sort²⁷ an hour great strifes to end ?
 “Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
 chain'd ?
 “Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?
 “The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
 thee ;
 “But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

²⁶ *smoothing*] i. e. flattering.

²⁷ *sort*] i. e. choose.

“The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
“The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
“Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
“Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
“Thou grant’st no time for charitable deeds:
 “Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder’s rages,
 “Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

“When truth and virtue have to do with thee,
“A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
“They buy thy help: but sin ne’er gives a fee,
“He gratis comes; and thou art well appay’d²⁸
“As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
 “My Collatine would else have come to me
 “When Tarquin did, but he was stay’d by thee.

“Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
“Guilty of perjury and subornation;
“Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift:
“Guilty of incest, that abomination:
“An accessory by thine inclination
 “To all sins past, and all that are to come,
 “From the creation to the general doom.

“Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
“Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
“Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
“Base watch of woes, sin’s packhorse, virtue’s
 snare;

²⁸ *appay’d*] i. e. satisfied.

“Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.

“O hear me then, injurious, shifting Time!

“Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

“Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,

“Betray’d the hours thou gav’st me to repose?

“Cancell’d my fortunes, and enchained me

“To endless date of never-ending woes?

“Time’s office is to fine²⁹ the hate of foes;

“To eat up errors by opinion bred,

“Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

“Time’s glory is to calm contending kings,

“To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light

“To stamp the seal of time in aged things,

“To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,

“To wrong the wronger till he render right;

“To ruinatè proud buildings with thy hours,

“And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers:

“To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,

“To feed oblivion with decay of things,

“To blot old books, and alter their contents,

“To pluck the quills from ancient ravens’ wings,

“To dry the old oak’s sap, and cherish springs;

“To spoil antiquities of hammer’d steel,

“And turn the giddy round of fortune’s wheel;

²⁹ *fine*] i. e. put an end to

“ To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
“ To make the child a man, the man a child,
“ To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
“ To tame the unicorn and lion wild :
“ To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd ;
 “ To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
 “ And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

“ Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
“ Unless thou could'st return to make amends ?
“ One poor retiring⁸⁰ minute in an age
“ Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
 friends,
“ Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends :
 “ O, this dread night, would'st thou one hour
 come back,
 “ I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack !

“ Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
“ With some mischance cross Tarquin in his flight :
“ Devise extremes beyond extremity,
“ To make him curse this cursed crimeful night :
“ Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright ;
 “ And the dire thought of his committed evil,
 “ Shape every bush a hideous, shapeless devil.

“ Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
“ Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;
“ Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,

⁸⁰ *retiring*] i. e. returning.

“ To make him moan, but pity not his moans :
“ Stone him with harden’d hearts, harder than
stones ;
“ And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
“ Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

“ Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
“ Let him have time against himself to rave,
“ Let him have time of time’s help to despair,
“ Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
“ Let him have time a beggar’s orts to crave ;
“ And time to see one that by alms doth live,
“ Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

“ Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
“ And merry fools to mock at him resort ;
“ Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
“ In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
“ His time of folly and his time of sport :
“ And ever let his unrecalling crime ⁸¹
“ Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

“ O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
“ Teach me to curse him that thou taught’st this ill !
“ At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
“ Himself himself seek every hour to kill !
“ Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
spill :

⁸¹ *unrecalling crime*] i. e. crime not to be recalled.

“ For who so base would such an office have
“ As slanderous death’s-man to so base a slave ?

“ The baser is he, coming from a king,
“ To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
“ The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
“ That makes him honour’d, or begets him hate ;
“ For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
“ The moon being clouded, presently is miss’d,
“ But little stars may hide them when they list.

“ The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in
 mire,
“ And unperceiv’d fly with the filth away ;
“ But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
“ The stain upon his silver down will stay.
“ Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious
 day.
“ Gnats are unnoted whereso’er they fly,
“ But eagles gaz’d upon with every eye.

“ Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools !
“ Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators !
“ Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools,
“ Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters ;
“ To trembling clients be you mediators :
“ For me, I force ³² not argument a straw,
“ Since that my case is past the help of law.

³² *force*] i. e. regard.

" In vain I rail at Opportunity,
 " At 'Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night ;
 " In vain I cavil with my infamy,
 " In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite :
 " 'This helpless smoke of words doth me no right,
 " The remedy indeed to do me good,
 " Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

" Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this decree?
 " Honour thyself to rid me of this shame ;
 " For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
 " But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame :
 " Since thou could'st not defend thy loyal dame,
 " And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
 " Kill both thyself and her for yielding so.'

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
 To find some desperate instrument of death :
 But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
 To make more vent for passage of her breath,
 Which thronging through her lips so vanisheth
 As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,
 Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

" In vain," quoth she, " I live, and seek in vain
 " Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
 " I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
 " Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife :
 " But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife ;
 " So am I now :—O no, that cannot be ;
 " Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

“ O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
“ And therefore now I need not fear to die.
“ To clear this spot by death, at least I give
“ A badge of fame to slander’s livery ;
“ A dying life to living infamy ;
 “ Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
 “ To burn the guiltless casket where it lay.

“ Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
“ The stained taste of violated troth ;
“ I will not wrong thy true affection so,
“ To flatter thee with an infringed oath ;
“ This bastard graff shall never come to growth :
 “ He shall not boast, who did thy stock pol-
 lute,
 “ That thou art doting father of his fruit.

“ Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
“ Nor laugh with his companions at thy state ;
“ But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought
“ Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy gate.
“ For me, I am the mistress of my fate,
 “ And with my trespass never will dispense,
 “ Till life to death acquit my forc’d offence.

“ I will not poison thee with my attaint,
“ Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin’d excuses ;
“ My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
“ To hide the truth of this false night’s abuses :
“ My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes like sluices,

“As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
 “Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure
 tale.”

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
 The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
 And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
 To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow
 Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow :
 But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
 And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
 And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
 To whom she sobbing speaks: “O eye of eyes,
 “Why pry'st thou through my window? leave
 thy peeping; [sleeping :
 “Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
 “Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
 “For day hath nought to do what's done by
 night.”

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees :
 True grief is fond ⁸³ and testy as a child,
 Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
 Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild ;
 Continuance tames the one : the other wild,
 Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
 With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

⁸³ *fond*] i. e. foolish.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare ;
No object but her passion's strength renews ;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues :
 Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words ;
 Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody.
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;
Sad souls are slain in merry company ;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society :
 True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
 When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore ;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food ;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more ;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good ;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
 Who being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-
 flows :
Grief dallied with, nor law nor limit knows.

“ You mocking birds,” quoth she, “ your tunes
 entomb
“ Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
“ And in my hearing be you mute and dumb !
“ (My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;

“ A woful hostess brooks not merry guests :)
 “ Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
 “ Distress like dumps³⁴ when time is kept with
 tears.

“ Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
 “ Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair.
 “ As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
 “ So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
 “ And with deep groans the diapason bear :
 “ For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
 “ While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.³⁵

“ And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy
 part,
 “ To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
 “ To imitate thee well, against my heart
 “ Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye ;
 “ Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
 “ These means, as frets upon an instrument,
 “ Shall tune our heartstrings to true languish-
 ment.

“ And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
 “ As shaming any eye should thee behold,
 “ Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
 “ That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
 “ We will find out ; and there we will unfold

³⁴ *dumps*] i. e. melancholy strains.

³⁵ *better skill*] i. e. with a better skill.

“To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their
kinds :

“Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
minds.”

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and Death Reproach's
debtor.

“To kill myself,” quoth she, “alack ! what were it,
“But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
“They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
“Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
“That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
“Who, having two sweet babes, when death
takes one,
“Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

“My body or my soul, which was the dearer ?
“When the one pure, the other made divine.
“Whose love of either to myself was nearer ?
“When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
“Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
“His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
“So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

“ Her house is sack’d, her quiet interrupted,
“ Her mansion batter’d by the enemy ;
“ Her sacred temple spotted, spoil’d, corrupted,
“ Grossly engirt with daring infamy :
“ Then let it not be call’d impiety,
 “ If in this blemish’d fort I make some hole
 “ Through which I may convey this troubled
 soul.

“ Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
“ Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
“ That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
“ Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
“ My stained blood to Tarquin I’ll bequeath,
 “ Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent,
 “ And as his due, writ in my testament.

“ My honour I’ll bequeath unto the knife
“ That wounds my body so dishonour’d,
“ ’Tis honour to deprive dishonour’d life ;
“ The one will live, the other being dead :
“ So of shame’s ashes shall my fame be bred ;
 “ For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
 “ My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

“ Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
“ What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
“ My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
“ By whose example thou reveng’d may’st be.
“ How Tarquin must be us’d, read it in me :

"Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
 "And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so

"This brief abridgment of my will I make :
 "My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
 "My resolution, husband, do thou take ;
 "Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my
 wound ;
 "My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
 "And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
 "To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee⁸⁶ this will ;
 "How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
 "My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
 "My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
 "Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it*.
 "Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee ;
 "Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
 And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
 With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her maid,
 Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
 For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies.
 Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
 As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

⁸⁶ *oversee*] "*Overseers* were frequently added in Wills from the superabundant caution of our ancestors." MALONE.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery ;)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
 Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
 Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye ;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
 Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
 Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
 Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
 And then they drown their eyes, or break their
 hearts.

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will ;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill :
Then call them not the authors of their ill,

No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern
looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath
kill'd!

Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O let it not be hild⁵³
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses! those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead?

⁵³ *hild*] i. e. held—so spelt for the sake of the rhyme

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining :
“ My girl,” quoth she, “ on what occasion break
“ Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks
are raining ?

“ If thou doest weep for grief of my sustaining,
“ Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood :
“ If tears could help, mine own would do me
good.

“ But tell me, girl, when went ”—(and there she
stay’d

Till after a deep groan) “ Tarquin from hence ? ”

“ Madam, ere I was up,” replied the maid,

“ The more to blame my sluggard negligence :

“ Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense ;

“ Myself was stirring ere the break of day,

“ And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

“ But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,

“ She would request to know your heaviness.”

“ O peace ! ” quoth Lucrece ; “ if it should be told,

“ The repetition cannot make it less ;

“ For more it is than I can well express :

“ And that deep torture may be call’d a hell,

“ When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

“ Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—

“ Yet save that labour, for I have them here.

“ What should I say ?—One of my husband’s men

“ Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
“ A letter to my lord, my love, my dear ;
“ Bid him with speed prepare to carry it :
“ The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ.”

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o’er the paper with her quill :
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight ;
What wit sets down, is blotted straight with will ;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill :
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins : “ Thou worthy lord
“ Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
“ Health to thy person ! next vouchsafe to afford
“ (If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)
“ Some present speed to come and visit me :
“ So I commend me from our house in grief ;
“ My woes are tedious, though my words are
brief.”

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief’s true quality ;
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain’d her stain’d
excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the
fashion

Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her [her.
From that suspicion which the world might bear
To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told ;
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear :

Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow
fords, [words.
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste :
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast.
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she
deems ;
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein³⁷ court'sies to her low;
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye

87 *villein*] i. e. slave.

Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame,

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
 Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd;
Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd:
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her some
 blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ;
Which the conceited ⁸⁹ painter drew so proud,
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life :
Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife ;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrin'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust ;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triúmphing in their faces
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity ;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces ;

⁸⁹ *conceited*] i. e. fanciful.

Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
That one would swear he saw them quake and
tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold !
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart ;
Their face their manners most expressly told :
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigor roll'd ;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight ;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight :
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice ;
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice :
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;

Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n⁴⁰
and red ;

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt⁴¹ and swear ;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,⁴²
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand ; himself, behind,
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind :
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield ;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That, through their light joy seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,

⁴⁰ *boll'n*] i. e. swollen.

⁴¹ *pelt*] i. e. be in a clamorous passion.

⁴² *kind*] i. e. natural.

Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges, and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than ⁴³
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.⁴⁴
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguis'd;
Of what she was no semblance did remain:
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes
had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,

⁴³ *than*] A form of *then*, frequently used by old poets for the sake of the rhyme.

⁴⁴ *stell'd*] i. e. fixed: from *stell*, to fix permanently.

And bitter words to ban her cruel foes :

The painter was no God to lend her those ;

And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,

To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

“ Poor instrument,” quoth she, “ without a sound,

“ I’ll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue :

“ And drop sweet balm in Priam’s painted wound,

“ And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,

“ And with my tears quench Troy that burns so
long ;

“ And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes

“ Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

“ Show me the strumpet that began this stir,

“ That with my nails her beauty I may tear.

“ Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur

“ This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear ;

“ Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here—

“ And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,

“ The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die.

“ Why should the private pleasure of some one

“ Become the publick plague of many mo ? ⁴⁵

“ Let sin, alone committed, light alone

“ Upon his head that hath transgressed so.

“ Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe :

“ For one’s offence why should so many fall,

“ To plague a private sin in general ?

⁴⁵ *mo*] i. e. more.

“Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
“Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;⁴⁶
“Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
“And friend to friend gives unadvised⁴⁷ wounds,
“And one man’s lust these many lives confounds :
 “Had doting Priam check’d his son’s desire,
 “Troy had been bright with fame, and not with
 fire.”

Here feelingly she weeps Troy’s painted woes :
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes ;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell :
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
 To pencill’d pensiveness and colour’d sorrow ;
 he lends them words, and she their looks doth
 borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament :
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent ;
His face, though full of cares, yet show’d content :
 Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
 So mild, that Patience seem’d to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour’d with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show

⁴⁶ *swoonds*] i. e. swoons.

⁴⁷ *unadvised*] i. e. without knowledge or consideration.

An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance⁴⁸ gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd⁴⁹ his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wildfire, burnt the shining
glory
Of rich built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their
faces.

This picture she advisedly⁵⁰ perus'd,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,

⁴⁸ *guilty instance*] i. e. symptom or proof of guilt.

⁴⁹ *ensconc'd*] i. e. concealed, as in a *sconce* or fort.

⁵⁰ *advisedly*] i. e. with attention.

So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
 And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
 Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
 That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

“It cannot be,” quoth she, “that so much guile”—
 (She would have said) *can lurk in such a look*;
 But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
 And from her tongue, *can lurk* from *cannot* took;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
 And turn'd it thus: “It cannot be, I find,
 “But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

“For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
 “So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
 “(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
 “To me came Tarquin armed; too beguil'd⁵¹
 “With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
 “With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
 “So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

“Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
 “To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
 “Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
 “For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds;
 “His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
 “Those round clear pearls of his that move
 thy pity
 “Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

⁵¹ *beguil'd*] i. e. guilefully covered.

“Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
“For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
“And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
“These contraries such unity do hold,
“Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :
 “ So Priam’s trust false Sinon’s tears doth flatter,
 “ That he finds means to burn his Troy with
 water.”

Here, all enrag’d, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :
 At last she smilingly with this gives o’er;
 “ Fool ! fool ! ” quoth she, “ his wounds will not
 be sore.”

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining :
Short time seems long in sorrow’s sharp sustaining.
 Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
 And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp’d her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent :
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others’ detriment ;

Losing her woes in shows of discontent.

It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company ;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky.

These water-galls⁵⁸ in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares :
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares,
Both stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's
chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins : " What uncouth ill event [stand ?
" Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling
" Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent ?
" Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?
" Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
" And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

⁵⁸ *water-galls*] i. e. watery appearances in the sky, attendant on rainbows.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :
At length'd address'd ⁵⁴ to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;
 While Collatine and his consorted lords
 With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending :
“ Few words,” quoth she, “ shall fit the trespass
 best,
“ Where no excuse can give the fault amending :
“ In me more woes than words are now depending ;
 “ And my laments would be drawn out too long,
 “ To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

“ Then be this all the task it hath to say :—
“ Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
“ A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
“ Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head ;
“ And what wrong else may be imagined
 “ By foul enforcement might be done to me,
 “ From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

“ For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
“ With shining falchion in my chamber came
“ A creeping creature, with a flaming light,

⁵⁴ *address'd*] i. e. ready.

“ And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
“ And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
“ On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
“ If thou my love’s desire do contradict.

“ For some hard-favour’d groom of thine, quoth he,
“ Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
“ I’ll murder straight, and then I’ll slaughter thee,
“ And swear I found you where you did fulfill
“ The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
“ The lechers in their deed : this act will be
“ My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

“ With this I did begin to start and cry,
“ And then against my heart he set his sword,
“ Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
“ I should not live to speak another word :
“ So should my shame still rest upon record,
“ And never be forgot in mighty Rome
“ The adulterate death of Lucrece and her
groom.

“ Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
“ And far the weaker with so strong a fear :
“ My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak ;
“ No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
“ His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
“ That my poor beauty had purloin’d his eyes,
“ And when the judge is robb’d, the prisoner
dies.

“O teach me how to make mine own excuse!
“Or, at the least, this refuge let me find;
“Though my gross blood be stain’d with this abuse,
“Immaculate and spotless is my mind;
“That was not forc’d; that never was inclin’d
 “To accessary yieldings, but still pure
 “Doth in her poison’d closet yet endure.”

Lo here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin’d, and voice damm’d up with
 woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so:
 But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;
 What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Oustruns the eye that doth behold his haste;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc’d him on so fast;
In rage sent out, recall’d in rage, being past:
 Even so he sighs, his sorrows make a saw,
 To push grief on, and back the same grief draw

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
“Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
“Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
“My woe too sensible thy passion maketh

“ More feeling-painful : let it then suffice
“ To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

“ And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
“ For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend
me ;

“ Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
“ Thine, mine, his own ; suppose thou dost defend
me

“ From what is past : the help that thou shalt lend
me

“ Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;
“ For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

“ But ere I name him, you, fair lords,” quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)

“ Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
“ With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine ;
“ For ’tis a meritorious fair design,

“ To chase injustice with revengeful arms :

“ Knights, by their oaths, should right poor
ladies’ harms.’

At this request, with noble disposition

Each present lord began to promise aid,

As bound in knighthood to her imposition,

Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray’d.

But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,

The protestation stops. “ O speak,” quoth she,

“ How may this forced stain be wip’d from me ?

“What is the quality of mine offence,
“Being constrain’d with dreadful circumstance?
“May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
“My low-declined honour to advance?
“May any terms acquit me from this chance?
“The poison’d fountain clears itself again;
“And why not I from this compelled stain?”

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body’s stain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv’d in it with tears.

“No, no,” quoth she, “no dame, hereafter
living,

“By my excuse shall claim excuse’s giving.”

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin’s name: “*He, he,*” she
says,

But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,

She utters this: “He, he, fair lords, ’tis he,

“That guides this hand to give this wound to
me.”

Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath’d:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest

Of that polluted prison where it breath'd :
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds
 doth fly
 Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw ;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sack'd island vastly⁵⁵ stood
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin
 stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol⁵⁶ goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place :
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;

⁵⁵ *vastly*] i. e. like a waste.

⁵⁶ *rigol*] i. e. circle.

And blood untained still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

"Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
"That life was mine, which thou hast here de-
priv'd.

"If in the child the father's image lies,

"Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?

"Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.

"If children predecease progenitors,

"We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold

"In thy sweet semblance my old age newborn;

"But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,

"Shows me a barebon'd death by time outworn;

"O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!

"And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,

"That I no more can see what once I was.

"O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer,

"If they surcease to be, that should survive.

"Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,

"And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?

"The old bees die, the young possess their hive:

"Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see

"Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;

And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space ;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
 And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;
Who mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's
 aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more ;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, " She's mine." " O, mine she is,"
Replies her husband : " do not take away
" My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say
 " He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 " And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

“O,” quoth Lucretius, “I did give that life,
“Which she too early and too late ⁵⁷ hath spill’d.”
“Woe, woe,” quoth Collatine, “she was my wife,
“I ow’d her, and ’tis mine that she hath kill’d.”
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill’d
The dispers’d air, who, holding Lucrece’ life,
Answer’d their cries, *my daughter and my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck’d the knife from Lucrece’ side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece’ wound his folly’s show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm’d his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus’ eyes.
“Thou wronged lord of Rome,” quoth he, “arise
“Let my unsounded self, suppos’d a fool,
“Now set thy long-experienc’d wit to school.

“Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
“Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
deeds?
“Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
“For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?

⁵⁷ *late*] i. e. recently.

“ Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds :

“ Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,

“ To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

“ Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart

“ In such relenting dew of lamentations,

“ But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,

“ To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,

“ That they will suffer these abominations,

“ (Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgrac'd) [chas'd.

“ By our strong arms from forth her fair streets

“ Now, by the Capitol that we adore,

“ And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,

“ By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,

“ By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,

“ And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complain'd

“ Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,

“ We will revenge the death of this true wife.”

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,

And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;

And to his protestation urg'd the rest,

Who wondering at him, did his words allow : ⁵⁸

Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow ;

And that deep vow which Brutus made before,

He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

⁵⁸ *allow*] i. e. approve.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
The Romans plausibly⁵⁹ did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

⁵⁹ *plausibly*] i. e. with acclamations.

SONNETS.

TO THE
ONLY BEGETTER OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,
MR. W. H.
ALL HAPPINESS
AND THAT ETERNITY
PROMISED BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET,
WISHETH THE
WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER
IN SETTING FORTH,
T. T.¹

¹ T. T.] i. e. Thomas Thorpe.

SONNETS.

I.

FROM fairest creatures we desire increase.
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days ;

To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
 If thou could'st answer—"This fair child of mine
 Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—"
 Proving his beauty by succession thine.

This were to be new-made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold,

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
 Now is the time that face should form another ;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
 For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd¹ womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
 Or who is he so fond,² will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
 Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
 Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
 Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend,

un-ear'd] i. e. unploughed.

² *fond*] i. e. foolish.

And being frank, she lends to those are free.
 Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
 The bounteous largess given thee to give?
 Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
 So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
 For having traffick with thyself alone,
 Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
 Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
 What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
 Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee.
 Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,
 And that unfair³ which fairly doth excell;
 For never-resting time leads summer on
 To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
 Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness every where:
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
 meet, [sweet.

Leese⁴ but their show; their substance still lives

³ *unfair*] i. e. deprive of beauty.

⁴ *leese*] i. e. lose.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :
Make sweet some phial ; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use⁵ is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan ;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one ;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee :
Then, what could death do if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity ?

Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine
heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage ;
But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,

⁵ use] i. e. usance.

The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract, and look another way :
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Musick to hear, why hear'st thou musick sadly ;⁶
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou should'st bear.
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering ;
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing :
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?
 Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless⁷ wife :

⁶ *Musick to hear, why hear'st thou musick sadly ?*] i. e. Thou, whom it is musick to hear, why hearest thou, &c.

⁷ *makeless*] i. e. mateless: *make for mate* is common in our old poets.

The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;

And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth
convertest.

Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase ;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,⁸
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish :
Look whom she best endow'd, she gave the more ;
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty
cherish ;

She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night ;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white ;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard ;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow ;

⁸ *for store* | "i. e. to be preserved for use." MALONE.

And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make
defence,

Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee
hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourself here live :
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination : then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold ?

O! none but unthrifths :—Dear my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck ;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or season's quality :
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find :

But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou would'st convert :⁹
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment ;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky ;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory ;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night ;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time ?
And fortify yourself in your decay

⁹ *If from thyself to store thou would'st convert*] "i. e. if thou wouldest change thy single state, and beget a numerous progeny." MALONE.

With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:¹⁰
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,¹¹
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
 To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your
 parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
 But were some child of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice;—in it, and in my rhyme.

¹⁰ *counterfeit*] i. e. portrait.

¹¹ *fair*] i. e. beauty.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date :
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, un-
 trimm'd ;
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair ¹² thou owest ;
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest ;
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood ;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;
 Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleets,¹³
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
 O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,

¹² *fair*] i. e. beauty.

¹³ *fleets*] i. e. *fleetest*,—for the sake of the rhyme.

Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.

Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion ;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls
amazeth.

And for a woman wert thou first created ;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prick'd¹⁴ thee out for women's
pleasure,

Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their trea-
sure.

XXI.

So is it not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse ;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;

¹⁴ *prick'd*] i. e. marked.

Making a couplement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
 gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
 That heaven's air in his huge rondure¹⁵ hems.
 O let me, true in love, but truly write,
 And then believe me, my love is as fair
 As any mother's child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
 Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
 I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
 So long as youth and thou are of one date;
 But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
 Then look I death my days should expiate.¹⁶
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
 How can I then be elder than thou art?
 O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
 As I not for myself but for thee will;
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
 Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

¹⁵ *rondure* | 1. e. round, circumference.

¹⁶ *expiate* | "i. e. fill up the measure of."

MALONE.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
heart;

So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharg'd with burthen of mine own love's might.
O let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more ex-
press'd.

O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd¹⁷
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;

¹⁷ *stell'd* | i. e. fixed: from *stell*: see p. 122 note 44.

Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee ;

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of publick honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye ;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,¹⁸
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd :
Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassy,

¹⁸ *fight*] Though I have not thought it necessary to notice all the emendations of the text by editors, it may be proper to state that "*right*" is the conjecture of Theobald for the reading of the old copy, "*worth*."

To witness duty, not to show my wit.
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it;
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it :
Till whatsoever star that guides by moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect :
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st
prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tir'd ;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expir'd :
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see :
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face
new.

Lo. thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven.
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night;
When sparkling stars twire¹⁸ not, thou gild'st the
even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length
seem stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,

¹⁸ *twire*] i. e. peep out.

Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of-day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth
brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious¹⁹ tear

¹⁹ *obsequious*] i. e. funereal.

Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye,
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!
 Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
 That due of many now is thine alone:
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
 cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
 Compare them with the bettering of the time;
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
*Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage:*
 *But since he died, and poets better prove,
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack²⁰ on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace :
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth ;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace :
Nor can thy shame give physick to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss :
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

²⁰ *rack*] i. e. vapours. Malone here explains *rack* to be the *fleeting motion of the clouds* ; it more properly means the clouds themselves moving before the wind.

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done :
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authórising thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,²¹
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence :
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief, which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,²²
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,

²¹ *amiss*] i. e. fault.

²² *separable spite*] "i. e. a cruel fate, that spitefully separates us from each other. *Separable* for *separating*." MALONE.

Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest²³ spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts²⁴ do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
 Look what is best, that best I wish in thee ;
 This wish I have ; then ten times happy me !

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse

²³ *dearest*] i. e. excessive, grievous.

²⁴ *entitled in thy parts*] i. e. having a claim or title to thy parts.

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self
bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment would'st thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,)

And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
 Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,²⁵
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,

²⁵ *thou might'st my seat forbear*] Malone prints
 "thou might'st, my *sweet*, forbear;"

Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
 Thou dost love her, because thou knows't I love her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected:²⁶
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,

but the following passage in *Othello* (act ii. sc. i.) has been adduced to show that the reading of the old copy is right;

“For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
 Hath leap'd into my *seat*.”

²⁶ *unrespected*] i. e. unregarded.

And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed ;
Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make
 bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do show
 thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way :
For then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But ah ! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,²⁷
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;

²⁷ *so much of earth and water wrought*] "i. e. being so thoroughly compounded of these two ponderous elements."

Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe:

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
(A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide²⁸ this title is impannelled

²⁸ 'cide] i. e. decide.

A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety,²⁹ and the dear heart's part :
As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

R

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other :
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart :
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me ;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee ;
Or if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust !
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,

²⁹ *moiety*] i. e. portion.

Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and
part;
And even thence thou wilt be stolen I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce³⁰ me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—

³⁰ *ensconce*] i. e. fortify.

Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee :
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
From where thou art why should I haste me
thence ?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the
wind ;
In winged speed no motion shall I know :
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
 Therefore are feasts³¹ so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
 Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
 Or captain³² jewels in the carcanet.³³
 So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
 Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit³⁴
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,

³¹ *feasts*] "He means the four *festivals* of the year."

STEEVENS.

³² *captain*] i. e. chief, more valuable.

³³ *carcanet*] i. e. necklace.

³⁴ *counterfeit*] i. e. portrait.

And you in Greeian tires are painted new :
 Speak of the spring, and foizon³⁵ of the year ;
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear,
 And you in every blessed shape we know.
 In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms³⁶ have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds dis-
 closes :
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade ;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, by³⁷ verse distills your
 truth.

³⁵ *foizon*] i. e. plenty.

³⁶ *canker-blooms*] i. e. the blossoms of the *canker*, — the wild, or dog-rose.

³⁷ *by*] Altered unnecessarily by Malone to "*my*."

LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme ;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory,
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find
 room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force ; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might :
So, love, be thou ; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see.

Return of love, more blest may be the view ;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,³⁸
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those :
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
O, let me suffer (being at your beck)

³⁸ *the world-without-end hour*] i. e. the hour that seems as if it never would end.

The imprison'd absence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check
Without accusing you of injury.

Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which labouring for invention bear amiss
The second burthen of a former child?
O, that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done!
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.

O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;

Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light,⁴⁰
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night ?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight ?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry ;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy ?
O no ! thy love, though much, is not so great ;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake ;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake : [where,
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake else-
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

⁴⁰ *main of light*] "i. e. the great body of light. So the *main* of waters." MALONE.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part ;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious⁴¹ is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn ;
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his
 brow
With lines and wrinkles ; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night ;
And all those beauties, whereof now he 's king,
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring ;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,

⁴¹ *gracious*] i. e. beautiful.

That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-ras'd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage ;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay ;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè—
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ?

O fearful meditation! where, alack!
 Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,—
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill:
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,
 And lace⁴² itself with his society?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,

⁴² *lace*] i. e. embellish.

And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live now nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had,
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,

Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine
 own,
 In other accents do this praise confound,
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
 were kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds :
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The solve⁴³ is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,⁴⁴
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
 Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd :

⁴³ *solve*] i. e. solution; so Malone: Steevens proposes to read "*sole*."—The old copy has "*solye*."

⁴⁴ *suspect*] i. e. suspicion.

If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show, [owe.⁴⁵
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell :
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse ;
But let your love even with my life decay :
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart :
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,

⁴⁵ owe] i. e. own, possess.

That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.

This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
strong,

To love that well which thou must leave ere
long

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.

The earth can have but earth, which is his due ;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure ;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure :
Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look ;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.

Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride ?
So far from variation or quick change ?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange ?

Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.⁴⁶

The glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste.
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

⁴⁶ LXXVII] Steevens observes that this sonnet was probably designed to accompany a present of a book consisting of blank paper; and Malone adds, that we learn from sonnet cxxii. that Shakespeare received a *table-book* from his friend.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee :
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be ;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace ;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen ;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour ; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek ; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit ⁴⁷ doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame !
But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride ;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride :
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this ;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten ;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die :
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.

⁴⁷ *a better spirit*] has been supposed to mean Spenser.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)
 Where breath most breathes,—even in the
 mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love ; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetorick can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend ;
 And their gross painting might be better us'd
 Where cheeks need blood ; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair⁴⁸ no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed

⁴⁸ *fair*] i. e. beauty.

The barren tender of a poet's debt :
And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern⁴⁹ quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory ;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counter part shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises
worse.

⁴⁹ *modern*] i. e. common, worthless.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve⁵⁰ their character with golden quill,
 And precious phrase by all the muses fil'd.
 I think good thoughts, while others write good
 words,

And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
 To every hymn that able spirit affords,
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen,
 Hearing you praised, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true,
 And to the most of praise add something more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank
 before,

Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost

⁵⁰ *Reserve*] i. e. preserve.

Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
 As victors, of my silence cannot boast ;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence.

But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
 Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
 And like enough thou know'st thy estimate ;
 The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
 My bonds in thee are all determinate.⁵¹
 For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
 And for that riches where is my deserving ?
 The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
 And so my patent back again is swerving.
 Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not know-
 ing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
 So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
 Comes home again, on better judgment making.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
 In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.

⁵¹ *determinate*] i. e. ended, out of date.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults concealed, wherein I am attainted ;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory ;
And I by this will be a gainer too ;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me,
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence :
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt ;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;
Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell ;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now ;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss :
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this
 sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe ;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come ; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
 Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force :
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill ;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their
 horse ;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
'Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?—
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.

How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expence ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed out-braves his dignity :
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee !

Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair, that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteemed;
So are those errors that in thee are seen,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time remov'd⁵² was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,

⁵² *this time remov'd*] "i. e. this time in which I was remote or absent from thee." MALONE.

Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease :
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute ;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell, [grew :
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose ;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play :

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide ;—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair :
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair ;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath ;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might ?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light ?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent ,
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there ;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life ;
So thou prevent'st⁵³ his scythe, and crooked
knife.

⁵³ *So thou prevent'st his scythe, &c.*] "i. e. so by anticipation thou hinderest the destructive effects of his weapon."

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour with his colour fixed,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?—
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII.

My love is strengthened, though more weak in
seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandiz'd, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burthens every bough,

And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,

Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
 stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
 Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words:
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
 Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone;
 Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,

I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
 Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true love control,
 Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
 The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
 And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
 Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,⁵⁴
 Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are
 spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?

⁵⁴ *subscribes*] i. e. submits.

What's new to speak, what now ⁵⁵ to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would show it
 dead.

CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify!
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul which in thy breast doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again;
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reigned
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

⁵⁵ *now*} altered unnecessarily by Malone to "*new*."

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view,⁵⁶
 Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
 dear,
 Made old offences of affections new.
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely ; but, by all above,
 These blenches⁵⁷ gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, save what shall have no end :
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A God in love, to whom I am confined. [best,
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide,
 Than public means, which public manners
 breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand :

⁵⁶ *And made myself a motley to the view*] i. e. seemed like a fool; whose dress used to be *motley*.

⁵⁷ *blenches*] i. e. starts, deviations.

Pity me then, and wish I were renewed ;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eysell,⁵⁸ 'gainst my strong infection ;
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.

Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow ;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow ?⁵⁹
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
 None else to me,⁶⁰ nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
 In so profound abysm I throw all care
 Of other's voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks are⁶¹ dead.

⁵⁸ *eysell*] i. e. vinegar.

⁵⁹ *allow*] i. e. approve.

⁶⁰ *None else to me, &c.*] “the meaning seems to be—you are the only person who has power to change my stubborn resolution, either to what is right or to what is wrong.”

STEEVENS.

⁶¹ *are*] the old copy has “*y'are*” a common abbreviation of *you are*, not of *they are*, as Malone strangely supposes.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out ;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch ; ⁶²
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, ⁶³ or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue. ⁶⁴

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest,

⁶² *latch*] i. e. lay hold of.

⁶³ *favour*] i. e. countenance.

⁶⁴ *My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue*] "the word *untrue* is used as a substantive. 'The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my untruth;' i. e. of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind."

MALONE.

Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
 O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up;
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
 But reckoning time, whose millioned accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering
 things;
 Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth
 grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager⁶⁵ compounds we our palate urge :
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er cloying sweet-
 ness,

To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding,
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured.

But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
 Distill'd from limbecs foul as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win !
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never !
 How have mine eyes⁶⁶ out of their spheres been
 fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever !

⁶⁵ *eager*] i. e. sour.

⁶⁶ *How have mine eyes, &c.*] "How have mine eyes been convulsed during the frantic *fits* of my feverous love!" MALONE

O benefit of ill ! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better ;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have passed a hell of time :
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd ⁶⁷
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits !
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee ;
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteemed,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deemed
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes

⁶⁷ *remember'd*] i. e. reminded.

Give salutation to my sportive blood ?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think
 good ?

No.—I am that I am ; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own :
 I may be straight, though they themselves be
 bevel ;⁶⁸

By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
 shown ;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,—
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity :
 Or at the least so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist ;
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,⁶⁹

⁶⁸ *bevel*] i. e. crooked. "In masonry and joinery [*bevel* is] a kind of square, one leg of which is frequently crooked, according to the sweep of an arch or vault." BUILDER'S DICTIONARY.

⁶⁹ *That poor retention could not so much hold*] "*That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of *retaining*, or rather of containing, so much as the *tablet of the brain*." MALONE.

Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score ;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more :
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No ! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change :
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange ;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old ;
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past ;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste :
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee :

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered,
As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
 gathered.
No, it was builded far from accident ;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls

Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls :
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-numbered hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for
crime.

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No ;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mixed with seconds,⁷⁰ knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer ! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy
control.

⁷⁰ *seconds*] On this word, which is probably a misprint, .
Steevens has a note too preposterously absurd to be trans-
ferred to the present pages.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour ;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st,
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st !
If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure ;
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure :
Her audit, though delayed, answered must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name ;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slandered with a bastard shame :
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrowed face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited ; and they mourners seem ⁷¹

⁷¹ *and they mourners seem, &c.*] "They seem to mourn that those who are not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not, and thus dishonor nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions." MALONE.

At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem ;
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my musick, musick play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks,⁷² that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand, [reap,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand !
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action ; and till action, lust
 Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust ;
 Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight,
 Past reason hunted ; and no sooner had,

⁷² *jacks* | Of the virginal,—a musical instrument of the spinnet kind.

Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad :
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so ;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme ;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe ;
Before, a joy propos'd ; behind, a dream ;
 All this the world well knows ; yet none knows
 well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress eyes are nothing like the sun ;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red ;
If snow be white why then her breasts are dun ;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks ;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
That musick hath a far more pleasing sound ;
I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
My mistress, when she walks treads on the
 ground ;
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she bely'd with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel ;

For well thou know'st to my dear doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love
groan :

To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face :
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee
grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me !
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be ?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd ;
Of him, myself and thee, I am forsaken ;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail ;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :
 And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will ;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute⁷³ of thy beauty thou wilt take,

⁷³ *statute*] “ has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money.” MALONE.

Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and me ;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus ;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store ;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfill.
Will will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one,
In things of great receipt with ease we prove ;

Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :
 Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
 And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,⁷⁴
Which my heart knows the wide world's common
 place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
 In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies ;

⁷⁴ *a several plot*] a *several* was a term for an enclosed field, in opposition to an open field or common.

That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue ;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old ?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust.
And age in love loves not to have years told :
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart ;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy
 tongue ;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere ; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy
 might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide ?
Let me excuse thee : ah ! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies ;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries :
 Yet do not so ; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel ; do not press
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much disdain ;
Lest sorrow lend me words and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so ;
(As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know ;)
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee ;
Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud
heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note ;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted ;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone :
But my five wits, nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,

Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be ;
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving ;
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shall find it merits not reproving ;
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine ;
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee :
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.

If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be deny'd !

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay ;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent ;
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,

Whilst I thy babe chace thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest ⁷⁵ me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woeful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet

⁷⁵ *suggest*] i. e. tempt.

Was us'd in giving gentle doom ;
 And taught it thus anew to greet :
I hate she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away she threw,
 And sav'd my life, saying—*not you*.

CXLVI.

Poor soul,⁷⁶ the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within and, suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge ? Is this thy body's end ?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
 By terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more.
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying
 then.

⁷⁶ *Poor soul*, &c.] The two first lines of this sonnet are thus given in the old copy ;

“Poor soul, the center of my sinful earth,
 My sinful earth these rebel powers that thee array.”

The emendation is Malone's.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease ;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest ;
My thoughts and my discourse as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd ;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee
bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night

CXLVIII.

O me ! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight ?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures ⁷⁷ falsely what they see aright ?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so ?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's : no,
How can it ? O how can Love's eye be true,

⁷⁷ censures] i. e. estimates.

That is so vexed with watching and with tears?

No marvel then though I mistake my view ;

The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,

Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,

When I, against myself, with thee partake? ⁷⁸

Do I not think on thee, when I forgot

Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?

Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?

On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?

Nay if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend

Revenge upon myself with present moan?

What merit do I in myself respect,

That is so proud thy service to despise,

When all my best doth worship thy defect,

Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind ;

Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,

With insufficiency my heart to sway?

To make me give the lie to my true sight,

And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?

Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,

⁷⁸ *partake*] i. e. take part.

That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou should'st not abhor my state :
 If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
 More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is :
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love ?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,⁷⁹
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason ;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love ; flesh stays no farther reason ;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing ;

⁷⁹ *amiss* | i. e. fault.

In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
 keep,
Came tripping by ; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd :
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd ; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

FROM off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
 A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
 My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
 And down I lay to list the sad tun'd tale :
 Ere long espy'd a fickle maid full pale,
 Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
 Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
 Which fortified her visage from the sun,
 Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
 The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
 Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
 Nor youth all quit ; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
 Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
 Which on it had conceited¹ characters,
 Laund'ring² the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had pelleted³ in tears,
 And often reading what contents it bears ;
 As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
 In clamours of all size, both high and low.

¹ *conceited*] i. e. fanciful.

² *laund'riny*] i. e. washing.

³ *pelleted*] i. e. made into pellets, balls.

Sometimes her levell'd ⁴ eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are ty'd
To the orb'd earth: sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheav'd ⁵ hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaten fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund ⁶ she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,

⁴ *levell'd eyes*, &c.] An allusion to a piece of ordnance.

⁵ *sheav'd*] i. e. straw.

⁶ *maund*] i. e. hand basket.

Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud ;
 Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
 With sleided⁷ silk feat⁸ and affectedly
 Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
 And often kiss'd, and often 'gan⁹ to tear ;
 Cried, " O false blood ! thou register of lies,
 " What unapproved witness dost thou bear !
 " Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
 here ! "

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
 Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
 Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
 Of court, of city, and had let go by
 The swiftest hours, observed as they flew ;
 Towards this afflicted fancy¹⁰ fastly drew ;
 And, privileg'd by age, desires to know
 In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,¹¹
 And comely-distant sits he by her side ;
 When he again desires her, being sat,

⁷ *sleided*] i. e. raw, untwisted.

⁸ *feat*] i. e. neatly, curiously.

⁹ *'gan*] Malone's conjecture for "*gave*."

¹⁰ *fancy*] i. e. enamoured one: *fancy* occurs several times in this volume in the sense of *love*.

¹¹ *bat*] i. e. club.

Her grievance with his hearing to divide :
If that from him there may be aught applied
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

“ Father,” she says, “ though in me you behold
“ The injury of many a blasting hour,
“ Let it not tell your judgment I am old ;
“ Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power :
“ I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
“ Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
“ Love to myself, and to no love beside.

“ But woe is me ! too early I attended
“ A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
“ Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
“ That maiden's eyes stuck over all his face :
“ Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place ;
“ And when in his fair parts she did abide,
“ She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

“ His browny locks did hang in crooked curls ;
“ And every light occasion of the wind
“ Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
“ What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find :
“ Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind ;
“ For on his visage was in little drawn,
“ What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.¹²

¹² *sawn*] i. e. sown.

“ Small show of man was yet upon his chin ;
“ His phoenix down began but to appear,
“ Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
“ Whose bare out-bragg’d the web it seem’d to
 wear ;

“ Yet show’d his visage by that cost most dear ;
“ And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
“ If best ’twere as it was, or best without.

“ His qualities were beauteous as his form,
“ For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free ;
“ Yet if men mov’d him, was he such a storm
“ As oft ’twixt May and April is to see,
“ When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be,
“ His rudeness so with his authoriz’d youth,
“ Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

“ Well could he ride, and often men would say
“ That horse his mettle from his rider takes :
“ Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
“ What rounds, what bounds, what course, what
 stop he makes ? ’

“ And controversy hence a question takes,
“ Whether the horse by him became his deed,
“ Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

“ But quickly on this side the verdict went ;
“ His real habitude gave life and grace
“ To appertainings and to ornament,
“ Accomplish’d in himself, not in his case :

“ All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
“ Came for additions ; yet their purpos’d trim
“ Pierc’d not his grace, but were all grac’d by him.

“ So on the tip of his subduing tongue
“ All kind of arguments and question deep,
“ All replication prompt, and reason strong,
“ For his advantage still did wake and sleep :
“ To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
“ He had the dialect and different skill,
“ Catching all passions in his craft of will ;

“ That he did in the general bosom reign
“ Of young, of old ; and sexes both enchanted,
“ To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
“ In personal duty, following where he haunted :
“ Consents bewitch’d, ere he desire, have granted ;
“ And dialogu’d for him what he would say,
“ Ask’d their own wills, and made their wills obey.

“ Many there were that did his picture get,
“ To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind ;
“ Like fools that in the imagination set
“ The goodly objects which abroad they find
“ Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign’d ;
“ And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
“ Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe¹²
 them :

¹² owe] i. e. own.

“ So many have, that never touch’d his hand,
“ Sweetly suppos’d them mistress of his heart.
“ My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
“ And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
“ What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
“ Threw my affections in his charmed power,
“ Reserv’d the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

“ Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
“ Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded ;
“ Finding myself in honour so forbid,
“ With safest distance I mine honour shielded :
“ Experience for me many bulwarks builded
“ Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain’d the
 foil
“ Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

“ But ah ! who ever shunn’d by precedent
“ The destin’d ill she must herself assay ?
“ Or forc’d examples, ’gainst her own content,
“ To put the by-pass’d perils in her way ?
“ Counsel may stop a while what will not stay ;
“ For when we rage, advice is often seen
“ By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

“ Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
“ That we must curb it upon others’ proof,
“ To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
“ For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
“ O appetite, from judgment stand aloof !

“The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
“Though reason weep, and cry ‘it is thy last.’

“For further I could say, ‘this man’s untrue,’
“And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;¹³
“Heard where his plants in others’ orchards
 grew,
“Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
“Knew vows were ever brokers¹⁴ to defiling;
“Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
“And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

“And long upon these terms I held my city,
“Till thus he ’gan besiege me: ‘Gentle maid,
‘Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
‘And be not of my holy vows afraid:
‘That’s to you sworn, to none was ever said;
‘For feasts of love I have been call’d unto,
‘Till now did ne’er invite, nor never vow.

‘All my offences that abroad you see,
‘Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
‘Love made them not; with acture¹⁵ they may be,
‘Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
‘They sought their shame that so their shame did
 find;

¹³ *patterns of his foul beguiling*] i. e. “the examples of his seduction.” MALONE.

¹⁴ *brokers*] i. e. panders.

¹⁵ *acture*] i. e. action.

‘ And so much less of shame in me remains,
 ‘ By how much of me their reproach contains.

‘ Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
 ‘ Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm’d,
 ‘ Or my affection put to the smallest teen,¹⁶
 ‘ Or any of my leasures ever charm’d :
 ‘ Harm have I done to them, but ne’er was harm’d ;
 ‘ Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
 ‘ And reign’d, commanding in his monarchy.

‘ Look here what tributes wounded fancies ¹⁷ sent
 me,
 ‘ Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood ;
 ‘ Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
 ‘ Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
 ‘ In bloodless white and the encrimson’d mood ;
 ‘ Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 ‘ Encamp’d in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

‘ And lo ! behold these talents of their hair,¹⁸
 ‘ With twisted metal amorously impleach’d,¹⁹
 ‘ I have receiv’d from many a several fair,
 ‘ (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech’d,)
 ‘ With the annexions of fair gems enrich’d,

¹⁶ *teen*] i. e. grief.

¹⁷ *fancies*] See Note 10, p. 235.

¹⁸ *talents of their hair, &c.*] i. e. “ *lockets*, consisting of hair platted and set in gold.” MALONE.

¹⁹ “ *impleach’d*] i. e. interwoven.

‘ And deep-brain’d sonnets that did amplify
‘ Each stone’s dear nature, worth, and quality.

‘ The diamond ; why ’twas beautiful and hard,
‘ Whereto his invis’d ²⁰ properties did tend ;
‘ The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
‘ Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend ;
‘ The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
‘ With objects manifold ; each several stone,
‘ With wit well blazon’d, smil’d or made some
 moan.

‘ Lo ! all these trophies of affections hot,
‘ Of pensiv’d and subdued desires the tender, ‘
‘ Nature hath charg’d me that I hoard them not,
‘ But yield them up where I myself must render,
‘ That is, to you, my origin and ender :
‘ For these, of force, must your oblations be,
‘ Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

‘ O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
‘ Whose white weighs down the airy scale of
 praise ;
‘ Take all these similes to your own command,
‘ Hallow’d with sighs that burning lungs did raise ;
‘ What me your minister, for you obeys,
‘ Works under you ; and to your audit comes
‘ Their distract parcels in combined sums.

²⁰ *invis’d* | i. e. invisible.

‘Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
 ‘Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
 ‘Which late her noble suit²¹ in court did shun,
 ‘Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;²²
 ‘For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,²³
 ‘But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
 ‘To spend her living in eternal love.

‘But O, my sweet, what labour is’t to leave
 ‘The thing we have not, mastering what not
 strives?
 ‘Paling²⁴ the place which did no form receive,
 ‘Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
 ‘She that her fame so to herself contrives,
 ‘The scars of battle ’scapeth by the flight,
 ‘And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

‘O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
 ‘The accident which brought me to her eye,

²¹ *suit*] i. e. suitors.

²² *Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote*] “Whose accomplishments were so extraordinary, that the flower of the young nobility were passionately enamoured of her.” MALONE. It may be doubted, however, if “*havings*” is not used here in its usual sense of *fortune, estate*, and not in that of *accomplishments*.

²³ *coat*] i. e. coat of arms.

²⁴ *Paling*, *ſc.*] “i. e. securing within the pale of a cloister, that heart which had never received the impression of love.” MALONE—who altered the corrupt reading of the old copy, “*Playing*” to “*Paling*.”

‘ Upon the moment did her force subdue,
‘ And now she would the caged cloister fly :
‘ Religious love put out religion’s eye :
‘ Not to be tempted, would she be immur’d,
‘ And now, to tempt all, liberty procur’d.

‘ How mighty then you are, O hear me tell !
‘ The broken bosoms that to me belong,
‘ Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
‘ And mine I pour your ocean all among :
‘ I strong o’er them, and you o’er me being
 strong,
‘ Must for your victory us all congeat,
‘ As compound love to physick your cold breast.

‘ My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,
‘ Who, disciplin’d, I dieted in grace,
‘ Believ’d her eyes when they to assail begun,
‘ All vows and consecrations giving place.
‘ O most potential love ! vow, bond, nor space,
‘ In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
‘ For thou art all, and all things else are
 thine.

‘ When thou impresses, what are precepts
 worth
‘ Of stale example ? When thou wilt inflame,
‘ How coldly those impediments stand forth
‘ Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame ?

‘ Love’s arms are peace,²⁶ ’gainst rule, ’gainst
sense, ’gainst shame,

‘ And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
‘ The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

‘ Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
‘ Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
‘ And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
‘ To leave the battery that you make ’gainst
mine,
‘ Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
‘ And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
‘ That shall prefer and undertake my troth.’

“ This said, his watery eyes²⁷ he did dismount,
“ Whose sights till then were levell’d on my face ;
“ Each cheek a river running from a fount
“ With brinish current downward flow’d apace :
“ O how the channel to the stream gave grace !
“ Who, glaz’d with crystal, gate²⁸ the glowing
roses
“ That flame through water which their hue in-
closes.

²⁶ *Love’s arms are peace, &c.*] “ The meaning may be—the *warfare* that love carries on against rule, sense, &c. produces to the parties engaged a *peaceful* enjoyment, *and sweetness*, &c.” MALONE.

²⁷ *his watery eyes, &c.*] “ The allusion is to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a *rest*.” MALONE.

²⁸ *gate*] i. e. got.

“O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
“In the small orb of one particular tear?
“But with the inundation of the eyes
“What rocky heart to water will not wear?
“What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
“O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
“Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

“For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
“Even there resolved my reason into tears;
“There my white stole of chastity I daff’d,
“Shook off my sober guards, and civil²⁹ fears;
“Appear to him, as he to me appears,
“All melting; though our drops this difference
 bore,
“His poison’d me, and mine did him restore.

“In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
“Applied to cautels,³⁰ all strange forms receives,
“Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
“Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
“In either’s aptness, as it best deceives,
“To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
“Or to turn white and swoon at tragick shows;

“That not a heart which in his level came,
“Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,

²⁹ *civil*] i. e. grave.

³⁰ *cautels*] i. e. deceits, insidious purposes.

“ Showing fair nature is both kind and tame ;
“ And veil’d in them, did win whom he would
 maim :

“ Against the thing he sought he would exclaim :
“ When he most burn’d in heart-wish’d luxury,³¹
“ He preach’d pure maid, and prais’d cold chastity.

“ Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
“ The naked and concealed fiend he cover’d,
“ That the unexperienc’d gave the tempter place,
“ Which, like a cherubin, above them hover’d.
“ Who, young and simple, would not be so lover’d ?
“ Ah me ! I fell ; and yet do question make
“ What I should do again for such a sake.

“ O, that infected moisture of his eye,
“ O, that false fire which in his cheeks so glow’d,
“ O, that forc’d thunder from his heart did fly,
“ O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow’d,
“ O, all that borrow’d motion, seeming ow’d,³²
“ Would yet again betray the fore-betray’d,
“ And new pervert a reconciled maid ! ”

³¹ *luxury*] i. e. lewdness. ³² *ow’d*] i. e. owned, his own.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

I.

SWEET Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear ;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye :
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there :
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But smile and jest at every gentle offer :
 Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward ;
 He rose and ran away ; ah fool too froward !

II.

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his spleen.
Hot was the day ; she hotter that did look

For his approach, that often there had been.
 Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
 And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
 The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
 Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him :

He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood ;
 O Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood ?

III.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,

.

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
 For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild ;
 Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill :
 Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds ;
 She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
 Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds ;
 Once, quoth she, did I see a fair sweet youth
 Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
 Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth !

See in my thigh, quoth she, here was the sore :

She showed hers ; he saw more wounds than one,
 And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

IV.

Venus with [young] Adonis sitting by her,
 Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him :
 She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
 And as he fell to her, [so] she fell to him.

¹ Here a line has dropped out.

Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god embrac'd me ;
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms :
Even thus, quoth she, the warlike god unlac'd me
As if the boy should use like loving charms.
Even thus, quoth she, he seiz'd on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure ;
And as she fetched a breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleasure.
Ah ! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I run away !

V.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together ;
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care :
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather ;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame :
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold ;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee ;
O, my love, my love is young !
Age, I do defy thee ;

O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long !

VI.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
vaded,²

Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring !
Bright orient pearl, alack ! too timely shaded !
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
sting !

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have ;
For why ? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave ;
For why ? I craved nothing of thee still :
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee ;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty ;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty :

² *vaded*] Malone throughout these fragments altered the word to *faded*, which is generally considered as synonymous ; yet Brathwaite, in his *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615, (the exact reference to which I have mislaid,) speaks of "no *fading*, *vading* flower," and other poets make the same distinction between the words.

A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing !
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing !
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears and all were jest-
ings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burneth ;
Sae fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.

Was this a lover, or a lecher whether ?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,
Against whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury ?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore ; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee :
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love ;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is ;
Then thou fair sun, that on this earth doth shine,
Exhale this vapour vow ; in thee it is .
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath to win a paradise?

IX.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant
 prove ; [bow'd.
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes.
Where all those pleasures live, that art can com-
 prehend. [suffice ;
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
 commend ; [der ;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without won-
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts
 admire :
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
 dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is musick and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly
 tongue.

X.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that vadeth suddenly ;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud :
A brittle glass, that's broken presently :

A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physick, painting, pain, and cost.

XI.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daff'd³ me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow;
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for shadows like myself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.

³ *daff'd*] i. e. put off.

Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark ;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night :
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty ;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight ;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with
sorrow ; [morrow.
For why ? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-

Were I with her, the night would post too soon ;
But now are minutes added to the hours ;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon ; ⁴
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers !
Pack night, peep day ; good day, of night now
borrow ; [morrow.
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-

XIII.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of
three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that
eye could see,
Her fancy fell a turning.

⁴ *a moon*] i. e. a month, Steevens's conjecture for the reading of the old copy, "*an hour*."

Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
 did fight,
 To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
 knight:
 To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
 Unto the silly damsel.
 But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
 That nothing could be used, to turn them both to
 gain, [disdain :
 For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
 Alas, she could not help it ! [day,
 Thus art with arms contending was victor of the
 Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
 away ; [gay ;
 Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady
 For now my song is ended.

XIV.

On a day (alack the day !)
 Love, whose month was ever May,
 Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air :
 Through the velvet leaves the wind,
 All unseen, 'gan passage find ;
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But alas my hand hath sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
 [Do not call it sin in me,⁵
 That I am forsworn for thee ;]
 'Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiopie were ;
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.

XV.

My flocks feed not,
 My ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not,
 All is amiss :
 Love is dying,
 Faith's defying,
 Heart's denying,
 Causer of this.
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot :
 Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is plac'd without remove.
 One silly cross
 Wrought all my loss ;
 O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame !
 For now I see,
 Inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

⁵ *Do not call it, &c.*] This couplet is supplied from the song as given in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 3.

In black mourn I,
 All fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me,

Living in thrall :
 Heart is bleeding,
 All help needing,
 (O cruel speeding !)

Fraughted with gall.
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,⁶
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell ;
 My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid ;
 With sighs so deep,
 Procures⁷ to weep,

In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
 How sighs resound
 Through heartless ground,

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody
 fight !

Clear wells spring not,
 Sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not

Forth ; they die :
 Herds stand weeping,

⁶ *no deal*] i. e. in no degree.

⁷ *With sighs so deep,*

Procures, &c.] "The dog *procures* (i. e. manages matters) so as to weep." STEEVENS. The whole passage is probably corrupt. Shakespeare certainly wrote none of this wretched piece. Malone in his last edition printed it as given in Weelkes's *Madrigals*.

Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping

Fearfully.

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,⁸

Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan :⁹

Poor Coridon

Must live alone,

Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVI.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as partial fancy¹⁰ like :¹¹

Take counsel of some wiser head,

Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,

⁸ *lass*] The reading in Weelkes's *Madrigals* : old copy
"love."

⁹ *moan*] The reading in *England's Helicon* : old copy,
"woe."

¹⁰ *fancy*] i. e. love.

¹¹ Corrected by a manuscript of the time.

Lest she some subtle practice smell;
(A cripple soon can find a halt :)
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say :
“Had women been so strong as men,
In faith you had not had it then.”

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear :
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble, true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Press never thou to choose anew :

When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.

Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

¹³ Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attain.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She'll not stick to round me i'th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

¹³ *Think women, &c.*] These four lines are scarcely intelligible: in a MS. copy of the poem, belonging to S. Lysons, Esq. they stand thus:

“ Think women love to match with men,
And not to live so like a saint:
Here is no heaven; they holy then
Begin, when age doth them attain.”

XVII.

As it fell upon a day,¹⁴
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone :
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by :
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain ;
None take pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee ;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :

¹⁴ This and the next piece were in all probability written by Richard Barnefield, as they are found in a collection of his Poems printed in 1598. *The Passionate Pilgrim* was first published in the following year.

All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy like the wind ;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend ;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call :
And with such like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice ;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment ;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown :
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need,
If thou sorrow, he will weep ;

If thou wake, he cannot sleep :
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XVIII.

If musick and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
 Dowland ³ to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense ;
 Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As passing all conceit, needs no defence.
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
 That Phœbus' late, the queen of musick, makes ;
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.

One god is god of both, as poets feign ;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VERSES AMONG THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO
 CHESTER'S LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601.

Let the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.

³ *Dowland*] A famous Lutanist.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend.
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king :
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,¹
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence :
Love and constancy is dead ;
Phoenix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one ;
Two distincts, division none :
Number there in love was slain.

¹ *defunctive can*] i. e. knows, understands funeral music.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder ;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen :
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phoenix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded :

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne²
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love ;
As chorus to their tragick scene.

² *threne* | i. e. funeral song.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity.
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest ;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

SONGS FROM THE PLAYS OF
SHAKESPEARE.

FROM THE TEMPEST.

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it featly here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark !

Burden. Bowgh, wowgh, [dispersedly.

The watch-dogs bark :

Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [dispersedly.

Hark, hark ! I hear

The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark ! now I hear them—ding-dong, bell.
[*Burden, Ding-dong.*

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I ;
In a cowslip's bell I lie :
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily :
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.

FROM TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

WHO is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she :
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness :
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being help'd inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling ;
To her let us garlands bring.

FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly are forsworn ;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain !

FROM MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FIRST FAIRY.

You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen :

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.

SECOND FAIRY.

Weaving spiders, come not here ;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence ;
Beetles black, approach not near ;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel with melody, &c.

FIRST FAIRY.

Hence away ; now all is well :
One, aloof, stand centinel.

PUCK.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
 In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies that do run
 By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
 Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolick ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

OBERON.

Through this house, give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsy fire ;
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
 Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TITANIA.

First, rehearse this song by rote :
To each word a warbling note,
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

OBERON.

Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be ;
And the issue, there create,
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be :
And the blots of nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand ;
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despis'd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait ;
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace :
E'er shall it in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
 Trip away ;
 Make no stay ;
Meet me all by break of day.

FROM MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

FIE on sinful fantasy !
Fie on lust and luxury !
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart ; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually ;
Pinch him for his villany ;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

FROM TWELFTH NIGHT.

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it ;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet

My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown ;
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
 To weep there.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot in sea, and one on shore ;
 To one thing constant never :
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
 Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy.
 Then sigh not so, &c.

PARDON, Goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight :
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan ;
Help us to sigh and groan,
 Heavily, heavily :
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,
 Heavily, heavily.

FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

I.

WHEN daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo ;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo ;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

III.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who ;
Tu-whit, To-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-who ;
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

TELL me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?

How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies :
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
I'll begin it,—ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

UNDER the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude,
Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green holly ;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
 Then, heigh, ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy string is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! &c.

FROM MACBETH.

FIRST WITCH.

WHERE hast thou been, sister ?

SECOND WITCH.

Killing swine.

THIRD WITCH.

Sister, where thou?

FIRST WITCH.

A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap.
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—
 Give me, quoth I ;
Aroint thee, witch ! the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger ;
But in a sieve I'll thither sail
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, I'll do.

SECOND WITCH.

I'll give thee a wind.

FIRST WITCH.

Thou art kind.

THIRD WITCH.

And I another.

FIRST WITCH.

I myself have all the other ;
And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.

I will drain him dry as hay,
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd,
Look what I have.

SECOND WITCH.

Show me, show me.

FIRST WITCH.

Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

THIRD WITCH.

A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

ALL.

The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine;
Peace! the charm's wound up.

FIRST WITCH.

WHY, how now, Hecate ! you look angrily.

HECATE.

Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?
And which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful ; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i'the morning ; thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside :
I am for the air ; this night I'll spend
Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
Great business must be wrought ere noon ;
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound,
I'll catch it, ere it come to ground :

And that, distill'd by magick slights,
Shall raise such artificial sprights,
As, by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion :
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :
And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

Song. [*Within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*
Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

FIRST WITCH.

Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon be back again.
[*Exeunt.*

FIRST WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

SECOND WITCH.

Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

THIRD WITCH.

Harper cries :—'Tis time, 'tis time.

FIRST WITCH.

Round about the cauldron go :
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under coldest stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot !

ALL.

Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

SECOND WITCH.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake ;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

ALL.

Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

THIRD WITCH.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf ;
Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark ;
Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark ;
Liver of blaspheming Jew ;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
Silver'd in the moon's eclipse ;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab :
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron,

ALL.

Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

SECOND WITCH.

Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

HECATE.

O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
And every one shall share i' the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,

Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey ;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

SECOND WITCH.

By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes :
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks.

FROM HENRY VIII.

ORPHEUS with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing :
To his musick, plants, and flowers,
Ever sprung ; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet musick is such art ;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

COME, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;
Cup us, till the world go round ;
Cup us, till the world go round !

FROM CYMBELINE.

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies ;

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes ;
With every thing that pretty bin :
My lady sweet, arise ;
Arise, arise.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !
Nothing ill come near thee !
Quiet consummation have ;
And renowned be thy grave.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
BEN JONSON.

PREFACE.

THE Poems of Ben Jonson have been published once before as a separate collection, and several times as a part of his complete works. During his lifetime, in 1616, the *Epigrams* and *The Forest* were published in a folio volume with dramas and masques ; shortly after his death appeared another volume of his dramas and masques together with *Underwoods*. This was published in 1641. It bears many marks of carelessness and lack of editorial supervision. The *Underwoods* includes translations and separate poems and entertainments, huddled together in a disorderly fashion ; and the conviction is forced upon the reader that Jonson began the collection of his minor poems under this title, but left his work unfinished, and that some unknown person sent it to press and added at the end whatever he could lay hold of in Jonson's unpublished papers. The result is that there is a marked difference in the authority of the text in the two folios : that of 1616 is re-

markably free from error; that of 1641 remarkably free from accuracy. A more ingenious concealment of meaning through the dislocation of punctuation could hardly be devised than that which prevails in the folio of 1641.

The first and only great editor of Jonson's works was Gifford. He had been preceded by the Rev. Peter Whalley in 1756; but Whalley was an uncritical editor, and his work was of little use to Gifford except as affording him opportunity for cudgelling his unfortunate predecessor. Gifford's edition appeared in 1816, but a recent edition (Bickers and Son, 1875), which aimed at being an exact reprint, had the advantage of being supervised by the competent hand of Lieutenant-Colonel F. Cunningham, who has added many valuable notes and made excellent use of such material as has been accumulated since Gifford's time. Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall) also edited a single volume edition, and there have been others. The only edition of Jonson's poems as distinct from his plays that we have seen is by Mr. Robert Bell, in the series published by George Bell and Sons. Mr. Bell follows Gifford in the main, but with reference to the folios, and he adds many useful notes.

The present edition differs in some respects from Bell's and from that portion of Gifford's which has to do with the poems. The folio of 1616 has been very carefully followed, and the

Epigrams and *The Forest* stand now as Jonson printed them, Gifford's frequent emendations being disregarded, except in the notes. The first edition of the *Underwoods* also has been followed so far as regards the order of poems; the text here has been scrupulously collated with the folio, and deviations, except in a few palpable instances of printers' blunders, indicated in the notes. Then following *Underwoods* we have brought together the miscellaneous poems which Whalley, Gifford, and Cunningham had collected, in addition to those included in the two folios, but which the two earlier editors, followed by Bell, had scattered about in *Underwoods* at discretion, and have added a number of poems which could be detached from the masques and entertainments without suffering from dislocation; finally, for the convenience of the reader, we have placed in one section the charming lyrics which lie imbedded in the dramas. This volume, then, is the first attempt to bring together all of Jonson's short poems into a single collection, under a classification which permits one to come closest to the poet's own arrangement.

For the notes the editor is indebted chiefly to previous editors, and their work has been indicated by initials. He has sought to bring the body of notes into more compact form, and regrets that he has therefore been compelled to cut ruthlessly into the entertaining truculence of

Gifford. The punctuation of the book has been carefully revised, since the editor has no reverence for the antiquities of English punctuation. One characteristic of the punctuation of the folio has been in several instances retained, — the use of an apostrophe to mark an elision in reading, where there is no positive dropping of a syllable, as in the line, —

“H’ has tympanies of business in his face.”

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS,
April, 1879.

MEMOIR OF JONSON.

“ Firm-footed Ben.”

LOWELL.

BY some chance, helped probably by the epitaph on his tombstone, Jonson is known universally as Ben Jonson, while Shakespeare, who was called Will Shakespeare by his contemporaries, receives his Christian name in full whenever it is given him at all. Possibly the familiarity with which Jonson was regarded by the various ranks of people who knew him in his own day confirmed the form under which his name has come down to us, and Jonson himself would have had little affection for the full form of a name which was most probably given him out of the Bible by his Puritan parents. We say Puritan parents upon strong conjectural grounds. The patronymic in the careless typography of the time occasionally appears as Johnson, but the poet's own custom determines the form to be as now written. Little is known of his family. Two generations before, it had been settled at Annandale in Scotland, still the headquarters of the Johnstone family, from which place Jonson's grandfather removed to Carlisle and entered the

service of Henry VIII. Jonson's father fared less well, for in Queen Mary's time he was imprisoned and lost his estate. That the imprisonment sprang from religious persecution is rendered likely by the fact that he took holy orders afterward, and became a "grave minister of the gospel," in Antony Wood's words.

Jonson was born at Westminster a month after his father's death, in 1573, but the exact date is not now known. Fuller, in his *Worthies*, says that Jonson's mother married a bricklayer for a second husband. But little is known of her, one incident only, to be related hereafter, disclosing something of a character which her son shared with her. Jonson was first sent to a private school in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, and after that to Westminster. Here he formed a friendship with Camden, who was second master, and maintained a lifelong sense of obligation to the celebrated scholar. It is fair to suppose that Jonson's aptitude for learning attracted Camden, and that Camden's scholarship was the source and increment of Jonson's classical knowledge. In Epigram xiv., addressed to Camden, he says:—

"Camden! most reverend head to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, all that I know."

He dedicates *Every Man in his Humor* to Camden, and in it affectionately acknowledges his indebtedness to him: "I am none of those that can suffer the benefits conferred upon my youth

to perish with my age. It is a frail memory that remembers but present things ; and had the favor of the times so conspired with my disposition as it could have brought forth other, or better, you had had the same proportion and number of the fruits, the first. Now I pray you to accept this : such wherein neither the confession of my manners shall make you blush ; nor of my studies, repent you to have been the instructor."

From Westminster he went to Cambridge, where he remained an uncertain period ; at least so Fuller and Aubrey both affirm, but Jonson's own silence and the absence of any documentary evidence at Cambridge render it doubtful if he ever resided there : certainly his residence must have been short, since various testimonies point to his having been placed at his stepfather's craft of bricklaying ; how long he worked at it we are not told ; long enough, however, to make his work utterly distasteful to himself, and an unending source of malicious mirth to his envious contemporaries. Jonson seems to have suffered from bricklaying much as Dickens from his connection with the blacking-pot establishment ; he escaped from it by enlisting in the army which was then serving in Flanders. He was not long in service, but he always looked back upon that part of his career with pride, and his own fearless, high-spirited nature made him both a good soldier and the hater of all "Captain Hungrys." In the

Apology closing *Poetaster* he introduces the lines which form Epigram cviii. There he declares :

“I swear by your true friend, my Muse, I love
Your great profession, which I once did prove
And did not shame it with my actions then
No more than I dare now do with my pen.”

In his conversations with Drummond he said that “in his service in the Low Countries he had, in the face of both the camps, killed aneemie, and taken *opima spolia* from him,” — an action which may be explained by the custom of champions from both armies contending in the presence of the hosts, *à la David and Goliath*.

On his return from the wars, his stepfather had died, and he went at first to live with his mother ; he had no better liking for bricklaying after being a soldier than before ; he was too poor to enter a profession, and his only capital seems to have been his mind and its stores. He chose the pursuit of literature as most congenial and expedient, and he wrote for the stage as he would a hundred years or more afterward have written for the booksellers. He married, too, after ^{an} a manner of poor *littérateurs* the world over, probably in 1592.*

* The date is doubtful, but is inferred from a registry in the church of St. Martins-in-the-Field : “1593, November 17, *sepulta* fuit Maria Johnson, peste,” — and this, taken with Jonson’s lines on the death of his first daughter Mary, Epigram xxii., would seem to imply that the marriage took place not later than the middle of 1592.

The stage was his means of livelihood, not only by affording him occupation as a writer, but by giving him a chance to show his histrionic power. There is no evidence that this was in any way noticeable, or that he rose at all above the position of a strolling player. He was made useful as writer and as actor, but his writing was largely the patching of other men's work, and his acting is referred to only to be sneered at. The theatre with which Jonson was connected was the *Rôse* on the Bankside, conducted by Henslowe. Henslowe's diary has been preserved, and under date of the 28th of July, 1597, there is acknowledgment of the receipt of three shillings and ninepence as part of "Bengemenes Johnsones's share," indicating that Jonson was of Henslowe's company; on the 3d of December following there is a memorandum of twenty shillings "lent unto Bengemen Johnsones upon a book which he was to write for us before Christmas next after the date hereof, which he showed the plot unto the company." He now began to produce plays on his own account, and to this time may be referred the first draft of *Every Man in his Humor*. The play gave occasion, if we may believe a tradition often repeated, to the beginning of a friendship between Jonson and Shakespeare. Jonson offered the play at Black Friars, where Shakespeare was one of the company, and it was about to be rejected when Shakespeare got sight of it, recognized

its merits, and secured its representation. Shakespeare himself took one of the parts, as did Burbage and other actors of the day. A play was so exclusively regarded as business for the theatre, that neither authorship nor the integrity of the play seem to have been much regarded; the book as offered was cut and slashed to suit the company, and the test of acting undoubtedly led to important changes in the text. We find Jonson himself anglicizing this play, substituting English for Italian names.

It was about this time that Jonson's life was affected by an incident which sprang, we may easily believe, out of his hot, irascible temper. The returned soldier quarrelled with one Gabriel Spencer, a member of Henslowe's company, and fought a duel with him in Hoxton Fields, in which he killed his adversary, and was cast into prison. This was in September, 1598. His imprisonment brought him near the gallows, and his nearness to death perhaps brought him into the Romish Church, for he was visited by a priest of that communion, who found Jonson devoid of any special faith and ready to listen to the positive instruction given him. He returned to the Church of England twelve years later, in 1610.

Every Man in his Humor was followed by *Every Man out of his Humor*, and Jonson began to taste the pains and pleasures of popularity. To judge by the epigrams and satires and scurri-

lous verses which filled the air, the minor dramatists and poets of the great Elizabethan age were kept in an unfailing strife of jealousy and envy. Jonson's quarrel with Spencer seems to have been an exhibition of this heated condition, and his broils with Dekker, Marlowe, Marston, and other playwrights, if less fatal, were quite as noisy and vituperative. In justice, it should be said that these sharp-tongued dramatists could love heartily and praise gloriously, and perhaps the strong phrases either of hate or of love are to be interpreted as indicating a more passionate life than falls to this age that sits in judgment on them. The pleasures of popularity came to Jonson in his recognition by the great patrons of literature and the stage. Queen Elizabeth went to see *Every Man out of his Humor*, and the epilogue was altered to carry a eulogy upon her merits. It was first acted in 1599, and was followed the next year by *Cynthia's Revels*. In the two previous comedies Jonson had reflected the town talk and ways; in this he flew at higher game, and ridiculed the euphuism and affectation of court manners. *Cynthia's Revels* was acted by the children of the Queen's Chapel, who were in effect a dramatic company under special royal patronage. It was amusing to everybody who was not satirized; but it brought down upon Jonson's head the rage of Marston and Dekker, who discovered themselves under the disguise of

two of the characters, and they lost no opportunity of revenge upon the stage. The quarrel was now hot, and Jonson produced shortly after *Poetaster*, which was directly aimed at his dramatic enemies. It was so violent and indecent in its satire that its representation was forbidden. Dekker retaliated with *Satiromastix*, in which Jonson was vituperated; and the two dramatic writers called the public into their petty quarrel as noisily as was the wont of rival metropolitan papers among us less than a generation since. But the public of that day found its fun in this bear-baiting of authors, and it was impossible for either Jonson or Dekker to gird at each other without at the same time making their weapons to flash with a fire and sparkle that are not now dulled by time.

Jonson's first tragedy was *Richard Crook-back*, followed by *Sejanus* in its first draft; but neither tragedy was successful. The former has perished without giving us an opportunity to compare it with Shakespeare's *Richard III.*; the latter he afterward rewrote and published. His comedies had so far been fairly successful, and they had exhibited characteristics peculiar to Jonson, by which he was rendered, though still a playwright, as an individual amongst men who were all strongly marked. It should be remembered that throughout his life Jonson's ideals were not to be found on the stage. He wrote for the stage be-

cause it offered the surest means of livelihood ; his real care was for poetry and scholarship. Hence, while exhibited as constantly wrangling with his fellow actors and writers, there is a conspicuous side to his life to be interpreted by the fellowship which he enjoyed with Shakespeare, Bacon, Raleigh, Selden, Beaumont, Fletcher, Carew, Donne, and other noble minds. Sir Walter Raleigh had formed a club of some of these men at the Mermaid Tavern, and thither Jonson went and sparred with his intellectual rivals.*

During the remainder of his life Jonson was honoring himself by his large praise of these great men, for surely nothing so marks the generous great man as his capacity to recognize and his readiness to honor greatness in his contemporaries. With the notable intellectual companionship came also intercourse with the men and women who added to their court life the distinction of recognizing the nobility of mind. Few characteristics of the Elizabethan age impress us more than the high tide of intellect which flowed over otherwise low and marshy ground. Never were the noble by birth more akin to the noble by mind, and the patronage of the court became

* So at least Gifford would persuade us who are easily persuaded. That there were meetings of the wits at the Mermaid, we know both from Jonson and from Beaumont in their well-known epistles; that Raleigh formed a club there is the desirable fact which is waiting to be established.

an honorable thing to patron and patronized. The very sports of the nobility took on an intellectual character, and the records which have come down to us in Nichols's *Progresses*, and other books contemporary with that, of the pageants and masques which adorned the houses of royalty and nobility during the reigns both of Elizabeth and of James I. disclose an order of life which makes the tableaux, fancy balls, and masquerades of our day seem thin and spare enough. We have produced the gorgeousness and pageant upon the melodramatic stage and in the spectacle, but it has been almost entirely sensuous and wholly apart from our own participation except as spectators. In that age the stage was barren of scenery and all that goes now to make up stage effect; but the masque and the entertainment gave occasion for the work of the greatest architects and the pen of the chief poets, while the actors in the masque were the lords and ladies of the court. Bacon concealed in the masques which he wrote the purpose of a statesman and scholar; and Ben Jonson, who was the most eminent poet so engaged, made his masques to carry the idealization of life through the means of that elaborate machinery of divinities and spirits which the plan of the masque placed at his service.

His first masque was prepared for the city of London, to be presented upon the reception of King James. He was Dekker's associate, and

Jonson's portion alone, about two fifths of the whole, is printed in Gifford's edition of his works. Immediately afterward he wrote a vigorous *Panegyre on the Happy Entrance of James our Sovereign to his first high session of Parliament in this Kingdom, the 19th of March, 1603*, and after this he was specially befriended by the king. Other pageants followed in which Jonson had the sole literary part, — one at Althorpe for the Queen and Prince Henry when they rested there on their way from Scotland; another Entertainment when the royal family was entertained by Sir William Cornwallis. He was now high in favor, and he rewrote his *Sejanus*, which kept the stage long after.

His good fortune was interrupted, however, by a very uncourtierlike proceeding. In company with Chapman and Marston he wrote a comedy, *Eastward Hoe*, which was produced about 1604 or 1605, and gave offence to the king, who was very much alive to anything which seemed to reflect upon the Scotch. A passage which may have irritated him was this: —

"1 Gent. Farewell, farewell; we will not know you for shaming of you. *I ken the man weel; hee's one of my thirty pound knights.*

"2 Gent. Now this is hee that stole his knighthood o' the grande day for foure pounce giving to a page; all the monie in's purse, I wot wel." — *Act IV. Sc. 1.*

"It is easy to imagine," says Cunningham, "what

would have been the effect of this on the stage, if a little mimicry of King James and his Scotch pronunciation was thrown into it, as was evidently the intention of the writer." It may have been James's partiality for Jonson that left him out of the order for arrest, but the poet voluntarily accompanied his colleagues, Chapman and Marston, to prison, and shared their punishment. He had indeed, it is said, nothing to do with the objectionable passage; but he was an impetuous, courageous man, who had no mind to shelter himself behind his unlucky comrades. Interest was used to bring the three out of prison; a new edition of the play was issued with the allusions to the Scotch expunged, and the unlucky authors were pardoned out, — whole too, in spite of the rumor that their noses and ears were to be split. The story is told that on their liberation Jonson gave a supper, at which Selden, Camden, and others were present. Jonson's mother was present, — a vigorous old lady who had the grit of her son. She drank to him at the supper, and showed a paper containing a deadly powder which she had meant to mix in his draught and hers, if the sentence of mutilation had been inflicted. They were rough days for authors, for shortly after Jonson was again imprisoned with Chapman for some reflections occurring upon some one in a joint play of theirs. The circumstances are not clear, but they gave rise to a noble letter from Jonson

to the Earl of Salisbury, to whom and to Suffolk he applied for influence in procuring a discharge.

In 1605 there were many noble foreigners in the country, and the Queen called upon Jonson for a masque in which she and her maids should take part. *The Masque of Blackness* was the result, and other masques followed: *Hymenæi*, at the marriage of Essex and Lady Frances Suffolk; *The Hue and Cry after Cupid*, as Gifford aptly names it, at Viscount Hadington's marriage; *The Masque of Queens*, by the Queen with her Ladies, at Whitehall; *Prince Henry's Barriers*; *Oberon*; and others. Now also came his eminent dramas: *Volpone, the Fox*, in 1605; *Epicene, or the Silent Woman*, in 1609; *The Alchemist*, in 1610; and *Catiline*, in 1611. He was on the Continent again and at Paris, in charge of the graceless son of Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1613. *Bartholomew Fair* appeared in 1614, and *The Devil's an Ass* in 1616.

The great body of his best work may be set down, then, as written in the first fifteen years of the century; and it was during this time, also, that he was engaged upon study and work which found expression in other forms. He was incontestably the greatest scholar among modern poets, and was recognized as a scholar in an age of scholars. He had translated Horace and Aristotle's *Poetics*, and prepared a vast body of notes to accompany the work. Selden, the learned anti-

quary, consulted him as a great living authority, and the reader of to-day notes in his Poems and Dramas that affluence of learning which never seeks an opportunity for display, but reveals itself in the colloquial ease of reference and allusion. During this time, also, he composed his *Epigrams* and *The Forest*, which were published in 1616. This was the year of Shakespeare's death; and Ward, the vicar of Stratford, writing forty-six years after the event, says: "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted." Whatever truth there may be in the vicar's conjecture, the fact of the meeting is another witness to the good feeling existing between the two great poets.

For nearly ten years Jonson wrote no more for the stage; it was less lucrative and less agreeable to him than to obey the commands of royalty and the demands of nobility for pageants and masques. It is in these, indeed, and in many of his poems and songs, that we may fairly look for Jonson's most characteristic work. The complete obsolescence of this form of art places us at a disadvantage in judging of it, and it cannot be denied that there was a certain affectation about it; yet we doubt whether, on strict analysis, the Elizabethan masque would seem more artificial than the modern opera. The charm of music makes us blind to the nonsense of the opera book; the

masque made a demand upon the eye and the ear which cannot now easily be restored. The pale page of the book, with its elaborate description, is a poor equivalent for that gorgeous pageant swelling with pomp and poetic splendor, where poet and architect mingled their labor, and laid under contribution the ancient world and the world of myth for the building of their vast pasteboard palace of beauty. We catch a glimpse of the brilliant display as we read, and we see that Jonson's learning and poetic fancy made him easily chief in this temporary kingdom of art and letters, as Shakespeare was chief in the dramatic kingdom. Fortunately for us, Shakespeare was building with permanent materials of art; unfortunately for us and for Jonson's fame, we are able only to drag forth from the débris of those spectacles which delighted London, the court, and the great country-seats, snatches of song and graceful addresses, independent of the setting in which they were placed.

The incidents in Jonson's life after this were not many or exciting. In the summer of 1618 he made a journey on foot to Scotland, which is chiefly noticeable because of a visit of several weeks which he paid to Drummond of Hawthornden. Drummond was rather a dilettante than a professional author, and the visit of one of the great lights of literature to his house was an event which he gladly welcomed, and used by jotting

down memorabilia of Jonson's talk. That talk was free and jovial, literary and personal, and affords one a very good opportunity to catch a glimpse of literary society of the day. It was the talk of a full mind to a timidly appreciative one, and the half-swagger of Jonson's nature is easily exaggerated by the foil which Drummond unconsciously makes. We are indebted to the record for many of the facts of Jonson's life and for much of our knowledge of his tastes and judgments. It is a pity that Jonson's own narrative of his journey to Scotland perished in the flames which destroyed so many of his manuscripts, to which he refers in his *Execration upon Vulcan* (see p. 216).

He was at this time in high favor with the king and nobility. He was created Master of Arts at Oxford in 1619, and the king in 1621 made him the reversionary grant of Master of the Revels. He was minded to knight him, but Jonson prudently begged off from the honor which would have entailed upon him an expense he could ill have borne. He continued to produce masques and entertainments and to live a life of comparative ease. His wife had died, and he had no children left; he lived largely at the houses of his patrons, and from his convivial habits had no lack of companionship, while his habits of study and devotion to literature saved him from the life of a mere *bon vivant*.

At the death of James, his fortune took a downward turn. Charles came to the throne, but he had less of the good-natured James's interest in Jonson; he was attacked by the palsy and developed a tendency to dropsy. He had grown heavy and infirm; his habits of life doubtless were telling upon him, and his means of subsistence were slipping away. Now began petitions for aid, and his poems contain evidence of his need and distress. He returned to writing for the stage, and brought out first *The Staple of News* and then *The New Inn*, — a play which was so pitilessly condemned that he took leave forever of the stage in a "farewell," addressed to himself, full of a mingled pathos, scorn, and vituperative weakness. He was slipping down steadily. His masques no longer were desired. With Inigo Jones, who had often been associated with him on equal terms, he had a quarrel. Jones once had been beholden to Jonson, now he was the rising star; and between his own arrogance and Jonson's impatience and violence the breach came which left Jonson the worser conditioned. He held the office from the city of London of the City's Chronologer, but in November, 1631, he was notified that his salary was stopped. It is intimated that his labors also had first stopped. He applied for aid to the Earl of Newcastle in a letter which may stand as an illustration of Jonson's humor in his distress: —

MY NOBLE AND MOST HONORED LORD :—

I myself being no substance, am fain to trouble you with shadows, or (what is less) an Apologue or Fable in a dream. I being stricken with the Palsy, in the year 1628, had by Sir Thomas Badger some few months since a Fox sent me for a present, which creature by handling I endeavored to make tame, as well for the abating of my disease, as the delight I took in speculation of his nature. It happened this present year, 1631, and this very week, being the week ushering Christmas, and this Tuesday morning in a dream, (and morning dreams are truest) to have one of my servants come up to my bedside and tell me — “ Master, Master, the Fox speaks ! ” Whereat (methought) I started, and troubled went down into the yard, to witness the wonder. There I found my Reynard in his tenement — the Tub I had hired for him — cynically expressing his own lot to be condemned to the house of a Poet, where nothing was to be seen but the bare walls, and not anything heard but the noise of a saw, dividing billets all the week long, more to keep the family in exercise than to comfort any person there with fire, save the paralytic master ; and went on in this way as the Fox seemed the better Fabler of the two. I his master began to give him good words and stroke him, but Reynard, barking, told me those would not do, — I must give him meat. I angry called him stinking vermin. He replied, “ Look into your cellar, which is your larder too, you’ll find a worse vermin there. ” When presently calling for a light, methought I went down and found all the floor turned up, as if a colony of moles had been there, or an army of salt-petre men.

Whereupon I sent presently into Tuttle street for the King's most excellent Mole-catcher, to relieve me and hunt them. But he, when he came and viewed the place, and had well marked the earth turned up, took a handfull, smelt it, and said, "Master, it is not in my power to destroy this vermin; the King, or some good man of a Noble Nature must help you. This kind of Mole is called a WANT, which will destroy you and your family, if you prevent not the working of it in time. And therefore God keep you and send you health."

The interpretation both of the Fable and dream is, that I waking do find WANT the worst and most working vermin in a house; and therefore my most noble Lord, and next the King my best Patron, I am necessitated to tell it you. I am not so impudent to borrow any sum of your Lordship, for I have no faculty to pay; but my needs are such, and so urging, as I do beg what your bounty can give me, in the name of Good Letters, and the bond of an ever grateful and acknowledging servant

To your honor

BEN JONSON.

WESTMINSTER 20^{mo} Decbris, 1631.

Meanwhile he worked as he could; but how much he was withdrawn from public notice appears from a passage in a letter from Mr. Pory to Sir Thomas Puckering, September 20, 1632: "Ben Jonson, who I thought had been dead, has written a play against the next term, called the *Magnetic Lady*." In the spring of 1633 he was able to serve his patron the Earl of Newcastle with *Love's Welcome at Welbeck*, when that nobleman entertained King Charles; and perhaps it

was owing to this that the king so far took Jonson again under his protection as to secure for him the renewal of his salary by the city.

There was one final flashing up of his genius. *The Sad Shepherd*, a pastoral drama, was left a fragment at his death, but it was a return to sweeter poetry and the sign of a mellow age. Gifford says of it that "it may not only be safely opposed to the most perfect of his early works, but to any similar performance in any age or country." Other works remain in a fragmentary or incomplete condition, including the curious and underestimated *Discoveries*.

His death came August 6, 1637, and he was buried on the 9th in Westminster Abbey. Possibly for economy in fee or in space, the coffin was placed in an upright position, beneath the square stone which marks the spot. One would fain have found an opportunity for the tired old man to lie at full length. His friends raised a subscription for a monument; but meanwhile, Aubrey tells us, Jack Young, or, more particularly but less appropriately, Sir John Young of Great Milton, Oxfordshire, passing through the Abbey, gave one of the workmen eighteen pence to cut upon the stone the words, "O RARE BEN JONSON." Eighteen pence most profitably spent! The greater contribution was never used, for the Rebellion intervened, broke up plans, and the money was returned to the subscribers.

Six months after his death, an affectionate memorial was raised to him in the publication of a volume by Dr. Bryan Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, entitled *Jonsonus Virbius: or, the Memory of Ben Jonson revived by the Friends of the Muses*, a collection of memorial verses by Falkland, Earl of Dorset, Beaumont, Howell, Ford, Cleveland, and others, both in English and in Latin. John Cleveland's eulogy may stand here at the end of this sketch and as entrance to the Poems.

TO THE MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportioned wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echoed by consenting men;
The soul which answered best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made;
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own,
In whom with nature study claimed a part,
And yet who to himself owed all his art:
Here lies Ben Jonson! Every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

EPIGRAMS.

TO THE GREAT
EXAMPLE OF
HONOR AND
VIRTUE, THE MOST NOBLE
WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ETC.

MY LORD: While you cannot change your merit, I dare not change your title : it was that made it and not I. Under which name I here offer to your Lordship the ripest of my studies, my Epigrams ; which, though they carry danger in the sound, do not therefore seek your shelter ; for, when I made them, I had nothing in my conscience to expressing of which I did need a cypher. But, if I be fallen into those times, wherein, for the likeness of vice, and facts, every one thinks another's ill deeds objected to him ; and that in their ignorant and guilty mouths, the common voice is for their security, BEWARE THE POET, confessing therein so much love to their diseases, as they would rather make a party for them, than be either rid, or told of them : I must expect, at your Lordship's hand, the protection of truth and liberty, while you are constant to your own goodness. In thanks whereof, I return you the honor of leading forth so many good and great names (as my verses mention on the better part) to their remembrance with posterity. Amongst whom, if I have praised, unfortunately, any one that doth not deserve ; or, if all answer not in all numbers the pictures I have made of them : I hope it will be forgiven me that they are no ill pieces, though they be not like the persons. But I foresee a nearer fate to my book than this : that the vices therein will be owned before the virtues (though there I have avoided all particulars, as I have done names) and that some

will be so ready to discredit me, as they will have the impudence to belie themselves. For, if I meant them not, it is so. Nor can I hope otherwise. For why should they remit anything of their riot, their pride, their self-love, and other inherent graces, to consider truth or virtue; but, with the trade of the world, lend their long ears against men they love not: and hold their dear mountebank, or jester, in far better condition than all the study or studiers of humanity. For such, I would rather know them by their vizards still, than they should publish their faces, at their peril, in my *theatre*,¹ where Cato if he lived might enter without scandal.

Your Lordship's most faithful honoror,

BEN JONSON.

¹ His theatre is the following book of Epigrams.

EPIGRAMS.

I. TO THE READER.

PRAY thee, take care, that tak'st my book in
hand,
To read it well: that is, to understand.

II. TO MY BOOK.

It will be looked for, Book, when some but see
Thy title, *Epigrams*, and named of me,
Thou shouldst be bold, licentious, full of gall,
Wormwood, and sulphur, sharp, and toothed
withal,
Become a petulant thing, hurl ink and wit,
As madmen stones, not caring whom they hit.
Deceive their malice, who could wish it so;
And, by thy wiser temper, let men know
Thou art not covetous of least self-fame
Made from the hazard of another's shame;
Much less, with lewd, profane, and beastly phrase,
To catch the world's loose laughter, or vain gaze.
He that departs with his own honesty
For vulgar praise, doth it too dearly buy.

III. TO MY BOOKSELLER.

Thou that mak'st gain thy end, and wisely
well

Call'st a book good, or bad, as it doth sell,
Use mine so too ; I give thee leave ; but crave,
For the luck's sake, it thus much favor have :
To lie upon thy stall till it be sought ;
Not offered as it made suit to be bought ;
Nor have my title-leaf on posts or walls,²
Or in cleft-sticks, advanced to make calls
For termers,³ or some clerk-like serving-man,
Who scarce can spell th' hard names ; whose
knight less can.

If, without these vile arts, it will not sell,
Send it to Bucklers-bury,⁴ there 'twill, well.

² It was the custom to paste advertisements not only on the dead walls of the metropolis, but on the numerous posts which stood in the public places, in front of great houses ; hence the term *posters*, which is still applied to mural advertisements ; although the special propriety of its application has long ceased. The term "Knights of the Post" has a similar origin. It appears from the passage in the text that the publishers were in the habit of announcing their new works by pasting the title-pages on walls and posts. — B.

³ Persons who resorted to London during term time, when the town was crowded, for the purposes of carrying on intrigues, or practising cheats and tricks.

⁴ Bucklersbury at this time was occupied by grocers and apothecaries, who were the residuary legatees of printed literature, as the trunkmakers were afterward.

"And smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time."

Merry Wives of Windsor, III. iii.

IV. TO KING JAMES.

How, best of Kings, dost thou a sceptre bear!
 How, best of Poets,⁵ dost thou laurel wear!
 But two things rare the Fates had in their store,
 And gave thee both, to show they could no more.
 For such a Poet, while thy days were green,
 Thou wert, as chief of them are said t' have been.
 And such a Prince thou art, we daily see,
 As chief of those still promise they will be.
 Whom should my muse then fly to, but the best
 Of Kings for grace; of Poets for my test?

V. ON THE UNION.⁶

When was there contract better driven by Fate?
 Or celebrated with more truth of state?
 The world the temple was, the priest a king,
 The spousèd pair two realms, the sea the ring.

VI. TO ALCHEMISTS.

If all you boast of your great art be true,
 Sure, willing poverty lives most in you.

⁵ His epigram was probably written soon after the accession of James, and when this good prince had surely given little cause for complaint to any one. With respect to his boyish poetry . . . it is really creditable to his talents. Some of the Psalms are better translated by him than they were by Milton at his years. — G. It will not be forgotten in what terms Bacon addressed King James at this time, and what expectations he built on his Majesty's learning.

⁶ Of England and Scotland under James; completed under Anne in 1707.

VII. ON THE NEW HOT-HOUSE.⁷

Where lately harbored many a famous whore,
 A purging bill, now fixed upon the door,
 Tells you it is a hot-house; so it may,
 And still be a whore-house: they're *synonyma*.

VIII. ON A ROBBERY.

Ridway robbed Duncote of three hundred pound;
 Ridway was ta'en, arraigned, condemned to
 die;
 But, for this money, was a courtier found,
 Begged Ridway's pardon: Duncote now doth
 cry,
 Robbed both of money, and the law's relief: —
 The courtier is become the greater thief.

IX. TO ALL TO WHOM I WRITE.

May none whose scattered names honor my book
 For strict degrees of rank or title look;
 'Tis 'gainst the manners of an epigram,
 And I a poet here, no herald am.

X. TO MY LORD IGNORANT.

Thou call'st me poet, as a term of shame;
 But I have my revenge made, in thy name.

⁷ So called from the hot baths used in them. They were generally bagnios. — B.

“And now she professes a hot-house,
 Which I think is a very ill-house too.”

Measure for Measure, II. i.

XI. ON SOMETHING, THAT WALKS SOMEWHERE.

At court I met it, in clothes brave enough
 To be a courtier, and looks grave enough
 To seem a statesman. As I near it came,
 It made me a great face; I asked the name.
 A Lord, it cried, buried in flesh and blood,
 And such from whom let no man hope least good,
 For I will do none; and as little ill,
 For I will dare none. Good Lord, walk dead
 still.⁸

XII. ON LIEUTENANT SHIFT.

Shift, here in town, not meanest amongst squires
 That haunt Pickt-hatch, Marsh-Lambeth, and
 Whitefriars,⁹
 Keeps himself, with half a man, and defrays
 The charge of that state with this charm, God
 pays.¹⁰
 By that one spell he lives, eats, drinks, arrays
 Himself; his whole revenue is, God pays.

⁸ "He [Jonson] never esteemed a man," says Drummond,
 "for the name of a Lord." — B.

⁹ The respective resorts of debauchees, thieves, and fraudulent debtors. — G.

"To your manor of Pickt-hatch, go."

Merry Wives of Windsor, II. ii.

¹⁰ The impudent plea for charity, or rather for running in debt, advanced by disbanded soldiers, of whom there were many at this period and more who pretended to be such.

The quarter-day is come ; the hostess says,
 She must have money : he returns, God pays.
 The tailor brings a suit home ; he it essays,
 Looks o'er the bill, likes it : and says, God pays.
 He steals to ordinaries ; there he plays
 At dice his borrowed money — which, God pays.
 Then takes up fresh commodity, for days ;
 Signs to new bond ; forfeits, and cries, God pays.
 That lost, he keeps his chamber, reads essays,
 Takes physic, tears the papers : still, God pays.
 Or else by water goes and so to plays ;
 Calls for his stool, adorns the stage : ¹¹ God pays.

The expression occurs in the *London Prodigal*, in a passage much to the purpose :

“ *Sir Arthur*. I am a soldier and a gentleman.

“ *Lace*. I neither doubt your valor nor your love,
 But there be some that bear a soldier's form,
 That swear by Him they never think upon :
 Go swaggering up and down from house to house,
 Crying *God pays*.” — G.

¹¹ It was the custom for young men of fashion to sit upon the stage, for which they were charged extra. A three-legged stool, says Mr. Collier [*Annals of the Stage*], which Dekker (1609) dignifies by the style of “a tripos” seems to have been usually hired on these occasions, and for this sixpence, and subsequently a shilling, was paid. The entrance to the stage for persons who availed themselves of this privilege was through the ‘tiring-house. — B.

“ Would you have a stool, sir ? ”

“ A stool, boy ? ”

“ Aye, sir, if you'll give me sixpence, I'll fetch you one.”

“ For what, I pray thee ? what shall I do with it ? ”

“ O Lord, sir ! will you betray your ignorance so much ? why, Throne yourself in state on the stage, as other gentlemen use, sir.”

Cynthia's Revels : Induction.

To every cause he meets, this voice he brays :
 His only answer is to all, God pays.
 Not his poor cockatrice but he betrays
 Thus ; and for his lechery-scores, God pays.
 But see ! th' old bawd hath served him in his
 trim,
 Lent him a pocky whore. — She hath paid him.

XIII. TO DOCTOR EMPIRIC.

When men a dangerous disease did 'scape
 Of old, they gave a cock to Æsculape ;
 Let me give two, that doubly am got free —
 From my disease's danger, and from thee.

XIV. TO WILLIAM CAMDEN.¹²

Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
 All that I am in arts, all that I know —
 How nothing's that ! to whom my country owes
 The great renown, and name wherewith she goes.
 Than thee the age sees not that thing more grave,
 More high, more holy, that she more would crave.

¹² Camden was our poet's master at Westminster-school ; and gratitude has led him to make a proper acknowledgment for his care and pains in teaching him, both by this epigram, and the dedication of *Every Man in his Humor* to him. — W. These are not the only places in which Camden is mentioned with respect. In the *King's Entertainment*, Jonson terms him "the glory and light of the kingdom," and in the *Masque of Queens* he introduces him with similar commendation. — G.

What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!

What sight in searching the most antique springs!
What weight, and what authority in thy speech!
Men scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst teach.

Pardon free truth, and let thy modesty,
Which conquers all, be once o'ercome by thee.
Many of thine this better could, than I;
But for their powers, accept my piety.

XV. ON COURT-WORM.

All men are worms: but this no man. In silk
'Twas brought to court first wrapt, and white as milk;

Where afterwards it grew a butterfly,
Which was a caterpillar: so 'twill die.

XVI. TO BRAIN-HARDY.

Hardy, thy brain is valiant, 'tis confest;
Thou more, that with it every day dar'st jest
Thyself into fresh brawls; when, called upon,
Scarce thy week's swearing brings thee off, of one.
So, in short time, thou'rt in arrearage grown
Some hundred quarrels, yet dost thou fight none;
Nor need'st thou; for those few, by oath released,
Make good what thou dar'st do in all the rest.
Keep thyself there, and think thy valor right,
He that dares damn himself, dares more than fight.

XVII. TO THE LEARNED CRITIC.

May others fear, fly, and traduce thy name,
 As guilty men do magistrates; glad I,
 That wish my poems a legitimate fame,
 Charge them, for crown, to thy sole censure hie.
 And but a sprig of bays, given by thee,
 Shall outlive garlands stolen from the chaste tree.¹³

XVIII. TO MY MERE ENGLISH CENSURER.

To thee my way in Epigrams seems new,
 When both it is the old way, and the true.
 Thou sayest that cannot be, for thou hast seen
 Davis, and Weever,¹⁴ and the best have been,
 And mine come nothing like. I hope so. Yet,
 As theirs did with thee, mine might credit get,
 If thou'dst but use thy faith, as thou didst then,
 When thou wert wont t'admire, not censure men.
 Prythee, believe still and not judge so fast,
 Thy faith is all the knowledge that thou hast.

XIX. ON SIR COD THE PERFUMED.¹⁵

That Cod can get no widow, yet a knight,
 I sent the cause: he wooes with an ill sprite.

¹³ That is, the laurel; Daphne, rather than consent to the desires of Apollo, being changed into that tree. — W.

¹⁴ Contemporaries of Jonson; the former a writing-master at Oxford, who published a collection of epigrams called *A Scourge of Folly*, and the latter a compiler of old inscriptions and epitaphs which he published under the title of *Funeral Monuments*. — B.

¹⁵ A play on the double meaning of the last word, an evil

XX. TO THE SAME SIR COD.

Th' expense in odors is a most vain sin,
Except thou couldst, Sir Cod, wear them within.

XXI. ON REFORMED GAMESTER.

Lord, how is Gamester changed! his hair close
cut!

His neck fenced round with ruff! his eyes half
shut!

His clothes two fashions off, and poor! his sword
Forbid his side! and nothing but the Word
Quick in his lips!¹⁶ who hath this wonder
wrought?

The late ta'en bastinado. So I thought:
What several ways men to their calling have!
The body's stripes, I see, the soul may save.

XXII. ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER.

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth;
Yet, all heaven's gifts, being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence,

genius or spirit, and a stinking breath. . . . The name of the person to whom this epigram is addressed is borrowed from the *cod*, or little purse, in which civet and other perfumes were kept in the poet's day. — G.

¹⁶ The whole description strictly answers to that of the Puritans of a later date. Similar descriptions will be found in the poems of Cleveland and Butler.

With safety of her innocence ;
 Whose soul heaven's Queen, (whose name she
 bears,)
 In comfort of her mother's tears,
 Hath placed amongst her virgin-train ;
 Where, while that severed doth remain,
 This grave partakes the fleshly birth ;
 Which cover lightly, gentle earth !

XXIII. TO JOHN DONNE.¹⁷

Donne, the delight of Phœbus and each muse,
 Who to thy one all other brains refuse ;
 Whose every work, of thy most early wit,
 Came forth example and remains so yet ;
 Longer a knowing than most wits do live,
 And which no affection praise enough can give !
 To it thy language, letters, arts, best life,
 Which might with half mankind maintain a
 strife.

¹⁷ Of all his poetical contemporaries, Jonson appears to have held Donne's genius in the highest estimation, although he thought his *Anniversary* profane, and said that he deserved hanging for not "keeping of accent," and that he would perish from not being understood. "He esteemeth John Donne," records Drummond, "the first poet in the world in some things ; his verses of the *Lost Chain* he hath by heart ; and that passage of *The Calm*, 'That dust and feathers do not stir, all was so quiet.' He affirmeth Donne to have written all his best pieces ere he was twenty-five years old." There is no such passage in *The Calm*. The words are:—

"In one place lay
 Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday."—B.

He speaks to men with a rhinocerote's nose,¹⁹
Which he thinks great; and so reads verses, too;
And that is done as he saw great men do.
H' has tympanies of business in his face,
And can forget men's names with a great grace.
He will both argue and discourse in oaths,
Both which are great, and laugh at ill-made
 clothes;
That's greater yet: to cry his own up neat.
He doth at meals, alone his pheasant, eat,
Which is main greatness; and, at his still board,
He drinks to no man: that's, too, like a lord.
He keeps another's wife, which is a spice
Of solemn greatness; and he dares, at dice,
Blaspheme God greatly; or some poor hind beat,
That breathes in his dog's way: and this is great.
Nay more, for greatness' sake, he will be one
May hear my Epigrams, but like of none.
Surly, use other arts, these only can
Style thee a most great fool, but no great man.

XXIX. TO SIR ANNUAL TILTER.²⁰

Tilter, the most may admire thee, though not I;
And thou, right guiltless, mayst plead to it, why?

¹⁹ That is, I believe, with a nose elate, or curled up into a kind of sneer, scornfully, contemptuously. This, at least, is the meaning of the expression in Martial's lively address to his book, Lib. I. iv. — G.

²⁰ Sir Henry Lee, Knight of the Garter, made a vow to present himself at the Tilt Yard annually, on the 27th of November, but in 1590 he surrendered his post as Annual

For thy late sharp device. I say 'tis fit
 All brains, at times of triumph, should run wit:
 For then, our water-conduits do run wine;
 But that's put in, thou'lt say. Why, so is thine.

XXX. TO PERSON GUILTY.

Guilty, be wise; and though thou know'st thy
 crimes
 Be thine, I tax, yet do not own my rhymes:
 'Twere madness in thee to betray thy fame,
 And person, to the world, ere I thy name.

XXXI. ON BANKS THE USURER.

Banks feels no lameness of his knotty gout,
 His moneys travel for him in and out;
 And though the soundest legs go every day,
 He toils to be at hell as soon as they.

XXXII. ON SIR JOHN ROE.

What two brave perils of the private sword
 Could not effect, nor all the Furies do,
 That self-divided Belgia did afford;
 What not the envy of the seas reached to,
 The cold of Moscow, and fat Irish air,
 His often change of clime, (though not of
 mind;)

Tilter, owing to his increasing age, to the Earl of Cumberland. It is hardly likely that the reference in the epigram can be to Sir Henry Lee, and as his action gave rise to a school of Knights of the Tilt Yard, it is not certain that Cumberland is intended.

What could not work at home, in his repair,
 Was his blest fate, but our hard lot to find.
 Which shows, wherever death doth please t'
 appear,
 Seas, sèrenes,²¹ swords, shot, sickness, all are there.

XXXIII. TO THE SAME.

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,
 Glad-mentioned Roe; thou art but gone before,
 Whither the world must follow. And I, now,
 Breathe to expect my When, and make my How;
 Which if most gracious heaven grant like thine,
 Who wets my grave, can be no friend of mine.

XXXIV. OF DEATH.

He that fears death, or mourns it, in the just,
 Shows of the Resurrection little trust.

XXXV. TO KING JAMES.

Who would not be thy subject, James, t' obey
 A Prince that rules by example, more than sway?
 Whose manners draw, more than thy powers
 constrain,
 And in this short time of thy happiest reign,
 Has purged thy realms, as we have now no cause
 Left us of fear, but first our crimes, then laws;
 Like aids 'gainst treasons who hath found before?

²¹ A blight, the damp of evening. — NARES. Jonson uses the word elsewhere: —

“Some serene blast me.” — *Volpone*, II. 6. — B.

And, than in them, how could we know God
more?

First thou preservèd wert our king to be,
And since, the whole land was preserved for
thee.²²

XXXVI. TO THE GHOST OF MARTIAL.

Martial, thou gav'st far nobler epigrams
To thy Domitian, than I can my James;
But in my royal subject I pass thee,
Thou flatter'dst thine, mine cannot flattered be.

XXXVII. ON CHEVERIL THE LAWYER.

No cause, nor client fat, will Chev'ril leese,
But as they come, on both sides he takes fees,
And pleaseth both; for while he melts his grease
For this, that wins for whom he holds his peace.

XXXVIII. TO PERSON GUILTY.

Guilty, because I bade you late be wise,*
And to conceal your ulcers did advise,
You laugh when you are touched, and long before
Any man else you clap your hands, and roar,
And cry, "Good! Good!" This quite perverts
my sense,

²² This epigram was probably written in 1604 as the allusion is to the plague, which broke out in London after the death of Elizabeth. The "treasons" spoken of above are probably those of the Gowries and the Duke of Raleigh. — G.

* See Epigram xxx. p. 19.

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* See Epigram xxx. p. 19.

And lies so far from wit, 'tis impudence.
 Believe it, Guilty, if you lose your shame,
 I'll lose my modesty and tell your name.

XXXIX. ON OLD COLT.

For all night-sins with others' wives unknown,
 Colt now doth daily penance in his own.

XL. ON MARGARET RATCLIFFE.²³

M arble weep ! for thou dost cover,
 A dead beauty underneath thee,
 R ich as nature could bequeath thee ;
 G rant then, no rude hand remove her.
 A ll the gazers in the skies,
 R ead not in fair heaven's story
 E xpresser truth, or truer glory,
 T han they might in her bright eyes.

R are as wonder was her wit,
 A nd, like nectar, ever flowing ;
 T ill time, strong by her bestowing,
 C onquered hath both life and it ;
 L ife, whose grief was out of fashion
 I n these times. Few so have rued
 F ate in a brother.²⁴ To conclude,
 or wit, feature, and true passion,
 arth, thou hast not such another.

lady appears to have been the sister of Sir John
 See Epigram xciii. p. 49. — B.

ths of four brothers are mentioned in the epi-
 to in the previous note. — B.

XLI. ON GIPSY.

Gipsy, new bawd, is turned physician,
And gets more gold than all the college can ;
Such her quaint practice is, so it allures,
For what she gave, a whore — a bawd, she cures.

XLII. ON GILES AND JOAN.

Who says that Giles and Joan at discord be ?
Th' observing neighbors no such mood can see.
Indeed, poor Giles repents he married ever ;
But that his Joan doth too. And Giles would
never,
By his free will, be in Joan's company ;
No more would Joan he should. Giles riseth
early,
And having got him out of doors is glad ;
The like is Joan : but turning home is sad ;
And so is Joan. Ofttimes when Giles doth find
Harsh sights at home, Giles wisheth he were
blind ;
All this doth Joan : or that his long-yearned life
Were quite outspun ; the like wish hath his wife.
The children that he keeps, Giles swears are
none
Of his begetting ; and so swears his Joan.
In all affection she concurreth still.
If now, with man and wife, to will and nill
The selfsame things a note of concord be,
I know no couple better can agree !

XLIII. TO ROBERT, EARL OF SALISBURY.²⁵

What need hast thou of me, or of my muse,
 Whose actions so themselves do celebrate?
 Which, should thy country's love to speak refuse,
 Her foes enough would fame thee in their hate.
 'Tofore, great men were glad of poets; now,
 I, not the worst, am covetous of thee;
 Yet dare not to my thought least hope allow
 Of adding to thy fame; thine may to me,
 When in my book men read but Cecil's name,
 And what I write thereof find far, and free
 From servile flattery, (common poets' shame,)
 As thou stand'st clear of the necessity.

XLIV. ON CHUFFE,

BANKS THE USURER'S KINSMAN.

Chuffe, lately rich in name, in chattels, goods,
 And rich in issue to inherit all,
 Ere blacks were bought for his own funeral,
 Saw all his race approach the blacker floods:
 He meant they thither should make swift
 repair,
 When he made him executor, might be heir.

XLV. ON MY FIRST SON.²⁶

Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
 My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy;

²⁵ The younger son of Lord Burleigh.

²⁶ The following remarkable circumstance relating to the death of Jonson's son is related by Drummond: "When the

Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
 Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
 Oh ! could I lose all father, now ! for why
 Will man lament the state he should envÿ ?
 To have so soon 'scaped world's, and flesh's rage,
 And, if no other misery, yet age ?
 Rest in soft peace and, asked, say here doth lie
 Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry ;
 For whose sake, henceforth, all his vows be
 such,
 As what he loves may never like too much.

XLVI. TO SIR LUCKLESS WOO-ALL.

Is this the Sir who, some waste wife to win,
 A knighthood bought, to go a-wooing in ?
 'Tis Luckless, he that took up one on band
 To pay at's day of marriage. By my hand
 The knight-wright's cheated then ! he'll never
 pay :
 Yes, now he wears his knighthood every day.

king came in England at that time the pest was in London, Jonson, being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camden, saw in a vision his eldest son, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross on his forehead, as if it had been cut with a sword, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him ; who persuaded him it was but an apprehension of his fantasy, at which he should not be dejected ; in the mean time comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection."

XLVII. TO THE SAME.

Sir Luckless, troth, for luck's sake pass by one;
He that wooes every widow will get none.

XLVIII. ON MUNGRIL ESQUIRE.

His bought arms Mung' not liked; for his first
day
Of bearing them in field, he threw 'em away:
And hath no honor lost, our duellists say.²⁷

XLIX. TO PLAYWRIGHT.²⁸

Playwright me reads, and still my verses damns,
He says I want the tongue of Epigrams;
I have no salt:²⁹ no bawdry he doth mean;
For witty, in his language, is obscene.
Playwright, I loathe to have thy manners known
In my chaste book; profess them in thine own.

L. TO SIR COD.³⁰

Leave, Cod, tobacco-like, burned gums to take,
Or fummy clysters, thy moist lungs to bake:
Arsenic would thee fit for society make.

²⁷ The arms were usually portrayed upon the shield; so that on his entering into battle he flung away his shield, that he might not be encumbered in his flight. This marks him for his cowardice. — W. Jonson might have thrown his epigram after Mungril's arms with no more loss of credit than the other of honor. — G.

²⁸ Probably Dekker. — B.

²⁹ Gifford, on the strength of this phrase, commends Pope's emendation of the passage in *Hamlet*, II. ii., "I remember one said there were no [sallets] salts in the lines to make the matter savory."

³⁰ See Epigram xix. p. 13.

LI. TO KING JAMES.

UPON THE HAPPY FALSE RUMOR OF HIS DEATH, THE TWO
AND TWENTIETH DAY OF MARCH, 1607.⁸¹

That we thy loss might know, and thou our love,
Great heaven did well to give ill fame free wing;
Which though it did but panic terror prove,
And far beneath least pause of such a king;
Yet give thy jealous subjects leave to doubt,
Who this thy 'scape from rumor gratulate,
No less than if from peril; and devout,
Do beg thy care unto thy after-state.
For we that have our eyes still in our ears,
Look not upon thy dangers, but our fears.

LII. TO CENSORIOUS COURTLING.

Courtling, I rather thou shouldst utterly
Dispraise my work, than praise it frostily:
When I am read thou feign'st a weak applause,
As if thou wert my friend, but lack'dst a cause.
This but thy judgment fools: the other way
Would both thy folly and thy spite betray.

LIII. TO OLD-END GATHERER.

Long-gathering Old-end, I did fear thee wise,
When having pill'd ³² a book which no man buys,

⁸¹ The false report was that his majesty had been assassinated while he was out hunting near Woking in Surrey. The rumor was so circumstantial in its details, even to the poisoned knife with which the regicide was said to have been committed, that it obtained immediate credence, and produced universal consternation. — B.

⁸² That is, pillaged.

Thou wert content the author's name to lose:
 But when, in place, thou didst the patron's
 choose,
 It was as if thou printed hadst an oath,
 To give the world assurance thou wert both;
 And that, as puritans at baptism do,
 Thou art the father and the witness too.
 For, but thyself, where, out of motley, 's he ³³
 Could save that line to dedicate to thee?

LIV. ON CHEVERIL.

Cheveril cries out, my verses libels are;
 And threatens the Star-chamber and the Bar:
 What are thy petulant pleadings, Cheveril, then,
 That quitt'st the cause so oft, and rail'st at men?

LV. TO FRANCIS BEAUMONT.³⁴

How I do love thee, Beaumont, and thy muse,
 That unto me dost such religion use!

³³ That is, except yourself, who but a fool, &c. — B.

³⁴ This short poem is an answer to a letter which Beaumont, then in the country with Fletcher, sent to Jonson, together with two unfinished comedies. . . . The passage to which the text more immediately applies is the following:—

“Fate once again

Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain

The way of knowledge for me, and then I,

(Who have no good but in thy company,)

Protest it will my greatest comfort be,

To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee.

Ben, when these scenes are perfect, we'll taste wine,

I'll drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.” — G.

How I do fear myself, that am not worth
 The least indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
 At once thou mak'st me happy, and unmak'st;
 And giving largely to me, more thou tak'st!
 What fate is mine, that so itself bereaves?
 What art is thine, that so thy friend deceives?
 When even there, where most thou praisest me,
 For writing better, I must envy thee.

LVI. ON POET-APE.⁸⁵

Poor Poet-ape, that would be thought our chief,
 Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
 From brocade is become so bold a thief,
 As we, the robbed, leave rage and pity it.
 At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,
 Buy the reversion of old plays; now grown
 To a little wealth, and credit in the scene,
 He takes up all, makes each man's wit his own:
 And, told of this, he slights it. Tut, such crimes
 The sluggish gaping auditor devours;
 He marks not whose 'twas first: and after times
 May judge it to be his, as well as ours.
 Fool! as if half eyes will not know a fleece
 From locks of wool, or shreds from the whole
 piece.

⁸⁵ If any poet of eminence is to be sought for to fit these lines, which may be doubted, the abusive taunts of Dekker, when he rings the changes on Jonson the Bricklayer, might offer some justification for supposing this to be a retaliatory epigram.

LVII. ON BAWDS AND USURERS.

If, as their ends, their fruits were so the same,
Bawdry and usury were one kind of game.

LVIII. TO GROOM IDIOT.

Idiot, last night I prayed thee but forbear
To read my verses; now I must to hear:
For offering with thy smiles my wit to grace,
Thy ignorance still laughs in the wrong place.
And so my sharpness thou no less disjoins,
Than thou didst late my sense, losing my points.
So have I seen at Christmas sports one lost
And hoodwinked, for a man embrace a post.

LIX. ON SPIES.

Spies, you are lights in state, but of base stuff,
Who, when you've burned yourselves down to
the snuff,
Stink and are thrown away. End fair enough.

LX. TO WILLIAM LORD MOUNTEAGLE.³⁶

Lo, what my country should have done (have
raised
An obelisk, or column to thy name,
Or, if she would but modestly have praised
Thy fact, in brass or marble writ the same)
I, that am glad of thy great chance, here do!
And, proud my work shall outlast common
deeds,

³⁶ The nobleman who received the mysterious letter which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. — B.

Durst think it great, and worthy wonder too,
 But thine, for which I do't, so much exceeds !
 My country's parents I have many known ;
 But saver of my country thee alone.

LXI. TO FOOL, OR KNAVE.

Thy praise or dispraise is to me alike,
 One doth not stroke me nor the other strike.

LXII. TO FINE LADY WOULD-BE.

Fine Madame Would-be, wherefore should you
 fear,
 That love to make so well, a child to bear ?
 The world reputes you barren ; but I know
 Your 'pothecary, and his drug says no.
 Is it the pain affrights ? that's soon forgot.
 Or your complexion's loss ? you have a pot
 That can restore that. Will it hurt your fea-
 ture ?
 To make amends, you're thought a wholesome
 creature.
 What should the cause be ? Oh, you live at
 court,
 And there's both loss of time and loss of sport
 In a great belly. Write then on thy womb,
 "Of the not born, yet buried, here's the tomb."

LXIII. TO ROBERT, EARL OF SALISBURY.

Who can consider thy right courses run,
 With what thy virtue on the times hath won,

And not thy fortune? Who can clearly see
The judgment of the king so shine in thee,
And that thou seek'st reward of thy each act,
Not from the public voice, but private fact?
Who can behold all envy so declined
By constant suffering of thy equal mind,
And can to these be silent, Salisbury,
Without his, thine, and all time's injury?
Cursed be his Muse, that could lie dumb, or hid
To so true worth, though thou thyself forbid.

LXIV. TO THE SAME.

UPON THE ACCESSION OF THE TREASURERSHIP TO HIM.³⁷

Not glad, like those that have new lopes, or suits,
With thy new place, bring I these early fruits
Of love, and, what the golden age ^{had} hold
A treasure, art, condemned in th' age of gold;
Nor glad as those, that old dependents be,
To see thy father's rites new laid on thee;
Nor glad for fashion; nor to show a fit
Of flattery to thy titles, nor of wit.
But I am glad to see that time survive,
Where merit is not sepulchred alive;
Where good men's virtues them to honors bring,
And not to dangers; when so wise a king
Contented t' have worth enjoy, from his regard,
As her own conscience, still, the same reward.
These, noblest Cecil, labored in my thought,

³⁷ The Earl of Salisbury was made Lord High Treasurer in 1608. — B.

Wherein what wonder see thy name hath
 wrought?
 That whilst I meant but thine to gratulate,
 I've sung the greater fortunes of our state.

LXV. TO MY MUSE.

Away, and leave me, thou thing most abhorred
 That hast betrayed me to a worthless lord;
 Made me commit most fierce idolatry
 To a great image through thy luxury.
 Be thy next master's more unlucky Muse,
 And, as thou'st mine, his hours and youth
 abuse.
 Get him the time's long grudge, the court's ill-
 will,
 And, reconciled, keep him suspected still.
 Make him lose all his friends, and, which is worse,
 Almost all ways to any better course.
 With me thou leav'st a happier muse than thee,
 And which thou brought'st me, welcome Pov-
 erty;
 She shall instruct my afterthoughts to write
 Things manly, and not smelling parasite.
 But I repent me: stay — Whoe'er is raised,
 For worth he has not, he is taxed, not praised.

LXVI. TO SIR HENRY CARY.³⁸

That neither fame nor love might wanting be
 To greatness, Cary, I sing that and thee;

³⁸ The first Lord Falkland, son of Sir Edward Cary, and

Whose house, if it no other honor had,
 In only thee might be both great and glad;
 Who, to upbraid the sloth of this our time,
 Durst valor make almost, but not a crime.
 Which deed I know not, whether were more high,
 Or thou more happy, it to justify
 Against thy fortune; when no foe that day
 Could conquer thee, but chance who did betray.
 Love thy great loss, which a renown hath won,
 To live when Broeck not stands, nor Roor doth
 run.³⁹

Love ho' ors, which of best example be
 When they cost dearest and are done most free,
 Though every fortitude deserves applause,
 It may be much or little in the cause.
 He's valiant'st, that dares fight, and not for pay;
 That virtuous is, when the reward's away.

LXVII. TO THOMAS, EARL OF SUFFOLK.⁴⁰

Since men have left to do praiseworthy things,
 Most think all praises flatteries. But truth
 brings

father of the gallant Lucius, Lord Falkland. Sir Henry Cary was appointed by King James Lord Deputy of Ireland. He died in 1620, in consequence of having broken his leg on a stand at Theobald's. — B.

³⁹ The castle and river near where he was taken. — JONSON. The incident occurred in 1605, when Spinola defeated Count Maurice in an attempt made by the latter to surprise one of his covering parties at the passage of the Roor. — B.

⁴⁰ He was so created by James I. in 1603, and bore several great offices of state. In the twelfth year of the same king, he

That sound and that authority with her name,
 As to be raised by her is only fame.
 Stand high then, Howard, high in eyes of men,
 High in thy blood, thy place, but highest then,
 When, in men's wishes, so thy virtues wrought,
 As all thy honors were by them first sought;
 And thou designed to be the same thou art,
 Before thou wert it, in each good man's heart.
 Which, by no less confirmed than thy king's
 choice,
 Proves that is God's, which was the people's
 voice.

LXVIII. ON PLAYWRIGHT.⁴¹

Playwright, convict of public wrongs to men,
 Takes private beatings and begins again.
 Two kinds of valor he doth show at once:
 Active in's brain, and passive in his bones.

LXIX. TO PERTINAX COB.

Cob, thou nor soldier, thief, nor fencer art,
 Yet by thy weapon liv'st: thou'st one good part.

was constituted Lord High Treasurer, and it is not improbable but this epigram was addressed to him on his promotion to that high station. — W. The epigram has a much earlier date than Whalley assigns it. It was probably written upon his accession to the title of Suffolk, when he was also appointed Lord Chamberlain. — G.

⁴¹ The allusion to "private beatings" identifies Marston as the playwright of this epigram. "He had many quarrels with Marston," says Drummond, "beat him, and took his pistol from him." — B.

LXX. TO WILLIAM ROE.⁴²

When nature bids us leave to live, 'tis late
 Then to begin, my Roe! He makes a state
 In life, that can employ it; and takes hold
 On the true causes, ere they grow too old.
 Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst;
 Each best day of our life escapes us first.⁴³
 Then, since we, more than many, these truths
 know,
 Though life be short, let us not make it so.

LXXI. ON COURT PARROT.

To pluck down mine, Poll sets up new wits still,
 Still, 'tis his luck to praise me 'gainst his will.

LXXII. TO COURTLING.

I grieve not, Courtling, thou art started up
 A chamber-critic, and dost dine and sup
 At madam's table, where thou mak'st all wit
 Go high or low, as thou wilt value it.
 'Tis not thy judgment breeds the prejudice,
 Thy person only, Courtling, is the vice.

LXXIII. TO FINE GRAND.⁴⁴

What is't, fine Grand, makes thee my friendship
 fly
 Or take an epigram so fearfully,

⁴² Probably, as Gifford supposes, one of the brothers of Sir John Roe. — B.

⁴³ "Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
 Prima fugit." VIRGIL, *Georgics*, III. 66.

⁴⁴ Randolph has imitated this Epigram in his *Pedlar*; a forgotten piece, from which Dodsley took the plot, and something more than the plot, of his *Toy-Shop*. — G.

As 'twere a challenge, or a borrower's letter ?
The world must know your greatness is my debtor.

Imprimis, Grand, you owe me for a jest
I lent you, on mere acquaintance, at a feast.

Item, a tale or two some fortnight after,
That yet maintains you and your house in laughter.

Item, the Babylonian song you sing ;

Item, a fair Greek posy for a ring :

With which a learnèd madam you belie.

Item, a charm surrounding fearfully

Your partie-per-pale⁴⁵ picture, one half drawn

In solemn cypress, the other cobweb lawn.

Item, a gulling imprese⁴⁶ for you, at tilt.

Item, your mistress' anagram, i' your hilt.

Item, your own, sewed in your mistress' smock.

Item, an epitaph on my lord's cock,

In most vile verses, and cost me more pain,

Than had I made 'em good, to fit your vein.

Forty things more, dear Grand, which you know
true,

For which or pay me quickly, or I'll pay you.

LXXIV. TO THOMAS, LORD CHANCELLOR
EGERTON.⁴⁷

Whilst thy weighed judgments, Egerton, I hear,
And know thee, then, a judge not of one year ;

⁴⁵ A heraldic phrase. A coat bisected by a vertical line, with a different field on each side of it, is said to be *party* (or divided) *per pale*.

⁴⁶ A device on a shield.

⁴⁷ Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, was one of the most remarkable men in an age of great lawyers and eminent states-

Whilst I behold thee live with purest hands ;
 That no affection in thy voice commands ;
 That still th'art present to the better cause ;
 And no less wise, than skilful in the laws ;
 Whilst thou art certain to thy words, once gone,
 As is thy conscience, which is always one :
 The Virgin, long since fled from earth, I see,
 To our times returned, hath made her heaven in
 thee.

LXXV. ON LIPPE, THE TEACHER.⁴⁸

I cannot think there's that antipathy
 'Twixt puritans and players, as some cry ;
 Though Lippe, at Paul's, ran from his text away
 T'inveigh 'gainst plays — what did he then but
 play ?

men. He was descended from an old family in Cheshire, and applying himself with unwearied assiduity to his profession, was early marked out for its highest honors ; passing successively, during the reign of Elizabeth, through the offices of Solicitor and Attorney-General, Master of the Rolls, and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal ; in which latter capacity he received King James, who, with special marks of favor, continued him in his high appointment. "Surely all Christendom," says Fuller, "afforded not a person who carried more gravity in his countenance and behavior than Sir Thomas Egerton, inasmuch that many have gone to the Chancery on purpose only to see his venerable garb (happy they who had no other business!) and were highly pleased at so acceptable a spectacle." He survived Jonson's panegyric scarcely a year, and died on the 15th March, 1617, in his seventy-seventh year, having resigned the great seal less than a fortnight before.—B.

⁴⁸ Lippe, like Cod, Surly, Mungril, and similar names, may be taken as a nickname only.

LXXVI. ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.⁴⁹

This morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous Muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire,
To honor, serve, and love, as poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than
great ;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness, pride ;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learnèd and a manly soul
I purposed her, that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My Muse bade, *Bedford* write, and that was
she !

⁴⁹ This lady, sister and co-heir of the second Lord Harrington, was distinguished alike by the variety of her attainments, and her liberal patronage of men of genius. Amongst those upon whom she specially bestowed her munificence were Jonson, Drayton, Daniel, and Donne, and they have all paid poetical homage to her merits and her bounty. "Sir Thomas Roe," says Granger, "has addressed a letter to her as one skilled in medals ; and she is celebrated by Sir William Temple for projecting the most perfect figure of a garden that he ever saw." She died in 1627. — B.

LXXVII. TO ONE THAT DESIRED ME NOT TO
NAME HIM.

Be safe, nor fear thyself so good a fame,
That, any way, my book should speak thy name;
For, if thou shame, ranked with my friends, to go,
I'm more ashamed to have thee thought my foe.

LXXVIII. TO HORNET.

Hornet, thou hast thy wife dressed for the stall,
To draw thee custom; but herself gets all.

LXXIX. TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF RUTLAND.⁵⁰

That poets are far rarer births than kings,
Your noblest father proved; like whom, before,
Or then, or since, about our Muses' springs,
Came not that soul exhausted so their store.
Hence was it, that the destinies decreed
(Save that most masculine issue of his brain)⁵¹
No male unto him: who could so exceed
Nature, they thought, in all that he would
feign.
At which, she happily displeased, made you;
On whom, if he were living now to look,
He should those rare and absolute numbers view,
As he would burn, or better far his book.

⁵⁰ Daughter of Sir Philip Sidney, by his wife Frances Walsingham, only daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham. She was not only a patroness of poets, but was herself a poetess of no ordinary mark. — B.

⁵¹ The *Arcadia*.

LXXX. OF LIFE AND DEATH.

The ports of death are sins; of life, good deeds:
 Through which our merit leads us to our needs.
 How wilful blind is he, then, that would stray,
 And hath it in his powers to make his way!
 This world death's region is, the other life's:
 And here it should be one of our first strifes,
 So to front death, as men might judge us past it:
 For good men but see death, the wicked taste it.

LXXXI. TO PROWLE, THE PLAGIARY.

Forbear to tempt me, Prowle, I will not show
 A line unto thee, till the world it know;
 Or that I've by two good sufficient men,
 To be the wealthy witness of my pen:⁵²
 For all thou hear'st, thou swear'st thyself didst do.
 Thy wit lives by it, Prowle, and belly too.
 Which, if thou leave not soon, though I am loth,
 I must a libel make, and cozen both.

LXXXII. ON CASHIERED CAPTAIN SURLY.

Surly's old whore in her new silks doth swim:
 He cast, yet keeps her well! No, she keeps him.

LXXXIII. TO A FRIEND.

To put out the word whore thou dost me woo,
 Throughout my book. 'Troth, put out woman too.

⁵² A pure Latinism: *testis locuples* is the phrase for a full and sufficient evidence. — W.

LXXXIV. TO LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

Madam, I told you late how I repented,
 I asked a lord a buck, and he denied me;
 And, ere I could ask you, I was prevented,
 For your most noble offer had supplied me.
 Straight went I home; and there, most like a
 poet,
 I fancied to myself what wine, what wit
 I would have spent; how every Muse should
 know it,
 And Phoebus' self should be at eating it.
 O Madam, if your grant did thus transfer me,
 Make it your gift! ⁵³ See whither that will
 bear me.

LXXXV. TO SIR HENRY GOODYERE. ⁵⁴

Goodyere, I'm glad and grateful to report
 Myself a witness of thy few days' sport:
 Where I both learned why wise men hawking
 follow,

⁵³ She had probably offered him a warrant for one: the object of the epigram seems to be that it should be sent home to him. — G.

⁵⁴ A gentleman of fortune who resided at Polesworth, in Warwickshire, and who is frequently alluded to in the literary history of the time from his extensive intercourse with men of letters. He was the intimate associate of Donne. Jonson justly compliments him in the succeeding epigram, one of the happiest in the collection, on his choice of friends and books. Sir Henry Goodyere, however, did not cultivate literature with much success himself. — B.

And why that bird was sacred to Apollo;
 She doth instruct men by her gallant flight,
 That they to knowledge so should tower upright,
 And never stoop but to strike ignorance;
 Which if they miss, they yet should readvance
 To former height, and there in circle tarry,
 Till they be sure to make the fool their quarry.
 Now, in whose pleasures I have this discerned,
 What would his serious actions me have learned?

LXXXVI. TO THE SAME.

When I would know thee, Goodyere, my thought
 looks
 Upon thy well-made choice of friends and books;
 Then do I love thee, and behold thy ends
 In making thy friends books, and thy books
 friends;
 Now, I must give thy life and deed the voice
 Attending such a study, such a choice;
 Where, though 't be love that to thy praise doth
 move,
 It was a knowledge that begat that love.

LXXXVII. ON CAPTAIN HAZARD, THE CHEATER.

Touched with the sin of false play, in his punk,
 Hazard a month forswore his; and grew drunk
 Each night to drown his cares; but when the gain
 Of what she'd wrought came in, and waked his
 brain,
 Upon th' accompt, hers grew the quicker trade;
 Since when, he's sober again, and all play's made.

LXXXVIII. ON ENGLISH MONSIEUR.

Would you believe, when you this Monsieur see,
 That his whole body should speak French, not he?
 That so much scarf of France, and hat, and feather,
 And shoe, and tie, and garter should come hither;
 And land on one whose face durst never be
 Toward the sea, farther than half-way tree? ⁵⁵
 That he, untravelled, should be French so much,
 As Frenchmen in his company should seem
 Dutch?

Or had his father, when he did him get,
 The French disease, with which he labors yet?
 Or hung some Monsieur's picture on the wall,
 By which his dam conceived him, clothes and all?
 Or is it some French statue? No; 't doth move,
 And stoop, and cringe. O then, it needs must
 prove
 The new French tailor's motion, monthly made,
 Daily to turn in Paul's, and help the trade.

LXXXIX. TO EDWARD ALLEN.⁵⁶

If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
 Feared not to boast the glories of her stage,

⁵⁵ In the way to Dover, in the poet's time 'tis probable some remarkable tree might be standing in the road about half-way thither. — W.

⁵⁶ The connection of Allen's name (usually spelt Alleyn, but now printed Allen) with the munificent endowment of Dulwich College has eclipsed his reputation as an actor; but, independeatly of this high encomium by Jonson, ample evidence has been traced not only of the influential position he

As skilful⁵⁷ Roscius, and grave Æsop, men,
 Yet crowned with honors, as with riches then;
 Who had no less a trumpet of their name
 Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame;
 How can so great example die in me,
 That, Allen, I should pause to publish thee?
 Who both their graces in thyself hast more

held in relation to the stage, but of his great skill as a player. He appears to have been the chief manager of the business of the company for Henslowe, with whom he was part proprietor of the Fortune, and to whose step-daughter he was married. He negotiated with authors, and made engagements with actors, for which he was better qualified in some respects than Henslowe, who, although an excellent man of business, was illiterate. There is reason to believe, also, from certain entries in Henslowe's diary, that he sometimes helped to reconstruct, or adapt, pieces for the stage. As an actor he certainly stood in the first rank, and his special merits in particular parts are testified by Nash, Dekker, and Heywood. All the particulars of his life that are now likely to be recovered have been collected by Mr. Collier in the *Memoir* of him, and in the *Alleyne Papers*, published by the Shakespeare Society. — B.

⁵⁷ Gifford remarks on the instinct for right words which Jonson had, as illustrated by his translation of *doctus*, as applied to Roscius in Horace's line:—

“Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.”

“Hurd has two or three pages of vapid pomposity to prove that *doctus*, applied by Horace to Roscius, ought to be translated *skilful* and not *learned*. Jonson, who had ten times Hurd's learning, without a tithe of his pedantry, had done it in one word.” One is constantly remarking the easy appearance of Jonson's learning. It made a part of the fibre of his mind, and disclosed itself whenever the subject naturally drew it forth.

Outstripped, than they did all that went before ;
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown. 'Tis just, that who did give
So many poets life, by one should live.

XC. ON MILL, MY LADY'S WOMAN.

When Mill first came to court, the unprofiting
fool,
Unworthy such a mistress, such a school,
Was dull, and long ere she would go to man ;
At last, ease, appetite, and example won
The nicer thing to taste her lady's page ;
And, finding good security in his age,
Went on ; and proving him still, day by day,
Discerned no difference of his years or play.
Not though that hair grew brown, which once
was amber,
And he grown youth, was called to his lady's
chamber,
Still Mill continued : nay, his face growing
worse,
And he removed to gent'man of the horse,
Mill was the same. Since, both his body and
face
Blown up ; and he (too unwieldy for that place)
Hath got the steward's chair ; he will not tarry
Longer a day, but with his Mill will marry.
And it is hoped, that she, like Milo, wull
First bearing him a calf, bear him a bull.

XCI. TO SIR HORACE VERE.⁵⁸

Which of thy names I take, not only bears
 A Roman sound, but Roman virtue wears,
 Illustrious Vere, or Horace, fit to be
 Sung by a Horace, or a muse as free;
 Which thou art to thyself: whose fame was won
 In th'eye of Europe, where thy deeds were done,
 When on thy trumpet she did sound a blast,
 Whose relish to eternity shall last.
 I leave thy acts, which should I prosecute
 Throughout, might flattery seem; and to be
 mute
 To any one, were envy: which would live
 Against my grave, and time could not forgive.
 I speak thy other graces, not less shown,
 Nor less in practice, but less marked, less known;
 Humanity and piety, which are
 As noble in great chiefs as they are rare,

⁵⁸ One of the two grandsons, by his son Geoffrey Vere, of John Vere, fifteenth Earl of Oxford. Fuller draws a contrast between the two brothers Francis and Horace, showing that the former was of a fiery spirit, rigid and undaunted courage, and that the latter had as much valor and more meekness, with so great a sense of piety that he first made his peace with God before he went out to war with man. "Had one seen him returning from a victory," says Fuller, "he would, by his silence, have suspected that he lost the day; and had he beheld him in a retreat, he would have collected him a conqueror, by the cheerfulness of his spirit." He was created Baron Vere of Tilbury, in 1625, the first baron of King Charles I.'s creation. The title became extinct at his death. — B.

And best become the valiant man to wear,
Who more should seek men's reverence, than fear.

XCII. THE NEW CRY.

Ere cherries ripe!⁵⁹ and strawberries! be gone,
Unto the cries of London I'll add one;
Ripe statesmen, ripe! They grow in every street;
At six-and-twenty, ripe. You shall 'em meet,
And have 'em yield no savor but of state.

Ripe are their ruffs, their cuffs, their beards,
 their gait,

And grave as ripe, like mellow as their faces.

They know the states of Christendom, not the
 places;

Yet they have seen the maps, and bought 'em too,
And understand 'em, as most chapmen do.

The councils, projects, practices they know,
And what each prince doth for intelligence owe,
And unto whom: they are the almanacs

For twelve years yet to come, what each state
 lacks.

They carry in their pockets Tacitus,

And the Gazetti, or Gallo-Belgicus;

And talk reserved, looked up, and full of fear;

Nay, ask you how the day goes, in your ear.

Keep a Star-chamber sentence close twelve days,
And whisper what a proclamation says.

⁵⁹ One of the common cries in the streets of London in the days of Elizabeth and James. The cry has obtained poetical immortality in the well-known lines of Herrick. — B.

They meet in sixes, and at every mart
 Are sure to con the catalogue by heart;
 Or, every day, some one at Rimec's looks,
 Or Bill's, and there he buys the names of books.
 They all get Porta,⁶⁰ for the sundry ways
 To write in cipher, and the several keys
 To ope the character. They've found the sleight
 With juice of lemons, onions, piss, to write;
 To break up seals, and close 'em. And they know
 If the States make [not]⁶¹ peace, how it will go
 With England. All forbidden books they get,
 And of the Powder-plot they will talk yet.
 At naming the French king, their heads they
 shake,
 And at the Pope and Spain slight faces make.
 Or 'gainst the bishops, for the brethren rail
 Much like those brethren; thinking to prevail
 With ignorance on us, as they have done
 On them; and, therefore, do not only shun
 Others more modest, but condemn us too,
 That know not so much state, wrong, as they do.

XCIII. TO SIR JOHN RATCLIFFE.⁶²

How like a column, Ratcliffe, left alone
 For the great mark of virtue, those being gone
 Who did, alike with thee, thy house upbear,

⁶⁰ The first two were booksellers; the last was the famous Neapolitan Johannes Baptista Porta, who has a treatise extant in Latin, *De furtivis literarum notis, vulgo de Ziferis*, printed at Naples, 1563. He died in 1615. — W.

⁶¹ The word in brackets is inserted by Gifford.

⁶² See Epigram xl. p. 22.

Stand'st thou, to show the times what you all
were!

Two bravely in the battle fell, and died,⁶³
Upbraiding rebels' arms, and barbarous pride;
And two that would have fallen as great as they,
The Belgic fever ravishèd away.

Thou, that art all their valor, all their spirit,
And thine own goodness to increase thy merit,
Than whose I do not know a whiter soul,
Nor could I, had I seen all nature's roll;
Thou yet remain'st, unhurt in peace or war,
Though not unproved; which shows thy fortunes are

Willing to expiate the fault in thee,
Wherewith, against thy blood, they offenders be.

XCIV. TO LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD,⁶⁴ WITH
MR. DONNE'S SATIRES.

Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
Life of the Muses' day, their morning star!
If works (not th' authors) their own grace
should look,

Whose poems would not wish to be your book?
But these, desired by you, the maker's ends
Crown with their own. Rare poems ask rare
friends.

Yet, satires, since the most of mankind be
Their unavoided subject, fewest see;

⁶³ In Ireland. — JONSON.

⁶⁴ See Epigram lxxvi. p. 39.

For none e'er took that pleasure in sin's sense,
But, when they heard it taxed, took more offence.
They, then, that living where the matter's bred,
Dare for these poems yet both ask and read,
And like them too, must needfully, though few,
Be of the best; and 'mongst those best are you:
Lucy, you brightness of our sphere, who are
The Muses' evening, as their morning star.

XCV. TO SIR HENRY SAVILE.⁶⁵

If, my religion safe, I durst embrace
That stranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
I should believe the soul of Tacitus
In thee, most weighty Savile, lived to us:
So hast thou rendered him in all his bounds,
And all his numbers, both of sense and sounds.
But when I read that special piece, restored,
Where Nero falls, and Galba is adored,
To thine own proper I ascribe then more,

⁶⁵ The founder of the Professorship which bears his name at Oxford, and one of the most learned men of his age. His most remarkable labor was an edition of the works of Chrysostom, in eight folio volumes. Fuller tells us that French emissaries surreptitiously procured the sheets as they passed through the press, and sent them to Paris, where they were reprinted, with a Latin translation and considerable additions, immediately after the appearance of Sir Henry's edition in England, which at first they considerably outstripped in sale. Sir Henry was provost of Eton, where he died in 1621, with the reputation, says Aubrey, of having been so "severe a governor, that the scholars hated him for his austerity."—B.

And gratulate the breach I grieved before,
Which fate, it seems, caused in the history,
Only to boast thy merit in supply.
Oh, wouldst thou add like hand to all the rest !
Or, better work ! were thy glad country blessed
To have her story wòven in thy thread,
Minerva's loom was never richer spread.
For who can master those great parts like thee,
That liv'st from hope, from fear, from faction
free ?

Thou hast thy breast so clear of potent crimes,
Thou need'st not shrink at voice of after-times ;
Whose knowledge claimeth at the helm to stand,
But wisely thrusts not forth a forward hand,
No more than Sallust in the Roman state :
As then his cause, his glory emulate.
Although to write be lesser than to do,
It is the next deed, and a great one too.
We need a man that knows the several graces
Of history, and how to apt their places ;
Where brevity, where splendor, and where
height,
Where sweetness is requirèd, and where weight ;
We need a man can speak of the intents,
The councils, actions, orders, and events
Of states, and censure them ; we need his pen
Can write the things, the causes, and the men ;
But most we need his faith (and all have you)
That dares not write things false, nor hide things
true.

XCVI. TO JOHN DONNE.

Who shall doubt, Donne, whe'er I a poet be,
 When I dare send my Epigrams to thee ?
 That so alone canst judge, s' alone dost make ;
 And in thy censures evenly dost take
 As free simplicity, to disavow,
 As thou hast best authority t' allow ?
 Read all I send ; and if I find but one
 Marked by thy hand, and with the better stone,
 My title's sealed. Those that for claps do write,
 Let pui'nees', ⁶⁶ porters', players' praise delight,
 And, till they burst, their backs, like asses, load :
 A man should seek great glory, and not broad.

XCVII. ON THE NEW MOTION.⁶⁷

See you yon' motion ? not the old fa-ding,⁶⁸
 Nor Captain Pod,⁶⁹ nor yet the Eltham thing ;⁷⁰
 But one more rare, and in the case so new :

⁶⁶ Punies.

⁶⁷ A motion was the term applied to a puppet-show, and here to a puppet.

"O, excellent motion ! O, exceeding puppet."

Two Gentlemen of Verona, II. i.

So Jonson also, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, Act V. Sc. iv., introduces a motion at length.

⁶⁸ "With such delicate burthens of 'dildos and fadings.'"

A Winter's Tale, IV. iii.

A rustic Irish dance, described at length in Boswell's edition of Malone's Shakspeare, under above passage.

⁶⁹ A well-known master of a puppet-show.

⁷⁰ A similar allusion occurs in *The Silent Woman* : "The perpetual motion is here, and not at Eltham."—B. Eltham was a market town of importance at this time, and the palace there was a royal residence.

His cloak with orient velvet quite lined through;
 His rosy ties and garters so o'erblown,
 By his each glorious parcel to be known!
 He wont was to encounter me aloud,
 Where'er he met me; — now he's dumb or proud.
 Know you the cause? he's neither land nor lease,
 Nor bawdy stock that travels for increase,
 Nor office in the town, nor place in court,
 Nor 'bout the bears, nor noise to make lords sport.
 He is no favorite's favorite, no dear trust
 Of any madam's, hath need o' squires, and must.
 Nor did the King of Denmark ⁷¹ him salute,
 When he was here; nor hath he got a suit
 Since he was gone, more than the one he wears.
 Nor are the queen's most honored maids by th'
 ears

About his form. What then so swells each limb?
 Only his clothes have over-leavened him.

XCVIII. TO SIR THOMAS ROE.⁷²

Thou hast begun well, Roe, which stand well too,
 And I know nothing more thou hast to do.
 He that is round within himself, and straight,
 Need seek no other strength, no other height;
 Fortune upon him breaks herself, if ill,

⁷¹ Christian IV., who visited this country in 1606. — G.

⁷² Nephew of Sir John Roe, — see Epigram xxvii. p. 16, — and the most distinguished member of his family. He was knighted by James I., and appointed ambassador to the Mogul, at the instance of the East India Company, to whom he rendered valuable services during the four years he held the appointment. He died in 1644. — B.

And what would hurt his virtue, makes it still.⁷³
 That thou at once then nobly mayst defend
 With thine own course the judgment of thy friend,
 Be always to thy gathered self the same,
 And study conscience more than thou wouldst
 fame.

Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
 And ever is ill got without the first.

XCIX. TO THE SAME.

That' thou hast kept thy love, increased thy will,
 Bettered thy trust to letters; that thy skill
 Hast taught thyself worthy thy pen to tread:
 And that to write things worthy to be read;
 How much of great example wert thou, Roe,
 If time to facts, as unto men would owe?
 But much it now avails, what's done, of whom;
 The self-same deeds, as diversely they come,
 From place or fortune, are made high or low,
 And e'en the praiser's judgment suffers so.
 Well, though thy name less than our great ones be,
 Thy fact is more; let truth encourage thee.

C. ON PLAYWRIGHT.

Playwright, by chance, hearing some toys I'd
 writ,
 Cried to my face, they were th' elixir of wit:

⁷³ "In se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus
 Externi ne quid valeat per leve morari,
 In quem manca ruit semper fortuna."

HORACE, *Sat.* II. 7, 86-89.

And I must now believe him ; for to-day
Five of my jests, then stolen, past him a play.

CI. INVITING A FRIEND TO SUPPER.

To-night, grave sir, both my poor house and I
Do equally desire your company ;
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast,
With those that come ; whose grace may make
that seem

Something, which else could hope for no esteem.
It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better ⁷⁴ salad
Ushering the mutton ; with a short-legged hen,
If we can get her, full of eggs, and then,
Lemons, and wine for sauce : to these, a coney
Is not to be despaired of for our money ;
And though fowl now be scarce, yet there are
clerks,

The sky not falling, think we may have larks.
I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come,
Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some
May yet be there ; and godwit if we can ;
Knat,⁷⁵ rail, and ruff, too. Howsoc'er, my man ⁷⁶

⁷⁴ Bell corrects to "bitter."

⁷⁵ Godwit and knat are of the family of snipes.

⁷⁶ Richard Brome, to whom he afterwards addressed some verses. See *post*, p. 344. — B.

Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
 Livy, or of some better book to us,
 Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat;
 And I'll profess no verses to repeat.
 To this if aught appear, which I not know of,
 That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
 Digestive cheese, and fruit there sure will be;
 But that which most doth take my muse and me,
 Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
 Which is the Mermaid's⁷⁷ now, but shall be mine:
 Of which had Horace or Anacreon tasted,
 Their lives, as do their lines, till now had lasted.
 Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,
 Are all but Luther's beer, to this I sing.
 Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
 And we will have no Pooly' or Parrot by;
 Nor shall our cups make any guilty men;
 But at our parting, we will be, as when
 We innocently met. No simple word
 That shall be uttered at our mirthful board,
 Shall make us sad next morning; or affright
 The liberty that we'll enjoy to-night.

CII. TO WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE.⁷⁸

I do but name thee, Pembroke, and I find
 It is an epigram on all mankind;

⁷⁷ The tavern in Bread-street. This passage Gifford traces to Horace's invitation to Virgil, but refers the plan of the whole to a little poem of Martial, Lib. X. Epig. 48.

⁷⁸ To whom the book of Epigrams is dedicated. See *ante*, p. 3.

Against the bad, but of, and to be⁷⁹ good :
 Both which are asked, to have thee understood.
 Nor could the age have missed thee in this strife
 Of vice and virtue, wherein all great life
 Almost is exercised ; and scarce one knows
 To which, yet, of the sides himself he owes.⁸⁰
 They follow virtue for reward to-day ;
 To-morrow vice, if she give better pay ;
 And are so good, and bad, just at a price,
 As nothing else discerns the virtue' or vice.
 But thou, whose noblesse keeps one stature still,
 And one true posture, though besieged with ill
 Of what ambition, faction, pride can raise ;
 Whose life, e'en they that envy it, must praise ;
 That art so revered, as thy coming in,
 But in the view, doth interrupt their sin ;
 Thou must draw more: and they that hope to see
 The commonwealth still safe, must study thee.

CIIL. TO MARY LADY WROTH.⁸¹

How well, fair crown of your fair sex, might he
 That but the twilight of your sprite did see,

⁷⁹ So the folio ; but the obvious correction is

“ Against the bad, but of and to the good.”

⁸⁰ Owns, belongs. — B.

⁸¹ Daughter of the Earl of Leicester, a younger brother to Sir Philip Sidney, and wife of Sir Robert Wroth, of Durance, in Middlesex, who is reported by Jonson to have been jealous of her. She acquired some literary reputation by a pastoral romance in imitation of *The Arcadia*, called *Urania*, published in 1621. A couple of samples of her verse are preserved by Mr. Dyce in his *Specimens of British Poetesses*. They wil.

And noted for what flesh such souls were framed,
 Know you to be a Sidney, though unnamed !
 And, being named, how little doth that name
 Need any muse's praise to give it fame !
 Which is, itself, the impress of the great,
 And glory of them all, but to repeat !
 Forgive me then, if mine but say you are
 A Sidney : but in that extend as far
 As loudest praisers, who perhaps would find
 For every part a character assigned.
 My praise is plain, and wheresoe'er professed,
 Becomes none more than you, who need it least.

CIV. TO SUSAN, COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY.⁸²

Were they that named you, prophets ? Did they
 see
 Even in the dew of grace, what you would be ?
 Or did our times require it, to behold
 A new Susanna, equal to that old ?
 Or, because some scarce think that story true,
 To make those faithful, did the Fates send you ?
 And to your scene lent no less dignity
 Of birth, of match, of form, of chastity ;

scarcely tempt the reader to look for any more. To this lady Jonson paid a still higher compliment in the dedication of *The Alchemist*. — B.

⁸² Granddaughter of William, Lord Burleigh, and wife of Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, brother of Lord Pembroke. She was the author of a pious essay called *Eusebia*. Her name appears amongst the performers in several of Jonson's masques at court. — B.

Or, more than born for the comparison
 Of former age, or glory of our one,
 Were you advancèd, past those times, to be
 The light and mark unto posterity?
 Judge they that can: here I have raised to show,
 A picture, which the world for yours must know,
 And like it too, if they look equally;
 If not, 'tis fit for you some should envÿ.

CV. TO MARY LADY WROTH.⁸⁸

Madam, had all antiquity been lost,
 All history sealed up, and fables crossed,
 That we had left us, nor by time, nor place
 Least mention of a nymph, a muse, a grace,
 But even their names were to be made anew,
 Who could not but create them all, from you?
 He, that but saw you wear the wheaten hat,
 Would call you more than Ceres, if not that;
 And, dressed in shepherd's tire, who would not
 say

You were the bright CEnone, Flora, or May?
 If dancing, all would cry th' Idalian Queen
 Were leading forth the Graces on the green;
 And, armèd to the chase, so bare her bow
 Diana' alone, so hit, and hunted so.
 There's none so dull that for your style would ask,
 That saw you put on Pallas' plumèd casque;
 Or, keeping your due state, that would not cry,
 There Juno sate, and yet no peacock by:

⁸⁸ See Epigram ciii p. 58.

So you are Nature's index, and restore,
I' yourself, all treasure lost of th' age before.

CVI. TO SIR EDWARD HERBERT.⁸⁴

If men get name for some one virtue, then
What man art thou that art so many men,
All-virtuous Herbert ! on whose every part
Truth might spend all her voice, Fame all her art ?
Whether thy learning they would take, or wit,
Or valor, or thy judgment seasoning it,
Thy standing upright to thyself, thy ends
Like straight, thy piety to God, and friends ;
Their latter praise would still the greatest be,
And yet they, all together, less than thee.

CVII. TO CAPTAIN HUNGRY.⁸⁵

Do what you come for, captain, with your news,
That's, sit and eat ; do not my ears abuse.
I oft look on false coin to know't from true ;
Not that I love it more than I will you.
Tell the gross Dutch those grosser tales of yours,
How great you were with their two emperors ;

⁸⁴ Afterward Lord Herbert of Cherbury, whose entertaining autobiography illustrates well Jonson's line: —

"What man art thou that art so many men."

⁸⁵ In this epigram we have the type of a class of marauders by whom the country became infested early in the reign of James I., the ferocious, gasconading, and dissolute soldiers of fortune who were disbanded at the sudden close of the long war between England and Spain, and, casting themselves upon the community, lived, as they could, by frauds and impudent lies. See also Epigram xii. p. 9. — B.

And yet are with their princes: fill them full
Of your Moravian horse, Venetian bull;
Tell them what parts you've ta'en, whence run
away,

What states you've gulled, and which yet keeps
you' in pay;

Give them your services, and embassies
In Ireland, Holland, Sweden, pompous lies!
In Hungary, and Poland, Turkey too;
What at Ligorne, Rome, Florence you did do;
And, in some year, all these together heaped,
For which there must more sea and land be leaped,
If but to be believed you have the hap,
Then can a flea at twice skip i' the map.

Give your young statesmen (that first make you
drunk,

And then lie with you, closer than a punk,
For news) your Villeroys, and Silleries,
Janins, your Nuncios, and your Tuileries,
Your Archdukes' agents, and your Beringhams,
That are your words of credit. Keep your names
Of Hannow, Shieter-huissen, Popenheim,
Hans-spiegle, Rotteinberg, and Boutersheim,
For your next meal; this you are sure of. Why
Will you part with them here, unthriftily?
Nay, now you puff, tusk, and draw up your chin,
Twirl the poor chain you run a feasting in:—
Come, be not angry, you are Hungry, eat;
Do what you come for, captain, there's your
meat.

CVIII. TO TRUE SOLDIERS.⁸⁶

Strength of my country, whilst I bring to view,
 Such as are miscalled captains, and wrong you,
 And your high names; I do desire that thence
 Be nor put on you, nor you take offence.
 I swear by your true friend, my Muse, I love
 Your great profession, which I once did prove,⁸⁷
 And did not shame it with my actions then
 No more than I dare now do with my pen.
 He that not trusts me, having vowed thus much,
 But's angry for the captain still, — is such.⁸⁸

CIX. TO SIR HENRY NEVIL.⁸⁹

Who now calls on thee, Nevil, is a muse
 That serves nor fame nor titles; but doth choose
 Where virtue makes them both, and that's in
 thee,
 Where all is fair beside thy pedigree.

⁸⁶ Antithetical to the preceding. It also occurs in the Address to the Reader at the close of Jonson's *Poetaster*, where a similar character is satirized.

⁸⁷ "In his service in the Low Countries," Drummond records, "he [Jonson] had, in the face of both the camps, killed one enemy, and taken *opima spolia* from him."

⁸⁸ That is, is such as Captain Hungry.

⁸⁹ Whalley says that this Sir Henry Nevil was a son of Lord Abergavenny; but Gifford thinks this a mistake, and that the person intended was a son of Sir Henry Nevil, of Billingham, a distinguished statesman, much employed by the Queen, to whom he was introduced by Cecil. The epigram is not sufficiently distinct in its personal allusions to determine the identity. — B.

Thou art not one seek'st miseries with hope,
 Wrestlest with dignities, or feign'st a scope
 Of service to the public, when the end
 Is private gain, which hath long guilt to friend.
 Thou rather striv'st the matter to possess,
 And elements of honor, than the dress;
 To make thy lent life good against the Fates;
 And first to know thine own state, then the
 State's;

To be the same in root thou art in height,
 And that thy soul should give thy flesh her
 weight.

Go on, and doubt not what posterity,
 Now I have sung thee thus, shall judge of thee.
 Thy deeds unto thy name will prove new wombs,
 Whilst others toil for titles to their tombs.

CX. TO CLEMENT EDMONDS,

ON HIS CÆSAR'S COMMENTARIES OBSERVED, AND TRANSLATED.⁹⁰

Not Cæsar's deeds, nor all his honors won,
 In these west parts; nor, when that war was done,

⁹⁰ This piece was originally prefixed to the work it commends. Clement Edmonds, son of Sir Thomas Edmonds, born in 1566, held the office of secretary to Queen Elizabeth for the French language, and was afterwards appointed Remembrancer of the City of London, Master of the Requests, and one of the clerks of the Council. He was knighted in 1617, and died in 1622. Edmonds was a man of learning and general attainments, particularly in the "art military," as we are informed by his epitaph. He published his observations on Cæsar's *Commentaries* in three parts, the first two in 1600, and the third in 1609. — B.

The name of Pompey for an enemy,
Cato's to boot, Rome, and her liberty,
All yielding to his fortune; nor, the while,
To have engraved these acts with his own style,
And that so strong and deep, as't might be
thought,

He wrote with the same spirit that he fought;
Nor that his work lived in the hands of foes
Unargued then, and yet hath fame from those;
Not all these, Edmonds, or what else put to,
Can so speak Cæsar as thy labors do.
For where his person lived scarce one just age, —
And that midst envy and parts, then fell by rage;
His deeds too dying, but in books (whose good
How few have read! how fewer understood!)
Thy learnèd hand, and true Promethean art,
(As by a new creation,) part by part,
In every counsel, stratagem, design,
Action, or engine, worth a note of thine,
T' all future time not only doth restore
His life, but makes that he can die no more.

CXI. TO THE SAME, ON THE SAME.

Who, Edmonds, reads thy book, and doth not
see
What th' antique soldiers were, the modern be?
Wherein thou show'st how much the latter are
Beholding to this master of the war;
And that in action there is nothing new,
More than to vary what our elders knew;

Which all but ignorant captains will confess ;
Nor to give Cæsar this, makes ours the less.
Yet thou, perhaps, shalt meet some tongues will
grutch
That to the world thou shouldst reveal so much,
And thence deprave thee and thy work : to those
Cæsar stands up, as from his urn late rose
By thy great help, and doth proclaim by me,
They murder him again that envy thee.

CXII. TO A WEAK GAMESTER IN POETRY.

With thy small stock why art thou vent'ring
still
At this so subtle sport, and play'st so ill ?
Think'st thou it is mere fortune that can win ?
Or thy rank setting ? that thou dar'st put in
Thy all, at all ; and whatsoe'er I do,
Art still at that, and think'st to blow me' up too ?
I cannot for the stage a drama lay,
Tragic or comic, but thou writ'st the play.
I leave thee there, and, giving way, intend
An epic poem ; thou hast the same end.
I modestly quit that, and think to write,
Next morn, an ode ; thou mak'st a song ere
night.
I pass to elegies ; thou meet'st me there ;
To satires, and thou dost pursue me. Where,
Where shall I 'scape thee ? In an epigram ?
"Oh," thou criest out, "that is my proper game."
Troth, if it be, I pity thy ill luck ;

That both for wit and sense so oft dost pluck,
 And never art encountered, I confess ;
 Nor scarce dost color for it, which is less.
 Prithee, yet save thy rest ; give o'er in time :
 There's no vexation that can make thee *prime*.⁹¹

CXIII. TO SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.⁹²

So Phœbus make me worthy of his bays,
 As but to speak thee, Overbury, 's praise :
 So where thou liv'st, thou mak'st life understood !
 Where, what makes others great, doth keep thee good !
 I think, the fate of court thy coming craved,
 That the wit there and manners might be saved.
 For since, what ignorance, what pride is fled,
 And letters and humanity in the stead !
 Repent thee not of thy fair precedent,
 Could make such men and such a place repent ;
 Nor may' any fear to lose of their degree,
 Who 'n such ambition can but follow thee.

⁹¹ This word "prime" is a key to the figure that runs through the whole piece. Jonson compares the driveller who hunts and imitates him at every turn to a shallow player at primero, who closely follows the shifts of his antagonist, without possessing either the advantage in his cards, or a sufficient knowledge of the game, to enable him to secure the victory. — B.

⁹² The date of this epigram may be referred, as Gifford suggests, to the return of Sir Thomas Overbury from his travels. — B.

CXIV. TO MISTRESS PHILIP SIDNEY.⁹³

I must believe some miracles still be,
 Where Sidney's name I hear, or face I see :
 For Cupid, who at first took vain delight
 In mere out-forms, until he lost his sight,
 Hath changed his soul, and made his object you ;
 Where, finding so much beauty met with virtue,
 He hath not only gained himself his eyes,
 But, in your love, made all his servants wise.

CXV. ON THE TOWN'S HONEST MAN.

You wonder who this is, and why I name
 Him not aloud, that boasts so good a fame :
 Naming so many too ! But this is one
 Suffers no name, but a description ;
 Being no vicious person, but the Vice ⁹⁴
 About the town ; and known, too, at that price.
 A subtle thing that doth affections win
 By speaking well o' the company it's in ;
 Talks loud and bawdy, has a gathered deal
 Of news and noise, to sow out a long meal ;
 Can come from Tripoli, ⁹⁵ leap stools, and wink,

⁹³ Daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, and wife of Sir Philip Sidney. — B.

⁹⁴ A character in *Moralities*.

⁹⁵ "To come from Tripoli" was a current phrase, signifying that the person to whom it was applied could perform feats of strength and agility in the manner of the Moors. Jonson uses it elsewhere : —

"I protest, Sir John, you came on high from Tripoli, as I

Do all that 'longs to th' anarchy of drink,
 Except the duel; can sing songs and catches;
 Give every one his dose of mirth; and watches
 Whose name's unwelcome to the present ear,
 And him it lays on—if he be not there;
 Tells of him all the tales itself then makes;
 But if it shall be questioned, undertakes
 It will deny all, and forswear it too;
 Not that it fears, but will not have to do
 With such a one, and therein keeps its word;
 'Twill see its sister naked, ere a sword;
 At every meal, where it doth dine or sup,
 The cloth's no sooner gone, but it gets up
 And, shifting of its faces, doth play more
 Parts than th' Italian could do with his door;⁹⁶
 Acts old Iniquity⁹⁷ and, in the fit
 Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit;
 Executes men in picture; by defect,
 From friendship, is its own fame's architect;
 An engineer in slanders of all fashions,
 That, seeming praises, are yet accusations.

do every whit; and lift as many joined stools, and leap over
 'em, if you would use it." — *The Silent Woman*, V. i.

Thus also Fletcher:—

"Get up to the window there, and presently,
 Like a most complete gentleman, come from Tripoli."

Monsieur Thomas, IV. 2. — B.

⁹⁶ An Italian well known for his skill in such feats; possibly, as suggested by Whalley, the person alluded to under the name of Scoto in King James's *Dæmonology*. — B.

⁹⁷ The Vice of old Moralities. — B.

Described, it's thus : defined would you it have?
Then, "the town's honest man's" her arrant'st
knave.

CXVI. TO SIR WILLIAM JEPHSON.⁹⁸

Jephson, thou man of men, to whose loved name
All gentry yet owe part of their best flame!⁹⁹
So did thy virtue' inform, thy wit sustain
That age, when thou stood'st up the master-
brain :
Thou wert the first mad'st merit know her
strength,
And those that lacked it, to suspect, at length,
'Twas not entailed on title ; that some word
Might be found out as good, and not "my Lord";
That nature no such difference had impressed
In men, but every bravest was the best;
That blood not minds, but minds did blood adorn;
And to live great was better than great born.
These were thy knowing arts ; which who doth
now
Virtuously practise, must at least allow
Them in, if not from thee, or must commit
A desperate solecism in truth and wit.

⁹⁸ The name of this gentleman, who seems to have achieved distinction in his own day by the force of his merits, does not appear elsewhere among the contemporaries of Jonson. — B. It was probably the same as Sir William Jepson, who is mentioned in Nichols's *Progress of James I.*, I. 92, as one of the entertainers of the King at Belvoir Castle.

⁹⁹ Bell corrects to "fame."

CXVII. ON GROINE.

Groine, come of age, his 'state sold out of hand
For 's whore; Groine doth still occupy his land.

CXVIII. ON GUT.

Gut eats all day and lechers all the night,
So all his meat he tasteth over twice;
And, striving so to double his delight,
He makes himself a thoroughfare of vice.
Thus, in his belly can he change a sin,
Lust it comes out that gluttony went in.

CXIX. TO SIR RALPH SHELTON.¹⁰⁰

Not he that flies the court for want of clothes
At hunting rails, having no gift in oaths,
Cries out 'gainst cocking, since he cannot bet,
Shuns prease,¹⁰¹ for two main causes, pox and debt;
With me can merit more than that good man,
Whose dice not doing well, to' a pulpit ran.
No, Shelton, give me thee, canst want all these,
But dost it out of judgment, not disease;
Dar'st breathe in any air, and with safe skill,
Till thou canst find the best, choose the least ill;
That to the vulgar canst thyself apply,
Treading a better path, not contrary;

¹⁰⁰ This is the person who engaged with Mr. Hayden, in the mad frolic of rowing up Fleet Ditch to Holborn, celebrated in the epigram; but I know nothing more of him. — G.

¹⁰¹ Press — crowd.

“The king is at hand, stand close in the prease.”

Damon and Pythias. — B.

And, in their error's maze, thine own way know :
 Which is to live to conscience, not to show.
 He that, but living half his age, dies such,
 Makes the whole longer than 'twas given him,
 much.

CXX. EPITAPH ON S. P.,¹⁰² A CHILD OF QUEEN
 ELIZABETH'S CHAPEL.

Weep with me, all you that read
 This little story ;
 And know, for whom a tear you shed,
 Death's self is sorry.
 'Twas a child, that so did thrive
 In grace and feature,
 As Heaven and nature seemed to strive
 Which owned the creature.
 Years he numbered scarce thirteen
 When fates turned cruel ;
 Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel ;
 And did act, what now we moan,
 Old men so duly ;
 As, sooth, the Parcæ thought him one
 He played so truly.
 So, by error, to his fate
 They all consented ;

¹⁰² Salathiel Pavy. The subject of this beautiful epitaph acted in *Cynthia's Revels* and in the *Poetaster*, 1600 and 1601, in which [latter] year he probably died. The poet speaks of him with interest and affection, and it cannot be doubted that he was a boy of extraordinary talents. — G.

But viewing him since, (alas, too late!)
 They have repented;
 And have sought, to give new birth,
 In baths to steep him;
 But, being so much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

CXXI. TO BENJAMIN RUDYERD.¹⁰³

Rudyerd, as lesser dames to great ones use,
 My lighter comes to kiss thy learnèd muse;
 Whose better studies while she emulates,
 She learns to know long difference of their states.
 Yet is the office not to be despised,
 If only love should make the action prized;
 Nor he for friendship can be thought unfit,
 That strives his manners should precede his wit.

CXXII. TO THE SAME.

If I would wish, for truth and not for show,
 The aged Saturn's age and rites to know;
 If I would strive to bring back times, and try
 The world's pure gold, and wise simplicity;
 If I would virtue set as she was young,
 And hear her speak with one, and her first tongue;
 If holiest friendship, naked to the touch,
 I would restore, and keep it ever such:
 I need no other arts, but study thee,
 Who prov'st all these were, and again may be.

¹⁰³ Afterwards knighted; one of the most accomplished men of his time, a scholar, a poet, a distinguished speaker in Parliament, and the intimate friend of Pembroke.—B.

CXXIII. TO THE SAME.

Writing thyself, or judging others' writ,
 I know not which thou'st most, candor, or wit;
 But both thou'st so, as who affects the state
 Of the best writer and judge, should emulate.

CXXIV. EPITAPH ON ELIZABETH, L. H.¹⁰⁴

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
 In a little? Reader, stay.
 Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die;
 Which in life did harbor give
 To more virtue than doth live.
 If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth,
 Th' other let it sleep with death.
 Fitter, where it died, to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell.

CXXV. TO SIR WILLIAM UVEDALE.¹⁰⁵

Uvedale, thou piece of the first times, a man
 Made for what nature could, or virtue can;
 Both whose dimensions lost, the world might find

¹⁰⁴ The name of the lady upon whom this most exquisite epitaph was written is unknown. Jonson wished it to be concealed, and the secret seems to have been carefully kept until the means of tracing it were lost.

¹⁰⁵ Nothing appears to be known of this gentleman's history. Gifford says he was of Wickham, in the county of Southampton. — B.

Restored in thy body, and thy mind !
 Who sees a soul in such a body set,
 Might love the treasure for the cabinet.
 But I, no child, no fool, respect the kind,
 The full, the flowing graces there enshrined ;
 Which, would the world not miscall 't flattery,
 I could adore, almost t' idolatry !

CXXVI. TO HIS LADY, THEN MISTRESS CARY.

Retired, with purpose your fair worth to praise,
 'Mongst Hampton shades, and Phœbus' grove of
 bays,
 I plucked a branch ; the jealous god did frown,
 And bade me lay th' usurpèd laurel down ;
 Said I wronged him, and, which was more, his
 love.

I answered, Daphne now no pain can prove.
 Phœbus replied, Bold head, it is not she,
 Cary my love is, Daphne but my tree.

CXXVII. TO ESME, LORD AUBIGNY?¹⁰⁶

Is there a hope that man would thankful be,
 If I should fail in gratitude to thee
 To whom I am so bound, loved Aubigny ?
 No, I do, therefore, call posterity
 Into the debt ; and reckon on her head
 How full of want, how swallowed up, how dead
 I and this muse had been, if thou hadst not

¹⁰⁶ Brother to the Duke of Lenox, whom he succeeded in title and estate. — G.

Lent timely succors, and new life begot;
So, all reward, or name, that grows to me
By her attempt, shall still be owing thee.
And, than this same, I know no abler way
To thank thy benefits: which is, to pay.

CXXVIII. TO WILLIAM ROE.¹⁰⁷

Roe, and my joy to name, thou'rt now to go
Countries and climes, manners and men to know,
T' extract and choose the best of all these known,
And those to turn to blood, and make thine own.
May winds as soft as breath of kissing friends,
Attend thee hence; and there, may all thy ends,
As the beginning here, prove purely sweet,
And perfect in a circle always meet!
So when we, blest with thy return, shall see
Thyself, with thy first thoughts brought home
by thee,
We each to other may this voice inspire;—
This is that good Æneas, passed through fire,

¹⁰⁷ Supposed by Gifford to be the younger brother, or cousin, of Sir Thomas Roe. — See *ante*, p. 16. Gifford adds that this gentleman seems to have been in a mercantile or diplomatic capacity, and to have entered the profession of arms, quoting a passage from a letter of Howell's to the effect that William Roe had returned from the wars wounded in the arm, and confessing himself "an egregious fool to leave his mercership for a musket." But there is nothing in the epigram to sustain any of these suppositions. The William Roe addressed by the poet appears to have gone abroad expressly upon his travels. — B.

Through seas, storms, tempests ; and, embarked
 for hell,
 Came back untouched. This man hath travelled
 well.

CXXIX. TO MIME.

That not a pair of friends each other see,
 But the first question is, When one saw thee ?
 That there's no journey set, or thought upon,
 To Brentford, Hackney, Bow, but thou mak'st
 one ;
 That scarce the town designeth any feast
 To which thou'rt not a week bespoke a guest ;
 That still thou'rt made the supper's flag, the
 drum,
 The very call, to make all other come :
 Think'st thou, Mime, this is great ? or, that they
 strive
 Whose noise shall keep thy miming most alive,
 Whilst thou dost raise some player from the
 grave,
 Outdance the babion, or outboast the brave ;¹⁰⁸
 Or, mounted on a stool, thy face doth hit
 On some new gesture that's imputed wit ?
 Oh, run not proud of this. Yet, take thy due.
 Thou dost outzany Cokely, Pod, nay, Gue,¹⁰⁹

¹⁰⁸ That is, outdance the baboon or outboast the bravo.

¹⁰⁹ Cokely, Pod, and Gue were masters of motions, or puppet-shows, and exhibitors at Bartholomew Fair. See Epigram xcvi. p. 53.

And thine own Coriat¹¹⁰ too. But, wouldst thou
 see,
 Men love thee not for this: they laugh at thee.

CXXX. TO ALPHONSO FERRABOSCO,¹¹¹ ON HIS
 BOOK.

To urge, my loved Alphonso, that bold fame
 Of building towns, and making wild beasts tame,
 Which Music had; or speak her known effects,
 That she removeth cares, sadness ejects,
 Declineth anger, persuades clemency,
 Doth sweeten mirth, and heighten piety,

¹¹⁰ "Thomas Coryat, an eccentric traveller of the reign of James I. and a butt of Ben Jonson and his brother wits. In 1608 Coryat took a journey on foot through France, Italy, Germany, &c., which lasted five months, during which he had travelled 1975 miles, more than half upon one pair of shoes, which were only once mended, and on his return were hung up in the church of Odcombe in Somersetshire. He published his travels under this title: 'Crudities hastily gobbled up in Five Months' Travel in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, Helvetia, some parts of High Germany, and the Netherlands, 1611,' 4to; reprinted in 1776, 3 vols. 8vo. This work was ushered into the world by an 'Odcombian banquet' consisting of near sixty copies of verses, made by the best poets of that time, which, if they did not make Coryat pass with the world for a man of great parts and learning, contributed not a little to the sale of his book. Among these poets were Ben Jonson, Sir John Harrington, Inigo Jones (the architect), Chapman, Donne, Drayton, and others." — THORNBURY'S *Old and New London*, I. 351.

¹¹¹ The composer of the music of most of Jonson's masques, to whose merits the poet on other occasions bears the warmest testimony. — B.

And is t' a body, often, ill inclined,
 No less a sov'reign cure than to the mind;
 T' allege that greatest men were not ashamed,
 Of old, even by her practice to be famed;
 To say indeed, she were the soul of heaven,
 That the eighth sphere, no less than planets seven,
 Moved by her order, and the ninth more high,
 Including all, were thence called harmony:
 I yet had uttered nothing on thy part,
 When these were but the praises of the Art.
 But when I've said the proofs of all these be
 Shed in thy songs, 'tis true, but short of thee.

CXXXI. TO THE SAME.

When we do give, Alphonso, to the light
 A work of ours, we part with our own right;
 For then all mouths will judge, and their own
 way:
 The learn'd have no more privilege than the lay.
 And though we could all men, all censures hear,
 We ought not give them taste we had an ear.
 For if the hum'rous world will talk at large,
 They should be fools, for me, at their own charge.
 Say this or that man they to thee prefer;
 Even those for whom they do this, know they err;
 And would, being asked the truth, ashamed say,
 They were not to be named on the same day.
 Then stand unto thyself, not seek without
 For fame, with breath soon kindled, soon blown
 out.

CXXXII. TO MR. JOSHUA SYLVESTER.¹¹²

If to admire were to commend, my praise
Might then both thee, thy work and merit raise:
But, as it is, (the child of ignorance,
And utter stranger to all air of France,)
How can I speak of thy great pains, but err?
Since they can only judge, that can confer.
Behold! the reverend shade of Bartas stands
Before my thought, and, in thy right, commands
That to the world I publish, for him, this:
“Bartas doth wish thy English now were his.”
So well in that are his inventions wrought,
As his will now be the translation thought,
Thine the original; and France shall boast
No more, those maiden glories she hath lost.

¹¹² The translator of Bartas [on the *Creation*]. Few productions of that age obtained more popularity, and deserved it less, than this eccentric translation. Vicars called Sylvester the “best of poets,” and Dryden, in his boyhood, thought Spenser mean in comparison. Jonson, who was one of Sylvester’s intimate friends, and by some said to have been his relative, here assigns to his translation the merit of an original; but it is proper to add that he afterwards recanted this panegyric, declaring that when he wrote it he was not sufficiently acquainted with French to be able to judge adequately of the translation, which he considered “not well done.” Of Bartas himself he thought very indifferently, saying that he was “not a poet, but a verser.” Sylvester was born in 1563, and died in Holland in 1618. There is little more known of him, except that he was singularly neglected by the age that esteemed him so highly, and that he passed the greater part of his life in a struggle with poverty, which finally drove him into exile to escape a jail at home. — B.

CXXXIII. ON THE FAMOUS VOYAGE.¹¹³

No more let Greece her bolder fables tell
 Of Hercules, or Theseus going to hell,
 Orpheus, Ulysses; or the Latin Muse,
 With tales of Troy's just knight, our faiths abuse;
 We have a Shelton, and a Heyden got,
 Had power to act, what they to feign had not.
 All that they boast of Styx, of Acheron,
 Cocytus, Phlegethon, ours have proved in one;
 The filth, stench, noise: save only what was there
 Subtly distinguished, was confusèd here.
 Their wherry had no sail, too; ours had none:
 And in it, two more horrid knaves than Charon.
 Arses were heard to croak instead of frogs;
 And for one Cerberus, the whole coast was dogs.
 Furies there wanted not; each scold was ten.
 And for the cries of ghosts, women and men,
 Laden with plague-sores and their sins, were
 heard,
 Lashed by their consciences, to die, afeard.
 Then let the former age with this content her,
 She brought the poets forth, but ours th' adventer.

¹¹³ Of this "voyage" I shall only say that more humor and poetry are wasted on it than it deserves. As a picture of a populous part of London, it is not without some interest, and might admit of a few remarks; but I dislike the subject, and shall therefore leave the reader, who will not follow my example, and pass lightly over it, to the annotations of Whalley. — G. The present editor is quite willing to walk off with Gifford, and doubts not that readers of Jonson to-day will likewise. Whalley's notes are reproduced by Bell.

THE VOYAGE ITSELF.

I sing the brave adventure of two wights,
 And pity 'tis, I cannot call 'em knights.
 One was ; and he, for brawn and brain, right able
 To have been stylèd of King Arthur's table.
 The other was a squire of fair degree,
 But, in the action, greater man than he
 Who gave, to take at his return from hell,
 His three for one. Now, lordings, listen well.

It was the day, what time the powerful moon
 Makes the poor Bankside creature wet its shoon,
 In 'ts own hall ; when these (in worthy scorn
 Of those that put out moneys on return
 From Venice, Paris, or some inland passage
 Of six times to and fro, without embassage,
 Or him that backward went to Berwick, or which
 Did dance the famous Morris unto Norwich) ¹¹⁴
 At Bread-street's Mermaid, ¹¹⁵ having dined, and
 merry,

Proposed to go to Holborn in a wherry :
 A harder task than either his to Bristo',
 Or his to Antwerp. Therefore, once more, list ho.

¹¹⁴ The persons alluded to in these lines are William Kempe, Taylor, the water poet, and Coryat. — G.

¹¹⁵ The celebrated rendezvous of the wits. It would seem from this allusion that Shelton and Heyden were amongst the frequenters of the house. In another place (see *ante*, p.57.) Jonson lets us know that he used to send to the Mermaid for his Canary wine. It is curious enough that the house was kept at this time by a vintner of the name of Johnson. — B.

A dock there is, that called is Avernus,
 Of some Bridewell, and may, in time, concern us
 All, that are readers: — but, methinks, 'tis odd
 That all this while I have forgot some god,
 Or goddess to invoke, to stuff my verse;
 And, with both bombard-style and phrase, re-
 hearse

The many perils of this port, and how
 Sans help of sibyl, or a golden bough,
 Or magic sacrifice, they passed along!
 Alcides, be thou succoring to my song.
 Thou hast seen hell, some say, and know'st all
 nooks there,

Canst tell me best how every Fury looks there,
 And art a god, if fame thee not abuses,
 Always at hand, to aid the merry muses.
 Great club-fist, though thy back and bones be sore
 Still, with thy former labors, yet, once more,
 Act a brave work, call it thy last adventry: —
 But hold my torch, while I describe the entry
 To this dire passage. Say, thou stop thy nose:
 'Tis but light pains: indeed this dock's no rose.

In the first jaws appeared that ugly monster,
 Yelepèd mud, which, when their oars did once stir,
 Belched forth an air as hot as at the muster
 Of all your night-tubs when the carts do cluster,
 Who shall discharge first his merd-urinous load:
 Thorough her womb they make their famous road,
 Between two walls; where, on one side, to scar
 men,

Were seen your ugly centaurs, ye call car-men,
 Gorgonian scolds, and harpies : on the other
 Hung stench, diseases, and old filth, their mother,
 With famine, wants, and sorrows many a dozen,
 The least of which was to the plague a cousin.
 But they unfrighted pass, though many a privy
 Spake to 'em louder than the ox in Livy ;
 And many a sink poured out her rage anenst 'em ;
 But still their valor and their virtue fenced 'em,
 And on they went, like Castor brave and Pollux,
 Ploughing the main. When, see, the worst of all
 lucks !

They met the second prodigy, would fear a
 Man, that had never heard of a chimera.
 One said, 'twas bold Briareus, or the beadle,
 (Who hath the hundred hands when he doth
 meddle ;)

The other thought it Hydra, or the rock
 Made of the trull that cut her father's lock ; ¹¹⁶
 But, coming near, they found it but a lighter,
 So huge, it seemed they could by no means quite
 her.

Back, cried their brace of Charons ; they cried, No,
 No going back ; on still, you rogues, and row.
 How hight the place ? a voice was heard, Cocytus.
 Row close then, slaves. Alas ! they will beshite us.
 No matter, stinkards, row. What croaking sound

¹¹⁶ Possibly, Scylla, who cut the golden hair from the head of her father, Nisus ; but, as Whalley observes, Scylla was turned into a bird, not into a rock. — B.

Is this we hear? of frogs? No, guts wind-bound,
 Over your heads; well, row. At this a loud
 Crack did report itself, as if a cloud
 Had burst with storm, and down fell, *ab excelsis*,
 Poor Mercury, crying out on Paracelsus
 And all his followers, that had so abused him,
 And in so shitten sort so long had used him;
 For, where he was the god of eloquence,
 And subtilty of metals, they dispense
 His spirits now in pills, and eke in potions,
 Suppositories, cataplasms, and lotions.
 "But many moons there shall not wane," quoth he,
 "In the mean time let 'em imprison me,
 But I will speak, and know I shall be heard,
 Touching this cause, where they will be afeard
 To answer me." And sure, it was the intent
 Of the grave fart late let in parliament,
 Had it been seconded, and not in fume
 Vanished away, as you must all presume
 Their Mercury did now. By this, the stem
 Of the hulk touched, and, as by Polypheme
 The sly Ulysses stole in a sheep-skin,
 The well-greased wherry now had got between,
 And bade her farewell sough unto the hurden;¹¹⁷
 Never did bottom more betray her burden;
 The meat-boat of bear's college, Paris-garden,

¹¹⁷ Lourden, or, as spelt in the text, hurden, is a heavy, or lumpish fellow, from *lourd*, heavy. *Lourdin*, Fr. Jonson applies it to the great lumbering lighter which obstructed the course of the wherry.—B.

Stunk not so ill ; nor, when she kissed, Kate
Arden.

Yet one day in the year for sweet 'tis voiced,
And that is when it is the Lord Mayor's foist.

By this time had they reached the Stygian pool
By which the masters swear, when, on the stool
Of worship, they their nodding chins do hit
Against their breasts. Here, several ghosts did
flit,

About the shore, of farts but late departed,
White, black, blue, green, and in more forms
outstarted,

Than all those *atomi* ridiculous,
Whereof old Democrite, and Hill Nicholas,¹¹⁸
One said, the other swore, the world consists.
These be the cause of those thick frequent mists
Arising in that place, through which, who goes,
Must try the unused valor of a nose :
And that ours did. For yet, no nare¹¹⁹ was
tainted,

Nor thumb, nor finger, to the stop acquainted,
But open, and unarmed, encountered all :
Whether it languishing stuck upon the wall,
Or were precipitated down the jakes,
And after, swam abroad in ample flakes,

¹¹⁸ Nicholas Hill, a fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, who, according to Antony Wood, adopted the notions of Democritus about atoms, and was a great patron of the Corpuscular philosophy. — B.

¹¹⁹ Nose; from *nares*. — B.

Or that it lay heaped like an usurer's mass,
 All was to them the same, they were to pass,
 And so they did, from Styx to Acheron,
 The ever-boiling flood; whose banks upon
 Your Fleet-lane furies, and hot cooks do dwell,
 That with still-scalding steams make the place
 hell.

The sinks ran grease, and hair of measled hogs,
 The heads, houghs, entrails, and the hides of dogs;
 For, to say truth, what scullion is so nasty
 To put the skins and offal in a pasty?
 Cats there lay, divers had been flayed and
 roasted,
 And after mouldy grown, again were toasted;
 Then, selling not, a dish was ta'en to mince 'em,
 But still, it seemed, the rankness did convince
 'em.

For here they were thrown in with' the melted
 pewter,
 Yet drowned they not; they had five lives in
 future.

But 'mongst these tiberts,¹²⁰ who do you think
 there was?

Old Banks, the juggler, one Pythagoras,
 Grave tutor to the learned horse; both which

¹²⁰ Cats were called tiberts, or tyberts, of which there is an early example in the story of *Reynard the Fox*. Shakespeare plays upon the name of Tybalt, from its affinity to the name given to the cats, and makes *Mercutio* call him "rat-catcher" and "king of cats." The modern name tabby is, apparently, a descendant of tibert. — B.

Being, beyond sea, burned for one witch,¹²¹
Their spirits transmigrated to a cat,
And now, above the pool, a face right fat,
With great gray eyes are lifted up, and mewed;
Thrice did it spit; thrice dived; at last it viewed
Our brave heroës with a milder glare,
And, in a piteous tune, began: "How dare

¹²¹ Banks and his famous horse Marocco, whom he taught to dance and perform a variety of feats, are frequently alluded to by the writers of the time, and had the honor of being specially mentioned by Sir Walter Raleigh in his *History of the World*. Shakespeare is supposed to refer to Marocco, as the "dancing horse," in *Love's Labor Lost*; but dancing was one of the least of his acquirements. Banks taught him a variety of tricks; and one of his most notable feats was an ascent to the top of St. Paul's. Dekker speaks of this achievement in his *Gull's Horn-book*: "Hence you may descend, to talk about the horse that went up; and strive, if you can, to know his keeper; take the day of the month, and the number of the steps; and suffer yourself to believe verily that it was not a horse, but something else in the likeness of one." It appears from a passage in the *Owle's Almanack* (1618) quoted by Nares, that this feat was performed in 1601: "Since the dancing-horse stood on the top of Powles, whilst a number of asses stood braying below, 17 years." In consequence of the marvellous stories related about this remarkable horse, poor Banks was considered by many people to be in league with the devil. Carrying his exhibition to Paris, he was there imprisoned, and the horse put under sequestration, upon a suspicion of magic, but liberated when it was shown that the whole was the result of mere training, Banks offering to teach any horse to perform similar feats within a twelvemonth. At Rome, however, his explanations were of no avail; and when he appeared in the Holy City, he was seized, and he and his horse were burned for witchcraft. — B.

Your dainty nostrils, in so hot a season,
 When every clerk eats artichokes and peason,
 Laxative lettuce, and such windy meat,
 Tempt such a passage? when each privy's seat
 Is filled with buttock? and the walls do sweat
 Urine and plasters? when the noise doth beat
 Upon your ears, of discords so unsweet,
 And outcries of the damnèd in the Fleet?
 Cannot the plague-bill keep you back? nor bells
 Of loud Sepulchre's, with their hourly knells,
 But you will visit grisly Pluto's hall?
 Behold where Cerberus, reared on the wall
 Of Holborn (three sergeants' heads), looks o'er
 And stays but till you come unto the door!
 Tempt not his fury, Pluto is away;
 And Madame Cæsar, great Proserpina,
 Is now from home; you lose your labors quite,
 Were you Jove's sons, or had Alcides' might."
 They cried out, "Puss!" He told them he was
 Banks,
 That had so often showed them merry pranks;
 They laughed at his laugh-worthy fate; and
 passed
 The triple-head without a sop. At last,
 Calling for Rhadamanthus, that dwelt by,
 A soap-boiler; and Æacus him nigh,
 Who kept an ale-house; with my little Minos,

¹²² An arrow-maker — the person who put on the feather.
 From *flèche*, an arrow. — B.

An ancient purblind fletcher,¹²² with a high-nose;

They took 'em all, to witness of their action,
And so went bravely back without protraction.

In memory of which most liquid deed,
The city since hath raised a pyramid;
And I could wish for their eternized sakes,
My Muse had ploughed with his that sung
A-jax.¹²³

¹²³ Sir John Harrington, who wrote a treatise called *Misacmos; or, the Metamorphosis of Ajax*. — B.

THE FOREST.

THE FOREST.

I. WHY I WRITE NOT OF LOVE.

SOME act of Love's bound to rehearse,
I thought to bind him in my verse;
Which, when he felt, "Away!" quoth he,
"Can poets hope to fetter me?
It is enough they once did get
Mars and my mother in their net;
I wear not these my wings in vain."
With which he fled me; and again
Into my rhymes could ne'er be got
By any art. Then wonder not
That, since, my numbers are so cold,
When Love is fled, and I grow old.

II. TO PENSHURST.¹

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch² or marble; nor canst boast a row

¹ The seat of the Sidneys in Kent near the banks of the Medway; afterward rendered famous by Waller as the residence of Saccharissa.

² Its original and proper application was to the *basanites* of the Greeks, a hard black marble, which, being used as a test of gold, was hence called touch-stone. —B.

Of polished pillars or a roof of gold ;
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told ;
Or stair, or courts ; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudged at, art revered the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,
Of wood, of water ; therein thou art fair.
Thou hast thy walks for health, as well as sport ;
Thy mount, to which thy Dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have
 made,
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut
 shade ;
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,
At his great birth, where all the muses met.³
There, in the writhèd bark, are cut the names
Of many a sylvan taken with his flames ;
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke
The lighter fauns to reach thy lady's oak.⁴
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage,⁵ thou hast
 there,
That never fails to serve thee seasoned deer,
When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends ;

³ Sir Philip Sidney.

⁴ There is an old tradition that a Lady Leicester (the wife undoubtedly of Sir Robert Sidney) was taken in travail under an oak in Penshurst Park, which was afterwards called "my lady's oak." — G.

⁵ In this copse Barbara Gamage, the first wife of Sir Robert Sidney, used to take great delight in feeding the deer from her own hands. Hence the copse was called Lady Gamage's bower. — B.

The lower land, that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do
feed ;

The middle grounds thy mares and horses breed ;
Each bank doth yield thee conies ; and the tops
Fertile of wood, Ashore and Sidney's coppes,
To crown thy open table, doth provide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side ;
The painted partridge lies in every field,
And for thy mess is willing to be killed ;
And if the high-swoln Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat aged carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loath the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously at first, themselves betray ;
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Then hath thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours :
The early cherry, with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth
come ;

The blushing apricot, and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls, that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's
groan ;
There's none that dwell about them wish them
down,

But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty-handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they
make

The better cheeses, bring 'em; or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend

This way to husbands, and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves in plum or pear.
But what can this, more than express their love,
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat,
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat;
Where the same beer and bread, and selfsame
wine,

That is his lordship's, shall be also mine.⁶
And I not feign to sit, as some this day
At great men's tables, and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor, standing by,
A waiter doth my gluttony envÿ,
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat,

⁶ Gifford points out that at the time Jonson wrote the system was gradually breaking up in England by which a common table was set in the hall, where the gradation of rank was marked by a gradation in the fineness of the food, and that Jonson's praise indicates Penshurst as one of the places that abandoned the old feudal custom.

He knows, below, he shall find plenty of meat ;
Thy tables hoard not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livery ; all is there,
As if thou then wert mine, or I reigned here ;
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
That found King James, when hunting late, this
way,

With his brave son, the prince, they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had been set on flame
To entertain them ; or the country came,
With all their zeal, to warm their welcome here.
What (great, I will not say, but) sudden cheer
Didst thou then make 'em ! and what praise was
heaped

On thy good lady, then ! who therein reaped
The just reward of her high housewifery ;
To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was far ; and not a room but dressed
As if it had expected such a guest !
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all.
Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.
His children thy great lord may call his own ;
A fortune in this age but rarely known.
They are, and have been taught religion ; thence
Their gentler spirits have sucked innocence.
Each morn and even they are taught to pray,
With the whole household, and may, every day,
Read in their virtuous parents' noble parts

The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say, their lords have built, but thy lord
dwells.

III. TO SIR ROBERT WROTH.⁷

How blessed art thou, canst love the country,
Wroth,
Whether by choice, or fate, or both !
And though so near the city, and the court,
Art ta'en with neither's vice nor sport ;
That at great times art no ambitious guest
Of sheriff's dinner, or mayor's feast ;
Nor com'st to view the better cloth of state,
The richer hangings, or crown-plate ;
Nor throng'st, (when masquing is), to have a
sight
Of the short bravery of the night ;
To view the jewels, stuffs, the pains, the wit
There wasted, some not paid for yet !
But canst at home, in thy securer rest,

⁷ The Wroths were seated at Durance, in Middlesex, so far back as the early part of the fifteenth century. Sir Thomas Wroth in the reign of Queen Mary, says Fuller, fled over to Germany for his religion; and yet the name of Wroth was the only one of the gentry of Middlesex that was found surviving in the county one hundred and sixty years afterwards. Sir Robert Wroth was the husband of the lady to whom two previous epigrams are addressed. — See *ante*, pp. 58, 60. — B.

Live with unbought provision blest ;
 Free from proud porches, or the gilded roofs,
 'Mongst lowing herds, and solid hoofs ;
 Alongst the curlèd woods, and painted meads
 Through which a serpent river leads
 To some cool courteous shade, which he calls his,
 And makes sleep softer than it is !
 Or if thou list the night in watch to break,
 Abed canst hear the loud stag speak,
 In spring, oft rousèd for thy master's sport,
 Who for it makes thy house his court ;⁸
 Or with thy friends, the heart of all the year
 Divid'st, upon the lesser deer ;
 In autumn, at the partridge mak'st a flight,
 And giv'st thy gladder guests the sight ;
 And in the winter, hunt'st the flying hare,
 More for thy exercise, than fare ;
 While all that follow, their glad ears apply
 To the full greatness of the cry ;
 Or hawking at the river,⁹ or the bush,
 Or shooting at the greedy thrush,
 Thou dost with some delight the day outwear,
 Although the coldest of the year !
 The whilst the several seasons thou hast seen

⁸ James I. is said to have been a frequent guest at the house of Sir Robert Wroth. — B.

⁹ That is, for the greater game which frequented it. This, which was the afternoon's amusement, is noticed by many of our old writers. Sir Topas was much attached to it, if we may trust Chaucer :—

“ He couth hunt at the wild dere
 And ride an hawking by the rivere.” — G.

Of flowery fields, of copses green,
The mowèd meadows, with the fleecèd sheep,
And feasts that either shearers keep ;
The ripened ears, yet humble in their height,
And furrows laden with their weight ;
The apple-harvest, that doth longer last ;
The hogs returned home fat from mast ;
The trees cut out in log, and those boughs made
A fire now, that lent a shàde !
Thus Pan and Sylvan having had their rites,
Comus puts in for new delights,
And fills thy open hall with mirth and cheer,
As if in Saturn's reign it were ;
Apollo's harp, and Hermes' lyre resound,
Nor are the muses strangers found.
The rout of rural folk come thronging in,
(Their rudeness then is thought no sin,)
Thy noblest spouse ¹⁰ affords them welcome
 grace,
And the great heroes of her race
Sit mixed with loss of state, or reverence ;
Freedom doth with degree dispense.
The jolly wassail walks the often round,
And in their cups their cares are drowned ;
They think not then which side the cause shall
 leese,
Nor how to get the lawyer fees.
Such, and no other, was that age of old,
Which boasts t' have had the head of gold ;

¹⁰ Sidney.

And such, since thou canst make thine own content,
Strive, Wroth, to live long innocent.
Let others watch in guilty arms, and stand
The fury of a rash command,
Go enter breaches, meet the cannon's rage,
That they may sleep with scars in age,
And show their feathers shot, and colors torn,
And brag that they were therefore born.
Let this man sweat, and wrangle at the bar,
For every price, in every jar,
And change possessions oftener with his breath,
Than either money, war, or death ;
Let him, than hardest sires, more disinherit,
And each where boast it as his merit
To blow up orphans, widows, and their states ;
And think his power doth equal fate's.
Let that go heap a mass of wretched wealth,
Purchased by rapine, worse than stealth,
And brooding o'er it sit, with broadest eyes,
Not doing good, scarce when he dies.
Let thousands more go flatter vice, and win,
By being organs to great sin ;
Get place and honor, and be glad to keep
The secrets that shall break their sleep ;
And so they ride in purple, eat in plate,
Though poison, think it a great fate.
But thou, my Wroth, if I can truth apply,
Shalt neither that nor this envÿ.
Thy peace is made ; and, when man's state is well,

'Tis better, if he there can dwell.
 God wisheth none should wreck on a strange
 shelf :

To Him man's dearer than t' himself,¹¹
 And, howsoever we may think things sweet,
 He always gives what He knows meet ;
 Which who can use is happy : such be thou.
 Thy morning's and thy evening's vow
 Be thanks to him, and earnest prayer, to find
 A body sound, with sounder mind ;
 To do thy country service, thyself right ;
 That neither want do thee affright,
 Nor death ; but when thy latest sand is spent,
 Thou mayst think life a thing but lent.

IV. TO THE WORLD.

A FAREWELL FOR A GENTLEWOMAN, VIRTUOUS AND NOBLE.

False world, good night ! since thou hast brought
 That hour upon my morn of age,
 Henceforth I quit thee from my thought,
 My part is ended on thy stage.
 Do not once hope that thou canst tempt
 A spirit so resolved to tread

¹¹ Whalley traces this sentiment, and all verses that follow, to the well-known passage in the tenth Satire of Juvenal : —

“ Permittes ipsis expendere Numinibus, quid
 Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris ;
 Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt dii.
 Carior est illis homo, quam sibi —
 Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.”

Upon thy throat, and live exempt
From all the nets that thou canst spread.
I know thy forms are studied arts,
Thy subtle ways be narrow straits ;
Thy courtesy but sudden starts,
And what thou call'st thy gifts are baits.
I know, too, though thou strut and paint,
Yet art thou both shrunk up and old
That only fools make thee a saint,
And all thy good is to be sold.
I know thou whole art but a shop
Of toys and trifles, traps and snares,
To take the weak, or make them stop :
Yet thou art falser than thy wares.
And, knowing this, should I yet stay,
Like such as blow away their lives,
And never will redeem a day,
Enamored of their golden gyves ?
Or, having 'scaped, shall I return,
And thrust my neck into the noose
From whence, so lately, I did burn,
With all my powers, myself to loose ?
What bird, or beast, is known so dull,
That fled his cage, or broke his chain,
And tasting air and freedom, wull
Render his head in there again ?
If these, who have but sense, can shun
The engines that have them annoyed,
Little for me had reason done,
If I could not thy gins avoid.

Yes, threaten, do. Alas, I fear
As little, as I hope from thee ;
I know thou canst nor show, nor bear
More hatred than thou hast to me.
My tender, first, and simple years
Thou didst abuse, and then betray ;
Since stirr'dst up jealousies and fears,
When all the causes were away.
Then in a soil hast planted me,
Where breathe the basest of thy fools ;
Where envious arts professèd be,
And pride and ignorance the schools ;
Where nothing is examined, weighd,
But as 'tis rumored, so believed ;
Where every freedom is betrayed,
And every goodness taxed or grieved.
• But, what we're born for, we must bear :
Our frail condition it is such,
That what to all may happen here,
If 't chanced to me, I must not grutch.
Else I my state should much mistake,
To harbor a divided thought
From all my kind ; that for my sake,
There should a miracle be wrought.
No, I do know that I was born
To age, misfortune, sickness, grief ;
But I will bear these with that scorn,
As shall not need thy false relief.
Nor for my peace will I go far,
As wanderers do, that still do roam,

But make my strengths, such as they are,
Here in my bosom, and at home.¹²

V. SONG.

TO CELIA.¹³

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours forever:
He at length our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns that set, may rise again;
But if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumor are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removèd by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

¹² There is a striking resemblance between these lines and that passage in Beaumont's *Elegy on the Countess of Rutland*, beginning —

“Mankind is sent to sorrow,” &c. — B.

¹³ These two charming songs, addressed to Celia, are imitated from Catullus. The first of the two is also to be found in *Volpone*. The same subject is treated with great grace and beauty by Herrick in one of his small lyrics. — B.

VI. TO THE SAME.

Kiss me, sweet: the wary lover
Can your favors keep, and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiss again! no creature comes;
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums
On my lips, thus hardly sundered,
While you breathe. First give a hundred,
Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the t'other
Add a thousand, and so more,
Till you equal with the store,
All the grass that Rumney yields,
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,¹⁴
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars that gild his streams,
In the silent summer-nights,
When youths ply their stolen delights;
That the curious may not know
How to tell 'em as they flow,
And the envious, when they find
What their number is, be pined.

¹⁴ Skinner derives the name of Chelsea from shelves of sand and *ey* or *ea*, land situated near water; but Lysons prefers the etymology of Norden, who says that "it is so called from the nature of the place, whose strand is like the *chesel* (*ceosel* or *cesol*) which the sea casteth up of sand and pebble-stones, thereof called Cheselsey, briefly Chelsey, as is Chelsey in Sussex." — *Speculum Britannicæ*. — B.

VII. SONG.

THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS.¹⁵

Follow a shadow, it still flies you ;
 Seem to fly it, it will pursue :
 So court a mistress, she denies you ;
 Let her alone, she will court you.
 Say, are not women truly, then,
 Styled but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even shades are longest ;
 At noon they are or short, or none :
 So men at weakest, they are strongest,
 But grant us perfect, they're not known.
 Say, are not women truly, then,
 Styled but the shadows of us men ?

VIII. TO SICKNESS.

Why, disease, dost thou molest
 Ladies, and of them the best ?
 Do not men enow of rites
 To thy altars, by their nights
 Spent in surfeits, and their days,
 And nights too, in worser ways ?
 Take heed, sickness, what you do,
 I shall fear you'll surfeit too.

¹⁵ The origin of this song is thus related by Drummond:
 "Pembrok and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said, 'The woe-
 men were men's shadowes,' and she maintained them. Both
 appealing to Jonson, he affirmed it true ; for which my Lady
 gave a pennance to prove it in verse ; hence his epigram."

Live not we, as all thy stalls,
Spitals, pest-house, hospitals,
Scarce will take our present store ?

And this age will build no more.
'Pray thee, feed contented then,
Sickness, only on us men ;

Or, if needs thy lust will taste
Womankind, devour the waste
Livers, round about the town.
But, forgive me ; with thy crown
They maintain the truest trade,
And have more diseases made.

What should, yet, thy palate please ?
Daintiness, and softer ease,
Sleekèd limbs, and finest blood ?
If thy leanness love such food,
There are those that, for thy sake,
Do enough ; and who would take
Any pains, yea, think it price,
To become thy sacrifice ;
That distil their husbands' land
In decoctions ; and are manned
With ten empirics in their chamber,
Lying for the spirit of amber ;
That for th' oil of talc dare spend
More than citizens dare lend
Them, and all their officers ;
That, to make all pleasure theirs,
Will by coach and water go,
Every stew in town to know ;

Dare entail their loves on any,
Bald or blind, or ne'er so many;
And, for thee, at common game,
Play away health, wealth, and fame.
These, disease, will thee deserve;
And will, long ere thou shouldst starve,
On their beds, most prostitute,
Move it, as their humblest suit,
In thy justice to molest
None but them, and leave the rest.

IX. TO CELIA.¹⁶

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine:
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.

¹⁶ Cumberland has traced the leading ideas of this familiar song to some scattered passages in the love-letters of Philostratus. But in making these stray thoughts his own, Jonson has transmuted them into gold; showing, at the same time, consummate art by connecting in an obvious sequence images which are entirely disconnected in the original. — B.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me :
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

X. ¹⁷

And must I sing ? ¹⁸ what subject shall I choose ?
 Or whose great name in poets' heaven use,
 For the more countenance to my active Muse ?

¹⁷ This piece, which is called by the editors Præludium, has no title in the folio.

¹⁸ Gifford conjectures that this sportive Præludium, and the admirable Epode to which it forms an introduction, must have been among the earliest of Jonson's works, as he found them prefixed to a volume called *Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*, published in 1601. They are immediately succeeded in the same volume by the following pieces, "both," says Gifford, "as it would seem, by one author, though his name does not appear to them." The evidence, internal and external, is against this presumption. The pieces are not in the manner of Jonson, who never wrote in this flippant style; and it is only reasonable to suppose that if they were his, he would have included them in this collection, together with the Præludium and the Epode, unless he was unwilling to acknowledge them. Upon these points the reader will judge for himself. — B.

THE PHENIX ANALYZED.

Now, after all, let no man
 Receive it for a fable,
 If a bird so amiable
 Do turn into a woman.

Or, by our Turtle's augure,
 That nature's fairest creature
 Prove of his mistress' feature
 But a bare type and figure.

Hercules? alas, his bones are yet sore
 With his old earthly labors; t' exact more
 Of his dull godhead were sin. I'll implore

Phœbus. No, tend thy cart still. Envious day
 Shall not give out that I have made thee stay,
 And foundered thy hot team, to tune my lay.

Nor will I beg of thee, Lord of the vine,
 To raise my spirits with thy conjuring wine,
 In the green circle of thy ivy twine.

ODE ἐνθουσιαστική.

Splendor! O more than mortal,
 For other forms come short all
 Of her illustrious brightness,
 As far as sin's from lightness.

Her wit as quick and sprightly
 As fire, and more delightful
 Than the stolen sport of lovers,
 When night their meeting covers.

Judgment, adorned with learning,
 Doth shine in her discerning,
 Clear as a naked vestal
 Closed in an orb of crystal

Her breath for sweet exceeding
 The phoenix' place of breeding,
 But mixed with sound, transcending
 All nature of commending.

Alas then whither wade I
 In thought to praise this lady,
 When seeking her renowning
 Myself am so near drowning?

Retire, and say her graces
 Are deeper than their faces,
 Yet she's not nice to show them,
 Nor takes she pride to know them.

Pallas, nor thee I call on, mankind maid,
That at thy birth mad'st the poor smith afraid,
Who with his axe thy father's midwife played.

Go, cramp dull Mars, light Venus, when he snorts,
Or with thy tribade trine invent new sports;
Thou, nor thy looseness with my making sorts.

Let the old boy, your son, ply his old task,
Turn the stale prologue to some painted mask;
His absence in my verse is all I ask.

Hermes, the cheater, shall not mix with us,
Though he would steal his sisters' Pegasus,
And rifle him; or pawn his petasus.

Nor all the ladies of the Thespian lake,
Though they were crushed into one form, could
make
A beauty of that merit, that should take

My Muse up by commission; no, I bring
My own true fire: now my thought takes wing,
And now an Epode to deep ears I sing.

XI. EPODE.

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate:
Next to that virtue, is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel.
Which to effect (since no breast is so sure,
Or safe, but she'll procure

Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and ward
At th' eye and ear, the ports unto the mind,
That no strange, or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart, our spy,
Give knowledge instantly
To wakeful reason, our affections' king :
Who, in th' examining,
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have,
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many :
By many ? scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,
Or else the sentinel,
That should ring 'larum to the heart, doth
sleep ;
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They're base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus, by these subtle trains,
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind ;
Of which usurping rank, some have thought
love
The first ; as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
In our enflamèd breasts ;

But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we over-blow.
The thing they here call love is blind desire,
Armed with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm;
With whom who sails, rides on the surge of
fear,
And boils as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true love
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay, divine;
It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even;
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots: this bears no brands, nor
darts,
To murder different hearts,
But, in a calm and godlike unity,
Preserves community.
Oh, who is he that, in this peace, enjoys
Th' elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh than are the Eden bowers,
And lasting as her flowers;
Richer than Time, and, as Time's virtue, rare;
Sober as saddest care;
A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance;
Who, blest with such high chance,

Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness? But soft: I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries, we dream, and swears there's no such
thing,
As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, Luxury!¹⁹ thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, Vice, we let thee know
Though thy wild thoughts with sparrows' wings
do fly,
Turtles can chastely die;
And yet (in this t' express ourselves more clear)
We do not number here
Such spirits as are only continent,
Because lust's means are spent;
Or those who doubt the common mouth of fame,
And for their place and name,
Cannot so safely sin: their chastity
Is mere necessity;
Nor mean we those whom vows and conscience
Have filled with abstinence:
Though we acknowledge who can so abstain,
Makes a most blessed gain;
He that for love of goodness hateth ill,
Is more crown-worthy still

¹⁹ It is simply the French *luxure*, then in general use.— G.

Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears :
 His heart sins, though he fears.
But we propose a person like our Dove,
 Graced with a Phoenix' love ;
A beauty of that clear and sparkling light,
 Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys :
 Whose odorous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
 As sweet as she is fair.
A body so harmoniously composed,
 As if nature disclosed
All her best symmetry in that one feature !
 Oh, so divine a creature
Who could be false to ? chiefly, when he knows
 How only she bestows
The wealthy treasure of her love on him ;
 Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admired perfection ?
 What savage, brute affection,
Would not be fearful to offend a dame
 Of this excelling frame ?
Much more a noble, and right generous mind,
 To virtuous moods inclined,
That knows the weight of guilt : he will refrain
 From thoughts of such a strain,
And to his sense object this sentence ever,
 " Man may securely sin, but safely never."

XII. EPISTLE TO ELIZABETH, COUNTESS OF
RUTLAND.²⁰

Madam, —

Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,
And almost every vice, almighty gold,
That which, to boot with hell, is thought worth
heaven,

And, for it, life, conscience, yea, souls are given,
Toils, by grave custom, up and down the court,
To every squire, or groom, that will report
Well or ill, only all the following year,
Just to the weight their this day's presents
bear;

While it makes huishers serviceable men,
And some one apteth to be trusted then,
Though never after; whiles it gains the voice
Of some grand peer, whose air doth make rejoice
The fool that gave it; who will want and weep
When his proud patron's favors are asleep;
While thus it buys great grace, and hunts poor
fame;

Runs between man and man, 'tween dame and
dame;

Solders cracked friendship; makes love last a
day,

Or perhaps less: whilst gold bears all this sway,
I, that have none (to send you) send you verse:
A present which, if elder writs rehearse
The truth of times, was once of more esteem

²⁰ See *ante*, p. 40.

Than this our guilt, nor golden age can deem,²¹
 When gold was made no weapon to cut throats,
 Or put to flight Astrea, when her ingòts
 Were yet unfound, and better placed in earth,
 Than here, to give pride fame, and peasants birth.
 But let this dross carry what price it will
 With noble ignorants, and let them still
 Turn upon scornèd verse their quarter-face ;
 With you, I know, my offering will find grace.
 For what a sin 'gainst your great father's spirit
 Were it to think that you should not inherit
 His love unto the muses, when his skill
 Almost you have, or may have, when you will !
 Wherein wise Nature you a dowry gave,
 Worth an estate treble to that you have !
 Beauty, I know, is good, and blood is more ;
 Riches thought most ; but, madam, think what
 store

The world hath seen, which all these had in trust,
 And now lie lost in their forgotten dust.
 It is the muse alone can raise to heaven,
 And at her strong arm's end hold up, and even,
 The souls she loves. Those other glorious notes,
 Inscribed in touch or marble, or the coats
 Painted, or carved upon our great men's tombs
 Or in their windows, do but prove the wombs

21 "Aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm
 Cum terra celat, spernere fortior
 Quam cagere humanos in usus
 Omne sacrum rapiente dextra."

HORACE, *Od.* III. iii. 49 - 52.

That bred them, graves : when they were born
they died,

That had no muse to make their fame abide.

How many equal with the Argive Queen,

Have beauty known, yet none so famous seen ?

Achilles was not first, that valiant was,

Or, in an army's head, that, locked in brass,

Gave killing strokes. There were brave men
before

Ajax or Idomen, or all the store

That Homer brought to Troy ; yet none so live,

Because they lacked the sacred pen could give

Like life unto 'em. Who heaved Hercules

Unto the stars ? or the Tyndarides ?

Who placèd Jason's Argo in the sky ?

Or set bright Ariadne's crown so high ?

Who made a lamp of Berenice's hair ?

Or lifted Cassiopea in her chair,

But only poets, rapt with rage divine ?

And such, or my hopes fail, shall make you shine.

You, and that other star, that purest light,

Of all Lucina's train, — Lucy the bright ; ²²

Than which a nobler, heaven itself knows not ;

Who, though she have a better verser got,

Or poet, in the court account, than I,

And, who doth me, though I not him, envÿ ²³

²² Lucy, Countess of Bedford. See *ante*, pp. 39, 42, 50.

²³ There can be no doubt, as shown by Gifford, that the person here alluded to is Daniel. The cause of Daniel's "envy" was natural enough, Jonson having superseded him as the writer of masques for the Court on the accession of

Yet, for the timely favors she hath done
 To my less sanguine Muse, wherein she' hath won
 My grateful soul, the subject of her powers,
 I have already used some happy hours
 To her remembrance; which when time shall
 bring

To curious light, to notes I then shall sing,
 Will prove old Orpheus' act no tale to be;
 For I shall move stocks, stones, no less than he.
 Then all that have but done my Muse least grace
 Shall thronging come,²⁴ and boast the happy place
 They hold in my strange poems, which, as yet,
 Had not their form touched by an English wit.

James I. When Daniel took his leave of poetry, he alluded in his closing address to the labors of his past life, by which he had endeavored to improve the tastes and morals of the age, and to the fact of having outlived his popularity, and being obliged to give way to younger men. In that well-known and affecting passage there is not a solitary trace of querulousness or spleen; nor would it be consistent with his general character to suppose that at any time he betrayed an unworthy jealousy of his rivals. There was a just ground for a strong personal feeling in reference to Jonson; but there is no reason to believe that it ever took a shape of bitterness or detraction. Daniel was one of the most virtuous and honorable men of his time, and Jonson did not hesitate to acknowledge his worth as a man, although he refused to recognize his merits as a poet. "Samuel Daniel," he said, "was a good honest man, but no poet." — B.

²⁴ Jonson contemplated an Epic poem, to be entitled *Heroïlogia, or the Worthies of this Country roused by Fame*; but the design was never executed. He here indicates a similar project for celebrating the most distinguished women of his time. — B.

There, like a rich and golden pyramid,
 Borne up by statues, shall I rear your head
 Above your under-carvèd ornaments,
 And show how to the life my soul presents
 Your form impressed there; not with tickling²⁵
 rhymes

Or commonplaces, filched, that take these times,
 But high and noble matter, such as flies
 From brains entranced, and filled with ecsta-
 sies;

Moods, which the godlike Sidney oft did prove,
 And your brave friend and mine so well did
 love.

Who, wheresoe'er he be —

[*The rest is lost.*]

XIII. EPISTLE TO KATHARINE, LADY AUBIGNY.²⁶

'Tis grown almost a danger to speak true
 Of any good mind, now; there are so few.
 The bad by number are so fortified,
 As what they've lost t' expect, they dare deride.
 So both the praised and praisers suffer; yet,
 For others' ill ought none their good forget.
 I, therefore, who profess myself in love

²⁵ The folio reads "tickling"; obviously a misprint. In Jonson's *Masque of The Fortunate Isles*, Skogan, the jester, is described as a writer in rhyme, "fine tinkling rhyme." The same epithet is also employed by Marvell and Dryden. — B.

²⁶ Daughter of Sir Gervase, afterwards Baron, Clifton, and married to Lord Aubigny in 1607. See *ante*, p. 75. — B.

With every virtue, wheresoe'er it move,
And howsoever; as I am at feud
With sin and vice, though with a throne en-
dued;

And, in this name, am given out dangerous
By arts and practice of the vicious,
Such as suspect themselves, and think it fit,
For their own cap'tal crimes, t' indict my wit;
I that have suffered this, and, though forsook
Of fortune, have not altered yet my look,
Or so myself abandoned; as because
Men are not just, or keep no holy laws
Of nature and society, I should faint;
Or fear to draw true lines, 'cause others paint:
I, madam, am become your praiser; where,
If it may stand with your soft blush to hear
Yourself but told unto yourself, and see
In my charàcter what your features be,
You will not from this paper slightly pass;
No lady but at some time loves her glass.
And this shall be no false one, but as much
Removed, as you from need to have it such.
Look then, and see yourself — I will not say
Your beauty, for you see that every day;
And so do many more: all which can call
It perfect, proper, pure, and natural,
Not taken up o' the doctors, but, as well
As I, can say and see it doth excel;
That asks but to be censured by the eyes,
And in those outward forms all fools are wise.

Nor that your beauty wanted not a dower,
Do I reflect. Some alderman has power,
Or cozening farmer of the customs, so
T' advance his doubtful issue, and o'erflow
A prince's fortune : these are gifts of chance,
And raise not virtue ; they may vice enhance.
My mirror is more subtle, clear, refined,
And takes and gives the beauties of the mind,
Though it reject not those of fortune, such
As blood and match. Wherein, how more than
much

Are you engagèd to your happy fate
For such a lot ! that mixed you with a state
Of so great title, birth, but virtue most,
Without which all the rest were sounds, or lost.
'Tis only that can time and chance defeat :
For he that once is good, is ever great.
Wherewith then, madam, can you better pay
This blessing of your stars than by that way
Of virtue, which you tread ? What if alone ?
Without companions ? 'tis safe to have none.
In single paths dangers with ease are watched ;
Contagion in the press is soonest caught.
This makes, that wisely you decline your life
Far from the maze of custom, error, strife,
And keep an even and unaltered gait,
Not looking by, or back, like those that wait
Times and occasions to start forth, and seem,
Which though the turning world may dis-
esteem, —

Because that studies spectacles and shows,
And after varied as fresh objects goes,
Giddy with change, and therefore cannot see
Right the right way, — yet must your comfort be
Your conscience; and not wonder if none asks
For truth's complexion, where they all wear
masks.

Let who will follow fashions and attires,
Maintain their liegers forth for foreign wires,
Melt down their husbands' land, to pour away
On the close groom and page, on new year's
day,²⁷

And almost all days after while they live;
They find it both so witty and safe to give.
Let 'em on powders, oils, and paintings spend,
Till that no usurer nor his bawds dare lend
Them or their officers; and no man know
Whether it be a face they wear or no.
Let 'em waste body and state; and, after all,
When their own parasites laugh at their fall,
May they have nothing left whereof they can
Boast, but how oft they have gone wrong to
man,
And call it their brave sin: for such there be

²⁷ Alluding to the custom of presenting costly gifts on New Year's Day, a custom which reached its height in Queen Elizabeth's time. It was connected with the giving of gifts as fees, which was brought to an end, in law at least and courts of justice, by Bacon's disgrace. The relation of patients to physicians in the matter of fees in England shows the remains of the custom.

That do sin only for the infamy,
And never think how vice doth every hour
Eat on her clients, and some one devour.
You, madam, young have learned to shun these
 shelves,
Whereon the most of mankind wreck themselves,
And, keeping a just course, have early put
Into your harbor, and all passage shut
'Gainst storms or pirates that might charge your
 peace;
For which you worthy are the glad increase
Of your blest womb,²⁸ made fruitful from above
To pay your lord the pledges of chaste love,
And raise a noble stem, to give the fame
To Clifton's blood that is denied their name.
Grow, grow, fair tree ! and as thy branches shoot,
Hear what the muses sing about thy root,
By me, their priest (if they can aught divine)
Before the moons have filled their triple trine,
To crown the burthen which you go withal,
It shall a ripe and timely issue fall,
T' expect the honors of great Aubigny,
And greater rites yet writ in mystery,
But which the fates forbid me to reveal:
Only thus much out of a ravished zeal
Unto your name, and goodness of your life,

²⁸ Lady Aubigny had seven children, of whom four were sons. Three of her sons were killed in battle, and the fourth survived till 1655. — B. "If this was the first child," says Gifford, "the Epistle was written in 1608."

They speak ; since you are truly that rare wife
 Other great wives may blush at, when they see
 What your tried manners are, what theirs should
 be ;

How you love one, and him you should, how still
 You are depending on his word and will ;
 Not fashioned for the court, or strangers' eyes,
 But to please him, who is the dearer prize
 Unto himself, by being so dear to you.

This makes, that your affections still be new,
 And that your souls conspire, as they were gone
 Each into other, and had now made one.

Live that one still ! and as long years do pass,
 Madam, be bold to use this truest glass ;
 Wherein your form you still the same shall find,
 Because nor it can change, nor such a mind.

XIV. ODE

TO SIR WILLIAM SIDNEY,²⁹ ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Now that the hearth is crowned with smiling fire,
 And some do drink, and some do dance,
 Some ring,
 Some sing,
 And all do strive t' advance
 The gladness higher ;
 Wherefore should I
 Stand silent by,

²⁹ Eldest son of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, and nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. — B. An ode to be placed among Jonson's earlier pieces, since Sidney died about the same time with Prince Henry.

Who not the least
Both love the cause, and authors of the
feast?

Give me my cup, but from the Thespian well,
That I may tell to Sidney, what
This day
Doth say,
And he may think on that
Which I do tell ;
When all the noise
Of these forced joys
Are fled and gone,
And he with his best Genius left alone.

This day says, then, the number of glad years
Are justly summed that make you man ;
Your vow
Must now
Strive all right ways it can,
T' outstrip your peers :
Since he doth lack
Of going back
Little, whose will
Doth urge him to run wrong, or to stand
still.

Nor can a little of the common store
Of nobles' virtue show in you ;
Your blood,
So good
And great, must seek for new,

And study more :

Not weary, rest

On what's deceased ;

For they that swell

With dust of ancestors, in graves but
dwell.

'Twill be exacted of your name, whose son,

Whose nephew, whose grandchild you are ;

And men

Will then

Say you have followed far,

When well begun :

Which must be now,

They teach you how.

And he that stays

To live until to-morrow', hath lost two
days.

So may you live in honor, as in name,

If with this truth you be inspired ;

So may

This day

Be more, and long desired ;

And with the flame

Of love be bright,

As with the light

Of bonfires ! then

The birthday shines, when logs not burn,
but men.

XV. TO HEAVEN.

Good and great God ! can I not think of Thee,
But it must straight my melancholy be ?
Is it interpreted in me disease,
That, laden with my sins, I seek for ease ?
Oh, be Thou witness, that the reins dost know
And hearts of all, if I be sad for show,
And judge me after, if I dare pretend
To aught but grace, or aim at other end.
As Thou art all, so be Thou all to me,
First, midst, and last, converted One and Three,
My faith, my hope, my love ; and in this state,
My judge, my witness, and my advocate.
Where have I been this while exiled from Thee,
And whither rapt, now Thou but stoop'st to me ?
Dwell, dwell here still ! O, being everywhere,
How can I doubt to find Thee ever here ?
I know my state, both full of shame and scorn,
Conceived in sin, and unto labor born,
Standing with fear, and must with horror fall,
And destined unto judgment, after all.
I feel my griefs too, and there scarce is ground
Upon my flesh t' inflict another wound.
Yet dare I not complain, or wish for death,
With holy Paul, lest it be thought the breath
Of discontent ; or that these prayers be
For weariness of life, not love of Thee.

UNDERWOODS.

CONSISTING OF DIVERS POEMS.

"Cineri, gloria sera venit." — MARTIAL.

TO THE READER.

With the same leave the ancients called that kind of body *Sylva*, or "Ὑλη, in which there were works of divers nature and matter congested; as the multitude call timber-trees promiscuously growing, a Wood, or Forest, so am I bold to entitle these lesser poems, of later growth, by this of Underwood, out of the analogy they hold to the Forest in my former book, and no otherwise.

BEN JONSON.

UNDERWOODS.

POEMS OF DEVOTION.

THE SINNER'S SACRIFICE.

TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

O HOLY, blessed, glorious Trinity
Of persons, still one God in Unity :
The faithful man's believèd Mystery,
Help, help to lift
Myself up to thee, harrowed, torn, and bruised
By sin and Satan ; and my flesh misused,
As my heart lies in pieces, all confused,
O, take my gift !

All-gracious God, the sinner's sacrifice,
A broken heart, thou wert not wont despise,
But 'bove the fat of rams, or bulls, to prize
An offering meet
For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight!
What odor can be, than a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?

Eternal Father, God, who didst create
This all of nothing, gavest it form and fate,
And breath'st into it life and light, with state

To worship thee :

Eternal God the Son, who not deniedst
To take our nature, becam'st man, and diedst,
To pay our debts, upon thy cross, and criedst,

“ All's done in me ! ”

Eternal Spirit, God from both proceeding,
Father and Son ; the Comforter, inbreeding¹
Pure thoughts in man : with fiery zeal them
feeding

For acts of grace :

Increase those acts, O glorious Trinity
Of persons, still one God in Unity ;
Till I attain the longed-for mystery

Of seeing your face ;

Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A Trinity, to shine in Unity :
The gladdest light dark man can think upon ;

O grant it me !

Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, you three,
All co-eternal in your Majesty,
Distinct in persons, yet in Unity

One God to see.

My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier,
To hear, to meditate, sweeten my desire

¹ Qy. inbreathing ?

With grace, with love, with cherishing entire,

O, then how blest !

Among thy saints elected to abide,

And with thy angels, placèd side by side,

But in thy presence, truly glorified

Shall I there rest !

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER.

Hear me, O God !

A broken heart

Is my best part :

Use still thy rod,

That I may prove

Therein, thy love.

If thou hadst not

Been stern to me,

But left me free,

I had forgot

Myself and thee.

For, sin's so sweet,

As minds ill bent

Rarely repent,

Until they meet

Their punishment.

Who more can crave

Than thou hast done :

That gav'st a son,

To free a slave ?

First made of naught;
With all since bought.

Sin, Death, and Hell,
His glorious name
Quite overcame;
Yet I rebel,
And slight the same.

But, I'll come in,
Before my loss
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under his Cross.

A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY SAVIOUR.

I sing the birth was born to-night,
The Author both of life and light;
The angels so did sound it,
And like the ravished shepherds said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He whom the whole world could not take,²
The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
Was now laid in a manger.

² That is, contain, — a Latinism, *Quem non capit*. — G.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
 The Son's obedience knew no No,
 Both wills were in one stature;
 And as that wisdom had decreed,
 The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
 And took on him our nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
 Who made himself the price of sin,
 To make us heirs of glory!
 To see this Babe, all innocence,
 A martyr born in our defence;
 Can man forget this story?

A CELEBRATION OF CHARIS.

IN TEN LYRIC PIECES.³

I. HIS EXCUSE FOR LOVING.

LET it not your wonder move,
 Less your laughter, that I love.

³ It would appear from the opening verses that these graceful lyrics, which will not suffer in comparison with the most perfect love poems of antiquity, were composed when Jonson had attained the age of fifty, — about 1623; but as the concluding stanzas of *Her Triumph* (see *post*, p. 141) are to be found in the *Devil's an Ass*, produced about seven years before, the date of these pieces must not be inferred from the introduction, which seems to have been written last. They were, probably, produced at different periods, and finally arranged in their present order with a view to publication. — B.

Though I now write fifty years,
I have had, and have my peers;
Poets, though divine, are men :
Some have loved as old again.
And it is not always face,
Clothes, or fortune gives the grace,
Or the feature, or the youth ;
But the language, and the truth,
With the ardor and the passion,
Gives the lover weight and fashion.
If you then will read the story,
First, prepare you to be sorry,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how :
But be glad, as soon with me,
When you know that this is she,
Of whose beauty it was sung,
She shall make the old man young.
Keep the middle age at stay,
And let nothing high decay,
Till she be the reason, why,
All the world for love may die.

II. HOW HE SAW HER.

I beheld her, on a day,
When her look out-flourished May ;
And her dressing did outbrave
All the pride the fields then have ;
Far I was from being stupid,
For I ran and called on Cupid :

“Love, if thou wilt ever see
Mark of glory, come with me;
Where’s thy quiver? bend thy bow:
Here’s a shaft, — thou art too slow!”
And withal, I did untie
Every cloud about his eye.
But he had not gained his sight
Sooner than he lost his might,
Or his courage; for away
Straight he ran, and durst not stay,
Letting bow and arrow fall,
Nor for any threat, or call,
Could be brought once back to look.
I, foolhardy, there up took
Both the arrow he had quit,
And the bow, which thought to hit
This my object; but she threw
Such a lightning, as I drew,
At my face, that took my sight,
And my motion from me quite;
So that there I stood a stone,
Mocked of all, and called of one,
(Which with grief and wrath I heard,)
Cupid’s statue with a beard;
Or else one that played his ape,
In a Hercules his shape.

III. WHAT HE SUFFERED.

After many scorns like these,
Which the prouder beauties please,

She content was to restore
Eyes and limbs ; to hurt me more,
And would, on conditions, be
Reconciled to Love and me :
First, that I must kneeling yield
Both the bow and shaft I held
Unto her ; which Love might take
At her hand, with oaths, to make
Me the scope of his next draft,
Aimèd with that selfsame shaft.
He no sooner heard the law,
But the arrow home did draw,
And, to gain her by his art,
Left it sticking in my heart :
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would fain have changed the fate,
But the pity comes too late.
Loser-like, now, all my wreak
Is, that I have leave to speak,
And in either prose or song,
To revenge me with my tongue ;
Which how dexterously I do,
Hear, and make example too.

IV. HER TRIUMPH.

See the chariot at hand here of Love,
Wherein my lady rideth !
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car Love guideth.

As she goes, all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty ;
And, enamored, do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she
would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that Love's world compriseth !
Do but look on her hair, it is bright
As Love's star when it riseth !
Do but mark, her forehead's smother
Than words that soothe her !
And from her arched brows such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good, of the elements'
strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it ?
Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it ?
Have you felt the wool of beaver ?
Or swan's down ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier ?
Or the nard in the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee ?
O so white ! O so soft ! O so sweet is she !

V. HIS DISCOURSE WITH CUPID.

Noblest Charis, you that are
Both my fortune and my star !
And do govern more my blood,
Than the various moon the flood !
Hear, what late discourse of you,
Love and I have had ; and true.
'Mongst my muses finding me,
Where he chanced your name to see
Set, and to this softer strain ;
“ Sure,” said he, “ if I have brain,
This, here sung, can be no other
By description, but my mother !
So hath Homer praised her hair ;
So Anacreon drawn the air
Of her face, and made to rise
Just about her sparkling eyes,
Both her brows, bent like my bow ;
By her looks I do her know,
Which you call my shafts. And see !
Such my mother's blushes be,
As the bath your verse discloses
In her cheeks, of milk and roses ;
Such as oft I wanton in :
And, above her even chin,
Have you placed the bank of kisses,
Where, you say, men gather blisses,
Ripened with a breath more sweet
Than when flowers and west-winds meet.
Nay, her white and polished neck,

With the lace that doth it deck,
 Is my mother's! Hearts of slain
 Lovers made into a chain!
 And between each rising breast,
 Lies the valley, called my nest,
 Where I sit and proyne⁴ my wings
 After flight; and put new stings
 To my shafts! Her very name,
 With my mother's is the same."
 I confess all, I replied,
 And the glass hangs by her side,
 And the girdle 'bout her waist,
 All is Venus, save unchaste.
 But, alas, thou seest the least
 Of her good, who is the best
 Of her sex; but couldst thou, Love,
 Call to mind the forms that strove
 For the apple, and those three
 Make in one, the same were she.
 For this beauty yet doth hide
 Something more than thou hast spied.
 Outward grace weak love beguiles:
 She is Venus when she smiles,
 But she's Juno when she walks,
 And Minerva when she talks.

⁴ Usually spelt "proigne," or "proine"—to prune. A hawk was said to proine, "when she fetched oil with her beak over her tail." Mr. Halliwell gives the following illustration:—

"For joye they proigne hem evry mornynge."

MS. Ashmole, 59, f. 20. — B.

VI. CLAIMING A SECOND KISS BY DESERT.

Charis, guess, and do not miss,
Since I drew a morning kiss
From your lips, and sucked an air
Thence, as sweet as you are fair,
What my Muse and I have done :
Whether we have lost or won,
If by us the odds were laid,
That the bride, allowed a maid,
Looked not half so fresh and fair,
With th' advantage of her hair,⁵
And her jewels, to the view
Of th' assembly, as did you.

Or, that did you sit or walk,
You were more the eye and talk
Of the court, to-day, than all
Else that glistered in Whitehall ;
So, as those that had your sight,
Wished the bride were changed to night,
And did think such rites were due,
To no other grace but you !

Or, if you did move to-night
In the dances, with what spite

⁵ Brides, in Jonson's days, were always led to the altar with their hair hanging down. — G. The custom was of a still earlier date. It was the usage for brides to walk to the church with their hair flowing loose over the shoulders. Anne Bullen was thus dishevelled on her marriage. The usage is frequently alluded to in the old plays : —

“ Untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose, as a bride's hair. ”

Vittoria Corombona, VI. — B.

Of your peers you were beheld,
That at every motion swelled
So to see a lady tread,
As might all the Graces lead,
And was worthy, being so seen,
To be envied of the queen.

Or if you would yet have stayed,
Whether any would upbraid
To himself his loss of time ;
Or have charged his sight of crime,
To have left all sight for you :
Guess of these which is the true ;
And if such a verse as this,
May not claim another kiss.

VII. BEGGING ANOTHER, ON COLOR OF MEND-
ING THE FORMER.

For Love's sake, kiss me once again,
I long, and should not beg in vain.

Here's none to spy, or see ;

Why do you doubt, or stay ?

I'll taste as lightly as the bee,
That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.

Once more, and, faith, I will be gone ;
Can he that loves ask less than one ?

Nay, you may err in this,

And all your bounty wrong :

This could be called but half a kiss ;
What we're but once to do, we should do long !

I will but mend the last, and tell
Where, how, it would have relished well;
Join lip to lip and try:
Each suck the other's breath,
And whilst our tongues perplexèd lie,
Let who will think us dead, or wish our death.

VIII. URGING HER OF A PROMISE.

Charis one day in discourse
Had of Love and of his force,
Lightly promised she would tell
What a man she could love well;
And that promise set on fire
All that heard her with desire.
With the rest, I long expected,
When the work would be effected;
But we find that cold delay,
And excuse spun every day,
As, until she tell her one,
We all fear she loveth none.
Therefore, Charis, you must do't,
For I will so urge you to't
You shall neither eat nor sleep,
No, nor forth your window peep,
With your emissary eye,
To fetch in the forms go by,
And pronounce which band or lace
Better fits him than his face;
Nay, I will not let you sit
'Fore your idol glass a whit,

To say ⁶ over every purl ⁷
 There; or to reform a curl;
 Or with Secretary Sis
 To consult, if fucus ⁸ this
 Be as good as was the last:
 All your sweet of life is past,
 Make accompt, unless you can,
 And that quickly, speak your man.

IX. HER MAN DESCRIBED BY HER OWN
 DICTAMEN.

Of your trouble, Ben, to ease me,
 I will tell what man would please me.
 I would have him, if I could,
 Noble, or of greater blood;
 Titles, I confess, do take me,
 And a woman God did make me;
 French to boot, at least in fashion,
 And his manners of that nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,
 Yet a man; with crispèd hair,
 Cast in thousand snares and rings,

⁶ That is, to try.

⁷ Border, or fringe; also a twist of gold or silver. In other senses, it means an eddy or circle made by the motion of a fluid. Here the signification apparently is a twist or twists of wire introduced into the hair to keep it in form. — B.

⁸ Paint for the complexion; in general use among ladies.

“This same fucus

Was well laid on.” — *Sejanus*, II. 1.

“With all his waters, powders, fucuses,
 To make thy lovely corps sophisticate.”

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, *Woman Hater*, III. 3. — B.

For Love's fingers and his wings,
Chestnut color, or more slack
Gold upon a ground of black ;
Venus and Minerva's eyes,
For he must look wanton-wise.

Eyebrows bent like Cupid's bow,
Front, an ample field of snow ;
Even nose, and cheek, withal,
Smooth as is the billiard ball ;
Chin as woolly as the peach ;
And his lip should kissing teach,
Till he cherished too much beard,
And make Love or me afeard.

He would have a hand as soft
As the down, and show it oft ;
Skin as smooth as any rush,
And so thin to see a blush
Rising through it, ere it came ;
All his blood should be a flame
Quickly fired, as in beginners
In Love's school, and yet no sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all :
What we harmony do call,
In a body, should be there ;
Well he should his clothes, too, wear,
Yet no tailor help to make him ;
Dressed, you still for man should take him,
And not think he 'd eat a stake,
Or were set up in a brake.⁹

⁹ The exact sense in which the word "brake" is here used

Valiant he should be as fire,
Showing danger more than ire;
Bounteous as the clouds to earth,
And as honest as his birth;
All his actions to be such,
As to do no thing too much;
Nor o'erpraise, nor yet condemn,
Nor outvalue, nor contemn;
Nor do wrongs, nor wrongs receive;
Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love truth and me.

Such a man, with every part,
I could give my very heart;
But of one, if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

X. ANOTHER LADY'S EXCEPTION, PRESENT AT
THE HEARING.

For his mind I do not care,
That 's a toy that I could spare:
Let his title be but great,
His clothes rich, and band sit neat,

cannot be easily determined, although the general meaning of the passage is sufficiently obvious. Independently of its popular acceptation, as a thicket of bushes, it was employed in several other senses—such as an engine of torture, an instrument for dressing flax, a snaffle for horses, and a wooden frame to restrain the legs of vicious horses while they were being shod. The context will bear either of the last two meanings. — B.

Himself young, and face be good,
All I wish is understood.
What you please, you parts may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withal.

THE MUSICAL STRIFE;

IN A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

She. Come, with our voices, let us war,
And challenge all the spheres,
Till each of us be made a star,
And all the world turn ears.

He. At such a call, what beast or fowl
Of reason empty is ?
What tree or stone doth want a soul ?
What man but must lose his ?

She. Mix then your notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods,
To make the mountain quarries move,
And call the walking woods.

He. What need of me ? do you but sing,
Sleep and the grave will wake ;
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting,
But what those lips do make !

She. They say the angels mark each deed
And exercise below,
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

He. O sing not you then, lest the best
Of angels should be driven
To fall again ; at such a feast,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

She. Nay, rather both our souls be strained
To meet their high desire ;
So they, in state of grace retained,
May wish us of their quire.

A SONG.

O do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing ;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

O be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me ;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

O do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me ;
Nor spread them as distract with fears ;
Mine own enough betray me.

IN THE PERSON OF WOMANKIND.

A SONG APOLOGETIC.

Men, if you love us, play no more
The fools or tyrants with your friend
To make us still sing o'er and o'er

Our own false praises, for your ends :
We have both wits and fancies too,
And, if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor do we doubt but that we can,
If we would search with care and pain,
Find some one good in some one man ;
So going thorough all your strain,
We shall, at last, of parcels make
One good enough for a song's sake.

And as a cunning painter takes,
In any curious piece you see,
More pleasure while the thing he makes,
Than when 'tis made — why so will we.
And having pleased our art, we'll try
To make a new, and hang that by.

ANOTHER,
IN DEFENCE OF THEIR INCONSTANCY.

Hang up those dull and envious fools
That talk abroad of woman's change ;
We were not bred to sit on stools,
Our proper virtue is to range :
Take that away, you take our lives ;
We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valor would excel,
Do change, though man, and often fight ;
Which we in love must do as well,

If ever we will love aright:
The frequent varying of the deed,
Is that which doth perfection breed.

Nor is 't inconstancy to change
For what is better, or to make,
By searching, what before was strange,
Familiar, for the use's sake:
The good from bad is not descried,
But as 'tis often vexed and tried.

And this profession of a store
In love, doth not alone help forth
Our pleasure; but preserves us more
From being forsaken, than doth worth:
For were the worthiest woman cursed
To love one man, he 'd leave her first.

A NYMPH'S PASSION.

I love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who;
For if the nymphs should know my swain,
I fear they 'd love him too;
Yet if it be not known,
The pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that, if they be not glad,
They may yet envy me;
But then if I grow jealous mad,

And of them pitied be,
It were a plague 'bove scorn :
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would, as my thought, be
torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As summer's sky, or purgèd air,
And looks as lilies do
That are this morning blown :
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be
shown.

But he hath eyes so round and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his torches light,
Though hate had put them out :
But then, t' increase my fears,
What nymph soe'er his voice but hears
Will be my rival, though she have but ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me ; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either heart, I know ;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a fame,
If love, or fear, would let me tell his name.

THE HOUR-GLASS.¹⁰

Do but consider this small dust
Here running in the glass,

¹⁰ A copy of the verses sent by Jonson to Drummond bore the following inscription :—

“To the honoring respect,
Born
To the friendship contracted with
The right virtuous and learned
Mr. William Drummond,
And the perpetuating the same by all offices of love
Hereafter,
I Benjamin Jonson,
Whom he hath honored with the leave to be called
His, have with mine own hand, to satisfy his
Request, written this imperfect song.”

There is another copy of the verses, printed in 1640, called *On a Gentle-woman working by an Hour-glass*. The three versions differ slightly ; but the variations are unimportant. Whalley has pointed out the source from whence the suggestion of the madrigal was derived, in the following Latin lines of the Italian poet Jerome Amaltheus :—

HOROLOGIUM PULVEREUM, TUMULUS ALCIPPI.
Perspicuo in vitro pulvis qui dividit horas,
Dum vagus angustum sæpe recurrit iter,
Olim erat Alcippus, qui Gallæ ut vidit ocellos,
Arsit, et est cæco factus ab igne cinis.
Irrequiete cinis, miseros testabere amantes
More tuo nullâ posse quiete frui.

IOLÆ TUMULUS.

Horarum in vitro pulvis nunc mensor, Iolæ
Sunt cineres, urnam condidit acer amor ;
Ut, si quæ extincto remanent in amore favillæ,
Nec jam tutus eat, nec quietus amet.

There is a similar conceit in Herrick's lines on an hour-glass filled with water composed of the tears of lovers, which tell, as they drop,

“That lovers' tears in lifetime shed,
Do restless run when they are dead.”—B.

By atoms moved ; —
Could you believe that this
The body was
Of one that loved ?
And in his mistress' flame, playing like a fly,
Turned to cinders by her eye ?
Yes ; and in death, as life, unblessed,
To have't expressed,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest !

MY PICTURE LEFT IN SCOTLAND.

I now think Love is rather deaf than blind,
For else it could not be,
That she,
Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
And cast my love behind ;
I'm sure my language to her was as sweet,
And every close did meet,
In sentence of as subtle feet,
As hath the youngest he
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

Oh ! but my conscious fears,
That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that she hath seen
My hundred of gray hairs,
Told seven and forty years,
Read so much waist, as she cannot embrace
My mountain belly, and my rocky face,
And all these, through her eyes, have stopped
her ears.

AGAINST JEALOUSY.

Wretched and foolish jealousy,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
 I ne'er was of thy kind;
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
 To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my fire:
 I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruit and flowers, as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love,
Thou say'st, thou only cam'st to prove
 What my affections were:
Think'st thou that love is helped by fear?
 Go, get thee quickly forth!
Love's sickness, and his noted want of worth,
 Seek doubting men to please;
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

THE DREAM.

Or scorn, or pity, on me take,
I must the true relation make:
 I am undone to-night!
Love in a subtle dream disguised,
Hath both my heart and me surprised,
Whom never yet he durst attempt t' awake;¹¹
Nor will he tell me for whose sake
 He did me the delight, or spite;

¹¹ Gifford corrects, very plausibly,

“Whom never yet he durst attempt awake.”

But leaves me to inquire,
In all my wild desire,
Of Sleep again, who was his aid,
And Sleep so guilty and afraid,
As since he dares not come within my sight.

AN EPITAPH ON MASTER VINCENT CORBET.¹²

I have my piety too, which, could
It vent itself but as it would,
Would say as much as both have done
Before me here, the friend and son ;
For I both lost a friend and father,
Of him whose bones this grave doth gather,
Dear Vincent Corbet, who so long
Had wrestled with diseases strong,
That though they did possess each limb,
Yet he broke them, ere they could him,
With the just canon of his life,
A life that knew nor noise nor strife ;

¹² The father of Bishop Corbet, the poet. Vincent Corbet, who lived to the great age of eighty, and died in 1619, was a man of exemplary character. He lived chiefly at Whitton, in Middlesex, where he became famous for his nursery-grounds, which he cultivated with great skill and success. By these pursuits he amassed a large property, which he bequeathed to his son. At one period Vincent Corbet appears to have assumed the name of Pointer; but whether it descended to him through some branch of his family, and was afterwards relinquished for that of Corbet, is not known. There is an affectionate tribute to his worth amongst the poems of his son. — B.

But was, by sweetening so his will,
All order, and disposure still.

His mind as pure, and neatly kept,
As were his nurseries, and swept
So of uncleanness, or offence,
That never came ill odor thence!

And add his actions unto these,
They were as spacious as his trees.

'Tis true, he could not reprehend;
His very manners taught t' amend,
They were so even, grave, and holy;
No stubbornness so stiff, nor folly

To license ever was so light,
As twice to trespass in his sight;

His looks would so correct it, when
It chid the vice, yet not the men.

Much from him I profess I won,
And more, and more, I should have done,
But that I understood him scant;

Now I conceive him by my want;
And pray who shall my sorrows read,
That they for me their tears will shed;

For truly, since he left to be,
I feel, I'm rather dead than he!
Reader, whose life and name did e'er become
An epitaph, deserved a tomb:

Nor wants it here through penury or sloth,
Who makes the one, so it be first, makes both.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR EDWARD SACKVILE, NOW
EARL OF DORSET.¹³

If, Sackvile, all that have the power to do
Great and good turns, as well could time them too,
And knew their how and where; we should have
then

Less list of proud, hard, or ingrateful men.
For benefits are owed with the same mind
As they are done, and such returns they find:
You then, whose will not only, but desire
To succor my necessities, took fire,
Not at my prayers, but your sense; which laid
The way to meet what others would upbraid,
And in the act did so my blush prevent,
As I did feel it done, as soon as meant;
You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
This good from you, as freely will it owe;
And though my fortune humble me, to take
The smallest courtesies with thanks, I make
Yet choice from whom I take them; and would
shame

To have such do me good, I durst not name.
They are the noblest benefits, and sink
Deepest in man, of which, when he doth think,

¹³ Son of Robert, second Earl of Dorset. He was the Sir Edward Sackville who, in his youth, was engaged in the savage duel with Lord Bruce, of which he has himself left an account. He afterwards earned the panegyric of Clarendon by his wit and learning. Gifford tells us that this epistle addressed to him by Jonson was the favorite poem of Horne Tooke. He had it by heart, and delighted to quote it on all occasions.—B.

The memory delights him more, from whom,
Than what, he hath received. Gifts stink from
some,

They are so long a coming, and so hard ;
Where any deed is forced, the grace is marred.

Can I owe thanks for courtesies received
Against his will that does 'em ? that hath weaved
Excuses or delays ? or done them scant,
That they have more oppressed me than my
want ?

Or if he did it not to succor me,
But by mere chance ? for interest ? or to free
Himself of farther trouble, or the weight
Of pressure, like one taken in a strait ?
All this corrupts the thanks ; less hath he won,
That puts it in his debt-book ere't be done ;
Or that doth sound a trumpet, and doth call
His grooms to witness ; or else lets it fall
In that proud manner, as a good so gained,
Must make me sad for what I have obtained.

No ! Gifts and thanks should have one cheer-
ful face,
So each, that's done and ta'en, becomes a brace.
He neither gives, or does, that doth delay
A benefit, or that doth throw't away ;
No more than he doth thank, that will receive
Naught but in corners, and is loath to leave
Least air, or print, but flies it : such men would
Run from the conscience of it, if they could.

As I have seen some infants of the sword

Well known, and practised borrowers on their
word,

Give thanks by stealth, and whispering in the ear,
For what they straight would to the world for-
swear;

And speaking worst of those from whom they
went

But then fist-filled, to put me off the scent.

Now damn me, sir, if you shall not command
My sword ('tis but a poor sword, understand)

As far as any poor sword in the land;—

Then turning unto him is next at hand,

Damns whom he damned too, is the veriest gull,
Has feathers, and will serve a man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be answered so,
That to such natures let their full hands flow,
And seek not wants to succor; but inquire,
Like money-brokers, after names, and hire
Their bounties forth to him that last was made,
Or stands to be in commission o' the blade?

Still, still the hunters of false fame apply
Their thoughts and means to making loud the cry,
But one is bitten by the dog he fed,

And hurt seeks cure, the surgeon bids take bread,
And sponge-like with it dry up the blood quite,
Then give it to the hound that did him bite:

Pardon, says he, that were a way to see

All the town-curs take each their snatch at me.

O, is it so? knows he so much? and will

Feed those at whom the table points at still?

I not deny it, but to help the need
Of any, is a great and generous deed;
Yea, of th' ingrateful: and he forth must tell
Many a pound, and piece, will pace one well.
But these men ever want: their very trade
Is borrowing; that but stopped, they do invade
All as their prize, turn pirates here at land,
Have their Bermudas,¹⁴ and their Straits i' th'
Strand
Man out of their boats to the Temple, and not
shift
Now, but command; make tribute, what was
gift;
And it is paid 'em with a trembling zeal,
And superstition, I dare scarce reveal
If it were clear; but being so in cloud
Carried and wrapt, I only am allowed
My wonder, why the taking a clown's purse,
Or robbing the poor market-folks, should nurse
Such a religious horror in the breasts
Of our town-gallantry! or why there rests
Such worship due to kicking of a punk,
Or swaggering with the watch, or drawer drunk;
Or feats of darkness acted in mid-sun,
And told of with more license than th' were done!
Sure there is mystery in it I not know,
That men such reverence to such actions show,
And almost deify the authors! make

¹⁴. Cant names for disreputable quarters of London off the Strand.

Loud sacrifice of drink, for their health's sake ;
Rear suppers in their names, and spend whole
nights

Unto their praise in certain swearing rites !
Cannot a man be reckoned in the state
Of valor, but at this idolatrous rate ?
I thought that fortitude had been a mean
'Twixt fear and rashness ; not a lust obscene,
Or appetite of offending, but a skill,
Or science of a discerning good and ill.
And you, sir, know it well, to whom I write,
That with these mixtures we put out her light ;
Her ends are honesty, and public good ;
And where they want, she is not understood ;
No more are these of us ; let them then go !
I have the list of mine own faults to know,
Look to, and cure : he's not a man hath none ;
But like to be, that every day mends one,
And feels it ; else he tarries by the beast.
Can I discern how shadows are decreased,
Or grown, by height or lowness of the sun,
And can I less of substance ? when I run,
Ride, sail, am coached, know I how far I have
gone,

And my mind's motion not ? or have I none ?
No ! he must feel and know, that will advance.
Men have been great, but never good by chance,
Or on the sudden. It were strange that he
Who was this morning such a one, should be
Sidney ere night ; or that did go to bed

Coryat,¹⁵ should rise the most sufficient head
Of Christendom; and neither of these know,
Were the rack offered them, how they came so!
'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
Profit in aught; each day some little add,
In time 'twill be a heap; this is not true
Alone in money, but in manners too.

Yet we must more than move still, or go on;
We must accomplish; 'tis the last key-stone
That makes the arch; the rest that there were
put

Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut.
Then stands it a triumphal mark! then men
Observe the strength, the height, the why, and
when

It was erected; and still walking under
Meet some new matter to look up and wonder!
Such notes are virtuous men! they live as fast
As they are high; are rooted, and will last;
They need no stilts, nor rise upon their toes,
As if they would belie their stature; those
Are dwarfs of honor, and have neither weight
Nor fashion; if they chance aspire to height,
'Tis like light canes, that first rise big and brave,
Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces, have
But few and fair divisions, but being got
Aloft, grow less and straightened, full of knot,
And, last, go out in nothing. You that see
Their difference, cannot choose which you will be.

¹⁵ See *ante*, p. 82.

You know, without my flattering you, too much
For me to be your indice. Keep you such,
That I may love your person, as I do,
Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
By thanking thus the courtesy to life,
Which you will bury; but therein, the strife
May grow so great to be example, when,
As their true rule or lesson, either men,
Donors or donees, to their practice shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

AN EPISTLE TO MASTER JOHN SELDEN.¹⁶

I know to whom I write. Here, I am sure,
Though I be short, I cannot be obscure:
Less shall I for the art or dressing care,
Truth and the Graces best when naked are.
Your book, my Selden, I have read; and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgment
such

¹⁶ Prefixed to *Titles of Honor*, 1614. "Selden was a person," says Clarendon, "whom no character can flatter, or transmit in any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of such stupendous learning in all kinds, and in all languages, as may appear from his excellent and transcendent writings, that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing." Selden and Jonson were close friends, and their regard for each other never suffered an interruption. "Selden," said Jonson, "liveth on his own, is the Law Book of the Judges of England, and the bravest man in all languages." — B.

To ask it ; though, in most of works, it be
A penance where a man may not be free,
Rather than office, when it doth or may
Chance that the friend's affection proves allay
Unto the censure. Yours all need doth fly
Of this so vicious humanity ;
Than which, there is not unto study a more
Pernicious enemy. We see before.
A many of books, even good judgments wound
Themselves, through favoring what is there not
found ;

But I on yours far otherwise shall do,
Not fly the crime, but the suspicion too ;
Though I confess, as every muse hath erred,
And mine not least, I have too oft preferred
Men past their terms, and praised some names
too much ;

But 'twas with purpose to have made them such.
Since, being deceived, I turn a sharper eye
Upon myself, and ask, to whom, and why,
And what I write ? and vex it many days
Before men get a verse, much less a praise ;
So that my reader is assured, I now
Mean what I speak, and still will keep that vow.
Stand forth my object, then ; you that have been
Ever at home, yet have all countries seen ;
And like a compass, keeping one foot still
Upon your centre, do your circle fill
Of general knowledge ; watched men, manners
too,

Heard what times past have said, seen what
ours do :

Which grace shall I make love to first ? your
skill,

Or faith in things ? or is't your wealth and will
T' instruct and teach ? or your unwearied pain
Of gathering ? bounty in pouring out again ?

What fables have you vexed, what truth re-
deemed,

Antiquities searched, opinions disesteemed,
Impostures branded, and authorities urged !

What blots and errors have you watched and
purged

Records and authors of ! how rectified

Times, manners, customs ! innovations spied !

Sought out the fountains, sources, creeks, paths,
ways,

And noted the beginnings and decays !

Where is that nominal mark, or real rite,

Form, act, or ensign, that hath 'scaped your
sight ?

How are traditions there examined ! how

Conjectures retrieved ! and a story now

And then of times (besides the bare conduct

Of what it tells us) weaved in to instruct !

I wondered at the richness, but am lost,

To see the workmanship so 'xceed the cost !

To mark the excellent seasoning of your style,

And manly elocution ; not one while

With horror rough, then rioting with wit ;

But to the subject still the colors fit
In sharpness of all search, wisdom of choice,
Newness of sense, antiquity of voice!

I yield, I yield! the matter of your praise
Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise
A bank against it. Nothing but the round
Large clasp of Nature such a wit can bound.
Monarch in letters! 'mongst thy titles shown
Of others' honors, thus enjoy thy own.
I first salute thee so; and gratulate
With that thy style, thy keeping of thy state,
In offering this thy work to no great name,
That would, perhaps, have praised and thanked
the same,

But naught beyond. He thou hast given it to,
Thy learnèd chamber-fellow,¹⁷ knows to do
It true respects: he will not only love,
Embrace, and cherish; but he can approve
And estimate thy pains, as having wrought
In the same mines of knowledge; and thence
brought

Humanity enough to be a friend,
And strength to be a champion, and defend
Thy gift 'gainst envy. O how I do count
Among my comings in, and see it mount,
The gain of your two friendships! Heyward and
Selden! two names that so much understand!

¹⁷ Edward Heyward, of Carveston, in Norfolk, to whom Selden dedicated the *Titles of Honor*, as his "beloved friend and chamber-fellow." — B.

On whom I could take up, and ne'er abuse
The credit, what would furnish a tenth muse !
But here's no time, nor place, my wealth to tell ;
You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.¹⁸

TO PERSUADE HIM TO THE WARS.

Wake, friend, from forth thy lethargy ! The drum
Beats brave and loud in Europe, and bids come
All that dare rouse, or are not loath to quit
Their vicious ease, and be o'erwhelmed with it.
It is a call to keep the spirits alive
That gasp for action, and would yet revive
Man's buried honor, in his sleepy life ;
Quickening dead Nature to her noblest strife.
All other acts of worldlings are but toil
In dreams, begun in hope, and end in spoil.
Look on th' ambitious man, and see him nurse
His unjust hopes with praises begged, or, worse,
Bought flatteries, the issue of his purse,
Till he become both their and his own curse !
Look on the false and cunning man, that loves
No person, nor is loved ; what ways he proves
To gain upon his belly ; and at last
Crushed in the snaky brakes that he had passed !

¹⁸ The Mr. Colby to whom this satire upon the times was addressed is unknown to fame. Whalley conjectures, from the subject of the epistle, that he was in the military service, and thinks it probable, from an allusion to the office, — see *post*, p. 176, — that he may have been muster-master of the forces. — B.

See the grave, sour, and supercilious sir,
In outward face, but inward, light as fur,
Or feathers, lay his fortune out to show,
Till envy wound or maim it at a blow !
See him that's called, and thought, the happiest
man,

Honored at once, and envied, if it can
Be honor is so mixed, by such as would,
For all their spite, be like him, if they could.
No part or corner man can look upon,
But there are objects bid him to be gone
As far as he can fly, or follow day,
Rather than here so bogged in vices stay.
The whole world here leavened with madness
swells,

And, being a thing blown out of naught, rebels
Against his Maker, high alone with weeds,
And impious rankness of all sects and seeds ;
Not to be checked or frightened now with fate,
But more licentious made, and desperate !
Our delicacies are grown capital,
And even our sports are dangers : what we call
Friendship, is now masked hatred ! justice fled,
And shamefastness together ! all laws dead
That kept man living ! pleasures only sought !
Honor and honesty, as poor things thought
As they are made ! pride and stiff clownage mixed
To make up greatness ! and man's whole good
fixed

In bravery, or gluttony, or coin,

All which he makes the servants of the groin, —
Thither it flows ! how much did Stallion spend
To have his court-bred filly there commend
His lace and starch ; and fall upon her back
In admiration, stretched upon the rack
Of lust, to his rich suit, and title, Lord ?
Ay, that's a charm and half ! she must afford
That all respect ; she must lie down ; nay, more,
'Tis there civility to be a whore ;
He's one of blood and fashion ! and with these
The bravery makes she can no honor leese :
To do't with cloth, or stuffs, lust's name might
merit ;

With velvet, plush, and tissues, it is spirit !

O, these so ignorant monsters ! light, as proud,
Who can behold their manners, and not cloud-
Like upon them lighten ? If Nature could
Not make a verse, anger or laughter would,
To see 'em aye discoursing with their glass,
How they may make some one that day an ass,
Planting their purls and curls, spread forth like
net,

And every dressing for a pitfall set
To catch the flesh in, and to pound a prick ;
Be at their visits, see 'em squeamish, sick,
Ready to cast at one whose band sits ill,
And then leap mad on a neat pickardil,¹⁹

¹⁹ A stiff collar, or ruff, generally with sharp points ; supposed to be derived from *picca*, a spear-head. This ruff came into fashion early in the reign of James I. ; and,

As if a brize²⁰ were gotten in their tail ;
 And firk, and jerk, and for the coachman rail,
 And jealous each of other, yet think long
 To be abroad chanting some bawdy song,
 And laugh, and measure thighs, then squeak,
 spring, itch,

Do all the tricks of a salt lady bitch !

For t'other pound of sweetmeats, he shall feel
 That pays, or what he will : the dame is steel ;
 For these with her young company she'll enter,
 Where Pitts, or Wright, or Modet would not
 venture ;

And comes by these degrees, the style t' inherit,
 Of woman of fashion, and a lady of spirit.

Nor is the title questioned ; with our proud,
 Great, brave, and fashioned folk, these are allowed ;
 Adulteries now are not so hid or strange,

They're grown commodity upon Exchange ;

He that will follow but another's wife,

Is loved, though he let out his own for life ;

The husband's now called churlish, or a poor

Nature, that will not let his wife be a whore ;

Or use all arts, or haunt all companies

That may corrupt her, even in his eyes.

The brother trades a sister ; and the friend

Lives to the lord, but to the lady's end.

Less must not be thought on than mistress ; or

according to some authorities, gave its name to the street,
 Piccadilly. — B.

²⁰ Gadfly.

If it be thought, killed like her embrions ; for,
Whom no great mistress hath as yet infamed,
A fellow of coarse lechery is named.

The servant of the serving-woman, in scorn,
Ne'er came to taste the plenteous marriage-horn.

Thus they do talk. And are these objects fit
For man to spend his money on ? his wit ?
His time ? health ? soul ? will he for these go
throw

Those thousands on his back, shall after blow
His body to the Counters,²¹ or the Fleet ?
Is it for these that Fine-man meets the street
Coached, or on foot-cloth, thrice changed every
day,

To teach each suit he has, the ready way
From Hyde-park to the stage, where at the last
His dear and borrowed bravery he must cast ?
When not his combs, his curling-irons, his glass,
Sweet bags, sweet powders, nor sweet words will
pass

For less security ? O heavens ! for these
Is it that man pulls on himself disease,
Surfeit, and quarrel ? drinks the t'other health ?
Or by damnation voids it, or by stealth ?
What fury of late is crept into our feasts ?
What honor given to the drunkenest guests ?
What reputation to bear one glass more,

²¹ Or compters ; a familiar phrase for a debtor's prison. Some of these prisons were Poultry compter, Borough compter, Wood-street compter.

When oft the bearer is borne out of door ?
This hath our ill-used freedom, and soft peace
Brought on us, and will every hour increase.
Our vices do not tarry in a place,
But being in motion still, or rather in race,
Tilt one upon another, and now bear
This way, now that, as if their number were
More than themselves, or than our lives could
take,

But both fell pressed under the load they make.

I'll bid thee look no more, but, flee, flee, friend,
This precipice, and rocks that have no end,
Or side, but threatens ruin. The whole day
Is not enough, now, but the nights to play.
And whilst our states, strength, body, and mind
we waste,

Go make ourselves the usurers at a cast.
He that no more for age, cramps, palsies can
Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
To take the box up for him, and pursues
The dice with glassen eyes, to the glad viewers
Of what he throws : like lechers grown content
To be beholders, when their powers are spent.

Can we not leave this worm ? or will we not ?
Is that the truer excuse ? or have we got
In this, and like, an itch of vanity,
That scratching now's our best felicity ?
Well, let it go. Yet this is better than
To lose the forms and dignities of men,
To flatter my good lord, and cry his bowl

Runs sweetly, as it had his lordship's soul ; —
Although, perhaps, it has, what's that to me,
That may stand by, and hold my peace ? will he,
When I am hoarse with praising his each cast,
Give me but that again, that I must waste
In sugar candied, or in buttered beer,
For the recovery of my voice ? No, there
Pardon his lordship ; flattery's grown so cheap
With him, for he is followed with that heap
That watch, and catch, at what they may applaud,
As a poor single flatterer, without bawd
Is nothing, such, scarce meat and drink he'll give ;
But he that's both, and slave to both, shall live,
And be beloved, while the whores last. O times !
Friend, fly from hence, and let these kindled
rhymes

Light thee from hell on earth ; where flatterers,
spies,

Informers masters both of arts and lies ;
Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers that let blood
The life, and fame-veins — yet not understood
Of the poor sufferers ; where the envious, proud,
Ambitious, factious, superstitious, loud-
Boasters, and perjured, with the infinite more
Prevaricators swarm ; of which the store,
(Because they're everywhere amongst mankind
Spread through the world,) is easier far to find,
Than once to number, or bring forth to hand,
Though thou wert muster-master of the land.

Go, quit 'em all ! And take along with thee,

Thy true friend's wishes, Colby, which shall be,
That thine be just and honest, that thy deeds
Not wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds;
That thou dost all things more for truth than
glory,

And never but for doing wrong be sorry;
That by commanding first thyself, thou mak'st
Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st;
That fortune never make thee to complain,
But what she gives, thou dar'st give her again;
That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
Thou shrink or start not, but be always one,
That thou think nothing great, but what is good,
And from that thought strive to be understood.
So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
Still precious with the odor of thy name.
And last, blaspheme not: we did never hear
Man thought the valianter 'cause he durst swear;
No more than we should think a lord had had
More honor in him, 'cause we've known him mad.
These take; and now go seek thy peace in war,
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a star.

AN EPITAPH ON MASTER PHILIP GRAY.

Reader, stay!

And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie till the last day,
All that is left of Philip Gray,
It might thy patience richly pay:
For if such men as he could die,
What surety of life have thou and I?

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

They are not, sir, worst owers that do pay
Debts when they can; good men may break
their day,

And yet the noble nature never grudge;
'Tis then a crime, when the usurer is judge,
And he is not in friendship; nothing there
Is done for gain: if 't be, 'tis not sincere.
Nor should I at this time protested be,
But that some greater names have broke with me,
And their words too, where²² I but break my
band;²³

I add that *but*, because I understand
That as the lesser breach; for he that takes
Simply my band, his trust in me forsakes,
And looks unto the forfeit. If you'be
Now so much friend, as you would trust in me,
Venture a longer time, and willingly;
All is not barren land doth fallow lie;
Some grounds are made the richer for the rest,
And I will bring a crop, if not the best.

AN ELEGY.

Can beauty, that did prompt me first to write,
Now threaten with those means she did invite?
Did her perfections call me on to gaze,
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze?
Or was she gracious afar off, but near
A terror? or is all this but my fear?

²² Whereas.²³ Bond.

That as the water makes things, put in't straight,
Crooked appear, so that doth my conceit ?

I can help that with boldness ; and Love sware,
And Fortune once, t' assist the spirits that dare.²⁴
But which shall lead me on ? both these are blind.
Such guides men use not, who their way would
find,

Except the way be error to those ends ;
And then the best are still the blindest friends !
Oh how a lover may mistake ! to think
Or Love, or Fortune blind, when they but wink
To see men fear ; or else for truth and state,
Because they would free justice imitate,
Veil their own eyes, and would impartially
Be brought by us to meet our destiny.
If it be thus, come Love, and Fortune go,
I'll lead you on ; or if my fate will so,
That I must send one first, my choice assigns
Love to my heart, and Fortune to my lines.

AN ELEGY.

By those bright eyes, at whose immortal fires
Love lights his torches to inflame desires ;
By that fair stand, your forehead, whence he
bends
His double bow, and round his arrows sends ;
By that tall grove, your hair, whose globy rings
He flying curls, and crispeth with his wings ;

²⁴ He alludes to the two proverbs, *Faint Heart*, &c., and *Fortes Fortuna juvat*. — G.

By those pure baths your either cheek discloses,
 Where he doth steep himself in milk and roses ;
 And lastly, by your lips, the bank of kisses,
 Where men at once may plant and gather
 blisses :

Tell me, my loved friend, do you love or no ?
 So well as I may tell in verse, 'tis so ?
 You blush, but do not :— friends are either none,
 Though they may number bodies, or but one.
 I'll therefore ask no more, but bid you love,
 And so that either may example prove
 Unto the other ; and live patterns, how
 Others, in time, may love as we do now.
 Slip no occasion ; as time stands not still,
 I know no beauty, nor no youth that will.
 To use the present, then, is not abuse,
 You have a husband is the just excuse
 Of all that can be done him ; such a one
 As would make shift to make himself alone
 That which we can ; who both in you, his wife,
 His issue, and all circumstance of life,
 As in his place, because he would not vary,
 Is constant to be extraordinary.

A SATIRICAL SHRUB.²⁵

A woman's friendship ! God, whom I trust in,
 Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin,

²⁵ This is more in the style and manner of Donne than of our author. It may, however, be his ; though I suspect that

Amongst my many other, that I may
No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say
At fifty years, almost, to value it,
That ne'er was known to last above a fit !
Or have the least of good, but what it must
Put on for fashion, and take up on trust.
Knew I all this afore ? had I perceived
That their whole life was wickedness, though
weaved

Of many colors; outward, fresh from spots,
But their whole inside full of ends and knots?
Knew I that all their dialogues and discourse
Were such as I will now relate, or worse?

[Here something is wanting.]

Knew I this woman? yes, and you do see,
How penitent I am, or I should be.
Do not you ask to know her, she is worse
Than all ingredients made into one curse,
And that poured out upon mankind, can be :
Think but the sin of all her sex, 'tis she !
I could forgive her being proud ! a whore !
Perjured ! and painted ! if she were no more —
But she is such, as she might yet forestall
The devil, and be the damning of us all.

the loose scraps found after his death, among his papers, were committed to the press without much examination. There was undoubtedly an intercommunity of verse between the two friends; but I do not wish to carry the argument any further. — G.

A LITTLE SHRUB GROWING BY.²⁶

Ask not to know this man. If fame should speak
His name in any metal, it would break.
Two letters were enough the plague to tear
Out of his grave, and poison every ear.
A parcel of court-dirt, a heap, and mass
Of all vice hurled together, there he was,
Proud, false, and treacherous, vindictive, all
That thought can add, unthankful, the lay-stall²⁷
Of putrid flesh alive ! of blood, the sink !
And so I leave to stir him, lest he stink.

AN ELEGY.

Though beauty be the mark of praise,
And yours, of whom I sing, be such
As not the world can praise too much,
Yet is't your virtue now I raise.

A virtue, like allay, so gone
Throughout your form, as though that move,
And draw, and conquer all men's love,
This subjects you to love of one,

Wherein you triumph yet : because
'Tis of yourself, and that you use
The noblest freedom, not to choose
Against or faith or honor's laws.

²⁶ This too is in the style of Donne. It was evidently designed to be a pendant of the former; whoever wrote that wrote this. — G.

²⁷ Dunghill.

But who could less expect from you,
In whom alone Love lives again ?
By whom he is restored to men ;
And kept, and bred, and brought up true ?

His falling temples you have reared,
The withered garlands ta'en away ;
His altars kept from the decay
That envy wished, and Nature feared ;

And on them burns so chaste a flame,
With so much loyalty's expense,
As Love, t' acquit such excellence,
Is gone himself into your name.

And you are he : the deity
To whom all lovers are designed,
That would their better objects find ;
Among which faithful troop am I ;

Who, as an offspring²⁸ at your shrine,
Have sung this hymn, and here entreat
One spark of your diviner heat
To light upon a love of mine ;

Which, if it kindle not, but scant
Appear, and that to shortest view,
Yet give me leave t' adore in you
What I, in her, am grieved to want.

²⁸ Whalley makes the obvious correction to "offering."

AN ODE: TO HIMSELF.

Where dost thou careless lie
Buried in ease and sloth?
Knowledge, that sleeps, doth die;
And this security,
It is the common moth,
That eats on wits and arts, and [so]²⁹ destroys
them both.

Are all the Aonian springs
Dried up? lies Thespia waste?
Doth Clarius' harp want strings,
That not a nymph now sings?
Or droop they as disgraced,
To see their seats and bowers by chattering pies
defaced?

If hence thy silence be,
As 'tis too just a cause,
Let this thought quicken thee:
Minds that are great and free
Should not on fortune pause;
'Tis crown enough to virtue still, her own ap-
plause.

What though the greedy fry
Be taken with false baits

²⁹ The deficient syllable is supplied by Gifford. Whalley had inserted the word "quite." "The reader," says Gifford, "may, perhaps, stumble upon a better substitute than either." — B.

Of worded balladry,
 And think it poesy ?
 They die with their conceits,
 And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,
 Strike in thy proper strain,
 With Japhet's line, aspire
 Sol's chariot for new fire,
 To give the world again :
 Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's
 brain.

And since our dainty age,
 Cannot endure reproof,
 Make not thyself a page,
 To that strumpet the stage,
 But sing high and aloof,
 Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's
 hoof.³⁰

THE MIND OF THE FRONTISPIECE TO A BOOK.³¹

From death and dark oblivion, near the same,
 The mistress of man's life, grave History,

³⁰ A part of the concluding stanza is to be found at the conclusion of the *Poetaster* ; and the whole might be written about the period of the appearance of that drama. Jonson's dislike to the stage here breaks out : — but, in truth, this is not the only passage from which we are authorized to collect that necessity alone led him to write for the theatre. — G.

³¹ These lines are prefixed to Sir Walter Raleigh's *History of the World*, 1614 : they are descriptive of the ornamental

Raising the world to good and evil fame,
 Doth vindicate it to eternity.
 Wise Providence would so; that nor the good
 Might be defrauded, nor the great secured,
 But both might know their ways were understood,
 When vice alike in time with virtue dured:
 Which makes that, lighted by the beamy hand
 Of Truth, that searcheth the most springs,
 And, guided by Experience, whose straight wand
 Doth mete, whose line doth sound the depth
 of things,
 She cheerfully supporteth what she rears,
 Assisted by no strengths but are her own;
 Some note of which each varied pillar bears,
 By which, as proper titles, she is known
 Time's witness, herald of Antiquity,
 The light of Truth, and life of Memory.

AN ODE TO JAMES, EARL OF DESMOND.

WRIT IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TIME, SINCE LOST AND RECOVERED.⁸²

Where art thou, Genius? I should use
 Thy present aid: arise, Invention,

figures in the serious frontispiece to that volume, and can scarcely be understood without a reference to the plate itself. — G.

⁸² The Earl of Desmond, to whom these lines were addressed, was the son of Gerald Fitzgerald, the sixteenth Earl, who, after maintaining for ten years a rebellion against Queen Elizabeth's Government in Ireland, was made prisoner and executed in 1582. The Earl of Ormonde transmitted his

Wake, and put on the wings of Pindar's Muse,
To tower with my intention
High as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head above the reach of chance,
Or the time's envy.
Cynthius, I apply
My bolder numbers to thy golden lyre ;
O then inspire
Thy priest in this strange rapture ! heat my brain
With Delphic fire,
That I may sing my thoughts in some unvulgar
strain.

Rich beam of honor, shed your light
On these dark rhymes, that my affection
May shine, through every chink, to every sight
Graced by your reflection !
Then shall my verses, like strong charms,
Break the knit circle of her stony arms,

head to the Queen, who caused it to be exhibited on London Bridge. An attainder followed, and his vast estates, comprising, it was said, nearly 600,000 acres, were forfeited to the Crown. James, his son and heir, notwithstanding the attainder, received many favors from the Queen, was educated at her Court, and, having embraced the Protestant religion, was sent by Her Majesty to Ireland, in the hope that his personal influence would be effectual in bringing back the allegiance of the people. As soon as he appeared amongst his countrymen they flocked around him with enthusiasm ; but when it was discovered that he attended a Protestant Church at Killmallock, they deserted him. Failing in his mission, he returned to London, and was restored to his honors in 1600. He died in the following year. — B.

That hold your spirit,
And keep your merit
Locked in her cold embraces, from the view
Of eyes more true,
Who would with judgment search, searching
conclude,
As proved in you,
True noblesse. Palm grows straight, though
handled ne'er so rude.

Nor think yourself unfortunate,
If subject to the jealous errors
Of politic pretext, that wries a state ;
Sink not beneath these terrors :
But whisper, O glad innocence,
Where only a man's birth is his offence ;
Or the disfavor
Of such as savor
Nothing, but practise upon honor's thrall.
O virtue's fall !
When her dead essence, like the anatomy
In Surgeon's-hall,
Is but a statist's theme to read phlebotomy.

Let Brontes, and black Steropes,
Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating ;
Pyracmon's hour will come to give them ease,
Though but while metal's heating :
And, after all the Ætnean ire,
Gold, that is perfect, will outlive the fire.

For fury wasteth,
As patience lasteth.
No armor to the mind! he is shot-free
From injury,
That is not hurt; not he, that is not hit;
So fools, we see,
Oft 'scape an imputation, more through luck
than wit.

But to yourself, most loyal lord,
Whose heart in that bright sphere flames
clearest,
Though many gems be in your bosom stored,
Unknown which is the dearest;—
If I auspiciously divine,
As my hope tells, that our fair Phœbe's shine
Shall light those places,
With lustrous graces,
Where darkness with her gloomy sceptred hand,
Doth now command;
O then, my best-best loved, let me importune,
That you will stand,
As far from all revolt, as you are now from
fortune.³³

³³ It is clear from this stanza that the poem was written before 1600, when the attainder was removed, and that it is, therefore, one of Jonson's earliest productions. Whalley, mistaking the meaning of the last stanza, altered Phœbe to Phœbus. But Phœbe, as pointed out by Gifford, is meant for Queen Elizabeth, who took great delight in this kind of poetical flattery.—B.

AN ODE.

High-spirited friend,
I send nor balms, nor cor'sives to your wound;
Your fate hath found
A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
The cure of that which is but corporal;
And doubtful days, which were named critical,
Have made their fairest flight,
And now are out of sight;
Yet doth some wholesome physic for the mind
Wrapped in this paper lie,
Which in the taking if you misapply,
You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
Happy in that fair honor it hath gained,
Must now be reined.
True valor doth her own renown command
In one full action; nor have you now more
To do, than be a husband of that store.
Think but how dear you bought
This same which you have caught,
Such thoughts will make you more in love with
truth:
'Tis wisdom, and that high,
For men to use their fortune reverently,
Even in youth.

AN ODE.

Helen, did Homer never see
Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?

Did Sappho, on her seven-tongued lute,
So speak, as yet it is not mute,
Of Phaon's form? or doth the boy,
In whom Anacreon once did joy,
Lie drawn to life in his soft verse,
As he whom Maro did rehearse?
Was Lesbia sung by learn'd Catullus,
Or Delia's graces by Tibullus?
Doth Cynthia, in Propertius' song,
Shine more than she the stars among?
Is Horace his each love so high
Rapt from the earth, as not to die?
With bright Lycoris, Gallus' choice,
Whose fame hath an eternal voice?
Or hath Corinna, by the name
Her Ovid gave her, dimmed the fame
Of Cæsar's daughter, and the line
Which all the world then styled divine?
Hath Petrarch since his Laura raised
Equal with her? or Ronsard praised
His new Cassandra, 'bove the old
Which all the fate of Troy foretold?
Hath our great Sidney, Stella set
Where never star shown brighter yet?
Or Constable's ambrosiac muse
Made Dian not his notes refuse?³⁴

³⁴ Henry Constable, a poet who, towards the close of the sixteenth century, acquired some celebrity as a writer of sonnets. The work alluded to in the above passage was called *Diana, or the excellent conceitful sonnets of H. C. augmented*

Have all these done — and yet I miss
 The swan so relished Pancharis — ³⁵
 And shall not I my Celia bring,
 Where men may see whom I do sing?
 Though I, in working of my song,
 Come short of all this learned throng,
 Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
 So much my subject drowns the rest.

A SONNET.

TO THE NOBLE LADY, THE LADY MARY WROTH.³⁶

I that have been a lover, and could show it,
 Though not in these, in rhymes not wholly
 dumb,
 Since I exscribe your sonnets,³⁷ am become
 A better lover, and much better poet.
 Nor is my Muse nor I ashamed to owe it,
 To those true numerous graces, whereof some
 But charm the senses, others overcome

with divers quatorzains of honorable and learned personages, divided into eight decads: 1594. Shakespeare's *Sonnets* were not published till thirteen years afterwards, and Constable during the interval enjoyed the reputation of being "the first sonneteer of his time." But his sonnets are infinitely inferior to those of Surrey and Wyatt, by whom he was preceded. — B.

³⁵ The French poet Bonefons, or Bonefonius, who, in imitation of Secuudus, wrote *Basia*, in the praise of his mistress, Pancharis. — W.

³⁶ See *ante*, pp. 58, 60.

³⁷ The *Urania* of Lady Mary Wroth was interspersed with numerous songs and snatches of verse, to which this passage alludes. — B.

Both brains and hearts ; and mine now best do
know it :

For in your verse all Cupid's armory,
His flames, his shafts, his quiver, and his bow,
His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his mother's sweets you so apply,
Her joys, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
For Venus' cestion every line you make.

A FIT OF RHYME AGAINST RHYME.

Rhyme, the rack of finest wits,
That expresseth but by fits
True conceit,
Spoiling senses of their treasure,
Cozening judgment with a measure,
But false weight ;
Wresting words from their true calling ;
Propping verse for fear of falling
To the ground ;
Jointing syllabes, drowning letters,
Fastening vowels, as with fetters
They were bound !
Soon as lazy thou wert known,
All good poetry hence was flown,
And art banished ;
For a thousand years together,
All Parnassus' green did wither,
And wit vanished !
Pegasus did fly away ;
At the wells no Muse did stay,

But bewailed,
So to see the fountain dry,
And Apollo's music die,
All light failed !
Starveling rhymes did fill the stage,
Not a poet in an age,
Worthy crowning ;
Not a work deserving bays,
Nor a line deserving praise,
Pallas frowning.
Greek was free from rhyme's infection,
Happy Greek, by this protection,
Was not spoiled ;
Whilst the Latin, queen of tongues,
Is not yet free from rhyme's wrongs,
But rests foiled.
Scarce the hill again doth flourish,
Scarce the world a wit doth nourish,
To restore
Phœbus to his crown again ;
And the Muses to their brain ;
As before.
Vulgar languages that want
Words, and sweetness, and be scant
Of true measure,
Tyrant rhyme hath so abused,
That they long since have refused
Other cesure.
He that first invented thee,
May his joints tormented be,

Cramped forever ;
 Still may syllables jar with time,
 Still may reason war with rhyme,
 Resting never !
 May his sense when it would meet
 The cold tumor in his feet,
 Grow unsounder ;
 And his title be long fool,
 That in rearing such a school
 Was the founder !³⁸

AN EPIGRAM ON WILLIAM LORD BURLEIGH,
 LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.³⁹

If thou wouldst know the virtues of mankind,
 Read here in one, what thou in all canst find,
 And go no farther : let this circle be
 Thy universe, though his epitome.
 Cecil, the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
 What is there more that can ennoble blood ?

³⁸ Some resemblance may be traced between particular passages in this piece and the opening of Dryden's lines to the Earl of Roscommon, on translated verse, in which, following the course of poetry through the Greeks and Romans, he shows how it became debased by the introduction of rhyme:

“Till barbarous nations, and more barbarous times,
 Debased the majesty of verse to rhymes ;
 These rude at first ; a kind of hobbling prose,
 That limped along, and tinkled in the close.” — B.

³⁹ The following note is attached to this epigram in the folio : “Presented upon a plate of gold to his son, Robert, Earl of Salisbury, when he was also Treasurer.” See also *ante*, pp. 24, 31, 32.

The orphan's pillar, the true subject's shield,
 The poor's full storehouse, and just servant's
 field;

The only faithful watchman for the realm,
 That in all tempests never quit the helm,
 But stood unshaken in his deeds and name,
 And labored in the work, not with the fame;
 That still was good for goodness' sake, nor thought
 Upon reward, till the reward him sought;
 Whose offices and honors did surprise,
 Rather than meet him; and, before his eyes
 Closed to their peace, he saw his branches shoot,
 And in the noblest families took root
 Of all the land: — Who now, at such a rate,
 Of divine blessing, would not serve a state?

AN EPIGRAM

TO THOMAS LORD ELESHERE, THE LAST TERM HE SAT CHAN-
 CELLOR.⁴⁰

So, justest lord, may all your judgments be
 Laws; and no change e'er come to one decree:
 So may the king proclaim your conscience is
 Law to his law, and think your enemies his;
 So, from all sickness, may you rise to health,
 The care and wish still of the public wealth;
 So may the gentler muses, and good fame,
 Still fly about the odor of your name;

⁴⁰ See *ante*, p. 37. A note in the folio tells us that this epigram (as also that which follows) was written for "a poor man," who had a suit depending before Lord Ellesmere.

As, with the safety and honor of the laws,
You favor truth, and me, in this man's cause!

ANOTHER TO THE SAME.

The judge his favor timely then extends,
When a good cause is destitute of friends,
Without the pomp of counsel, or more aid,
Than to make falsehood blush, and fraud afraid;
When those good few, that her defenders be,
Are there for charity, and not for fee.
Such shall you hear to-day, and find great foes
Both armed with wealth and slander to oppose,
Who, thus long safe, would gain upon the times
A right by the prosperity of their crimes;
Who, though their guilt and perjury they know,
Think, yea, and boast, that they have done it so,
As, though the court pursues them on the scent,
They will come off, and 'scape the punishment.
When this appears, just lord, to your sharp
sight,
He does you wrong, that craves you to do right.

AN EPIGRAM

TO THE COUNSELLOR THAT PLEADED, AND CARRIED THE CAUSE.

That I hereafter do not think the bar,
The seat made of a more than civil war;
Or the great hall of Westminster, the field
Where mutual frauds are fought, and no side
yield;
That henceforth I believe nor books, nor men,

Who, 'gainst the law weave calumnies, my —; ⁴¹
But when I read or hear the names so rife
Of hirelings, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,
Hook-handed harpies, gownèd vultures, put
Upon the reverend pleaders, do now shut
All mouths that dare entitle them, from hence,
To the wolf's study, or dog's eloquence;
Thou art my cause whose manners, since I knew,
Have made me to conceive a lawyer new.
So dost thou study matter, men, and times,
Mak'st it religion to grow rich by crimes;
Dar'st not abuse thy wisdom in the laws,
Or skill to carry out an evil cause,
But first dost vex, and search it; if not sound,
Thou prov'st the gentler ways to cleanse the
wound,
And make the scar fair; if that will not be,
Thou hast the brave scorn to put back the fee!
But in a business that will bide the touch,
What use, what strength of reason, and how
much
Of books, of precedents, hast thou at hand!
As if the general store thou didst command
Of argument, still drawing forth the best,

⁴¹ This blank, I imagine, was to have been filled with the name of the counsellor who pleaded in the cause: it must be a word of one syllable, and answer in rhyme to *men*, the close of the preceding verse. From these particulars it is probable the person here meant was *Anthony Benn*, who succeeded the Solicitor Coventry in the recordership of London. — W.

And not being borrowed by thee, but possessed.

So com'st thou like a chief into the court
Armed at all pieces, as to keep a fort
Against a multitude ; and, with thy style
So brightly brandished, wound'st, defend'st, the
while

Thy adversaries fall, as not a word
They had, but were a reed unto thy sword !
Then com'st thou off with victory and palm,
Thy hearer's nectar, and thy client's balm,
The court's just honor, and thy judge's love ;
And, which doth all achievements get above,
Thy sincere practice breeds not thee a fame
Alone, but all thy rank a reverend name.

AN EPIGRAM.

TO THE SMALL-POX.⁴²

Envious and foul Disease, could there not be
One beauty in an age, and free from thee ?
What did she worth thy spite ? were there not
store

Of those that set by their false faces more
Than this did by her true ? she never sought
Quarrel with nature, or in balance brought

⁴² The ravages of the small-pox on beautiful women, and persons of quality, supplied a prolific theme for the poets, who for the most part treated the subject in an extravagant spirit of hyperbole. Corbet, Cartwright, and Dryden may be particularly referred to for examples. — B.

Art her false servant ; nor, for Sir Hugh Plat,⁴³
 Was drawn to practise other hue than that
 Her own blood gave her : she ne'er had, nor hath
 Any belief in Madam Bawdbee's bath,⁴⁴
 Or Turner's oil of talc ; not ever got
 Spanish receipt to make her teeth to rot.
 What was the cause then ? thought'st thou, in
 disgrace
 Of beauty, so to nullify a face,
 That heaven should make no more ? or should
 amiss
 Make all hereafter, hadst thou ruined this ?
 Ay, that thy aim was ; but her fate prevailed,
 And, scorned, thou'st shown thy malice, but hast
 failed !

AN EPITAPH.

What beauty would have lovely styled,
 What manners pretty, nature mild,
 What wonder perfect, all were filed
 Upon record, in this blest child.
 And, till the coming of the soul
 To fetch the flesh, we keep the roll.

A SONG.

LOVER.

Come, let us here enjoy the shade,
 For love in shadow best is made.

⁴³ A compiler of recipes for making cosmetics, oils, ointments, &c. One of his books is entitled *Delights for Ladies to adorn their Persons*, &c., 1628. — G.

⁴⁴ The allusion is to the hot-houses. See *ante*, p. 8.

Though envy oft his shadow be,
None brooks the sunlight worse than he.

MISTRESS.

Where love doth shine, there needs no sun.
All lights into his one do run,
Without which all the world were dark;
Yet he himself is but a spark.

ARBITER.

A spark to set whole world afire,
Who, more they burn, they more desire,
And have their being, their waste to see;
And waste still, that they still might be.

CHORUS.

Such are his powers, whom time hath styled,
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild;
The eldest god, yet still a child.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Sir, I am thankful, first to heaven for you;
Next to yourself, for making your love true:
Then to your love and gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my store added a book,
On which with profit I shall never look,
But must confess from whom that gift I took.

Not like your country neighbors that commit
Their vice of loving for a Christmas fit,
Which is indeed but friendship of the spit ;

But as a friend, which name yourself receive,
And which you, being the worthier, gave me
leave

In letters, that mix spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keep,
So may the fruitful vine my temples steep,
And fame wake for me when I yield to sleep !

Though you sometimes proclaim me too severe,
Rigid, and harsh, which is a drug austere
In friendship, I confess : but, dear friend, hear :

Little know they, that profess amity,
And seek to scant her comely liberty,
How much they lame her in her property.

And less they know, who being free to use
That friendship which no chance but love did
choose,

Will unto license that fair leave abuse.

It is an act of tyranny, not love,
In practised friendship wholly to reprove,
As flattery, with friends' humors still to move.

From each of which I labor to be free ;
Yet if with either's vice I tainted be,
Forgive it, as my frailty, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passion's sway
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her fury, yet no friendship to betray.

AN ELEGY.⁴⁵

'Tis true, I'm broke ! vows, oaths, and all I had
Of credit lost. And I am now run mad,
Or do upon myself some desperate ill ;
This sadness makes no approaches, but to kill.
It is a darkness hath blocked up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to starve it. Help, O you that may
Alone lend succors, and this fury stay !
Offended mistress, you are yet so fair,
As light breaks from you that affrights despair,
And fills my powers with persuading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.
There may some face or menace of a storm
Look forth, but cannot last in such a form.
If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of graces, or your mercy here in me,
Spare your own goodness yet ; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God and the good know to forgive and save ;
The ignorant and fools no pity have.

⁴⁵ This and the next three Elegies are all addressed to the same person. The lady, whoever she was, appears to have had a love affair with the poet, who, in a moment of intoxication, had betrayed her confidence and disclosed the secret of their connection. — G.

I will not stand to justify my fault,
Or lay the excuse upon the vintner's vault;
Or in confessing of the crime be nice,
Or go about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what company 'twas in,
As I would urge authority for sin:
No, I will stand arraigned and cast, to be
The subject of your grace in pardoning me,
And, styled your mercy's creature, will live more
Your honor now, than your disgrace before.

Think it was frailty, mistress, think me man,
Think that yourself, like heaven, forgive me can:
Where weakness doth offend, and virtue grieve,
There greatness takes a glory to relieve.
Think that I once was yours, or may be now;
Nothing is vile, that is a part of you.
Error and folly in me may have crossed
Your just commands: yet those, not I, be lost.
I am regenerate now, become the child
Of your compassion; parents should be mild;
There is no father that for one demerit,
Or two, or three, a son will disinherit;
That is the last of punishments is meant;
No man inflicts that pain till hope be spent;
An ill-affected limb, whate'er it ail,
We cut not off till all cures else do fail,
And then with pause; for severed once, that's
gone,
Would live his glory that could keep it on.
Do not despair my mending; to distrust

Before you prove a medicine, is unjust ;
You may so place me, and in such an air,
As not alone the cure, but scar be fair.
That is, if still your favors you apply,
And, not the bounties you ha' done, deny.

Could you demand the gifts you gave, again !
Why was 't ? did e'er the clouds ask back their
rain ?

The sun his heat and light ? the air his dew ?
Or winds the spirit by which the flower so grew ?
That were to wither all, and make a grave
Of that wise Nature would a cradle have !
Her order is to cherish and preserve,
Consumption's nature to destroy and starve.
But to exact again what once is given,
Is Nature's mere obliquity ; as Heaven
Should ask the blood and spirits he hath infused
In man, because man hath the flesh abused.

O may your wisdom take example hence !
God lightens not at man's each frail offence ;
He pardons slips, goes by a world of ills,
And then His thunder frights more than it kills.
He cannot angry be, but all must quake ;
It shakes even Him that all things else doth
shake.

And how more fair and lovely looks the world
In a calm sky, than when the heaven is hurled
About in clouds, and wrapt in raging weather,
As all with storm and tempest ran together !

O imitate that sweet serenity

That makes us live, not that which calls to die.
In dark and sullen morns, do we not say,
This looketh like an execution-day ;
And with the vulgar doth it not obtain
The name of cruel weather, storm and rain ?
Be not affected with these marks too much
Of cruelty, lest they do make you such ;
But view the mildness of your Maker's state,
As I the penitent's here emulate.
He, when he sees a sorrow, such as this,
Straight puts off all his anger, and doth kiss
The contrite soul, who hath no thought to win
Upon the hope to have another sin
Forgiven him : and in that line stand I,
Rather than once displease you more, to die,
To suffer tortures, scorn, and infamy,
What fools, and all their parasites can apply ;
The wit of ale, and genius of the malt
Can pump for, or a libel without salt
Produce ; though threatening with a coal or
chalk,
On every wall, and sung where'er I walk.
I number these as being of the chore
Of contumely, and urge a good man more
Than sword, or fire, or what is of the race
To carry noble danger in the face ;
There is not any punishment, or pain,
A man should fly from, as he would disdain.
Then, mistress, here, here let your rigor end,
And let your mercy make me ashamed t' offend ;

I will no more abuse my vows to you,
Than I will study falsehood to be true.

O, that you could but by dissection see
How much you are the better part of me ;
How all my fibres by your spirit do move,
And that there is no life in me, but love !
You would be then most confident, that though
Public affairs command me now to go
Out of your eyes, and be awhile away,
Absence or distance shall not breed decay.
Your form shines here, here fixèd in my heart :
I may dilate myself, but not depart.
Others by common stars their courses run,
When I see you, then I do see my sun :
Till then 'tis all but darkness that I have ;
Rather than want your light, I wish a grave.

AN ELEGY.⁴⁶

To make the doubt clear, that no woman's true,
Was it my fate to prove it full in you ?
Thought I, but one had breathed the purer air,
And must she needs be false, because she's fair ?
Is it your beauty's mark, or of your youth,
Or your perfection, not to study truth ?
Or think you heaven is deaf, or hath no eyes ?
Or those it has wink at your perjuries ?
Are vows so cheap with women ? or the matter

⁴⁶ This elegy was printed in a 4to edition of Donne's Poems which came out in 1633. — G.

Whereof they're made, that they are writ in
water,
And blown away with wind ? or doth their
breath,
Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death ?
Who could have thought so many accents sweet
Tuned to our words, so many sighs should meet
Blown from our hearts, so many oaths and tears
Sprinkled among, all sweeter by our fears,
And the divine impression of stol'n kisses,
That sealed the rest, could now prove empty
blisses ?

Did you draw bonds to forfeit ? sign to break ?
Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
And find the truth out the wrong way ? or must
He first desire you false, would wish you just ?
O, I profane ! though most of women be
The common monster, Love shall except thee,
My dearest love, however jealousy
With circumstance might urge the contrary.
Sooner I'll think the sun would cease to cheer
The teeming earth, and that forget to bear ;
Sooner that rivers would run back, or Thames
With ribs of ice in June would bind his streams ;
Or Nature, by whose strength the world endures,
Would change her course, before you alter yours.

But, O, that treacherous breast ! to whom
weak you,
Did trust our counsels, and we both may rue,
Having his falsehood found too late ! 'twas he

That made me cast you guilty, and you me ;
Whilst he, black wretch, betrayed each simple
word

We spake, unto the coming ⁴⁷ of a third !
Cursed may he be, that so our love hath slain,
And wander wretched on the earth, as Cain ;
Wretched as he, and not deserve least pity !
In plaguing him, let misery be witty.
Let all eyes shun him, and he shun each eye,
Till he be noisome as his infamy ;
May he without remorse deny God thrice,
And not be trusted more on his soul's price ;
And after all self-torment, when he dies,
May wolves tear out his heart, vultures his eyes,
Swine eat his bowels, and his falser tongue,
That uttered all, be to some raven flung ;
And let his carrion corse be a longer feast
To the king's dogs, than any other beast !

Now I have cursed, let us our love receive ; ⁴⁸
In me the flame was never more alive.
I could begin again to court and praise,
And in that pleasure lengthen the short days
Of my life's lease ; like painters that do take
Delight, not in made works, but whilst they
make.

I could renew those times when first I saw
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law
To like what you liked, and at masques or plays.

⁴⁷ Cunning. — G.

⁴⁸ Revive. — G.

Commend the selfsame actors the same ways;
Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were such lost ⁴⁹ pastimes, as in these
Love was as subtly caught as a disease;
But, being got, it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend, is harder than to get;
And ought not be profaned on either part,
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

AN ELEGY.

That love's a bitter sweet, I ne'er conceive,
Till the sour minute comes of taking leave,
And then I taste it: but as men drink up
In haste the bottom of a medicined cup,
And take some syrup after; so do I,
To put all relish from my memory
Of parting, drown it, in the hope to meet
Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.
This makes me, mistress, that sometimes by
stealth,
Under another name, I take your health,
And turn the ceremonies of those nights
I give, or owe my friends, into your rites;
But ever without blazon, or least shade
Of vows so sacred, and in silence made:
For though love thrive, and may grow up with
cheer,
And free society, he's born elsewhere,

⁴⁹ Soft. — G.

And must be bred, so to conceal his birth,
As neither wine do rack it out, or mirth.
Yet should the lover still be airy and light,
In all his actions, ratified to sprite;
Not like a Midas, shut up in himself,
And turning all he toucheth into pelf,
Keep in reserved in his dark-lantern face,
As if that excellent dulness were love's grace:

No, mistress, no! the open, merry man
Moves like a sprightly river, and yet can
Keep secret in his channels what he breeds,
'Bove all your standing waters, choked with
weeds.

They look at best like cream-bowls, and you soon
Shall find their depth; they're sounded with a
spoon.

They may say grace, and for Love's chaplains
pass,

But the grave lover ever was an ass;
Is fixed upon one leg, and dares not come
Out with the other, for he's still at home;
Like the dull wearied crane, that, come on land,
Doth, while he keeps his watch, betray his stand;
Where he that knows will like a lapwing fly
Far from the nest, and so himself belie
To others, as he will deserve the trust
Due to that one that doth believe him just.
And such your servant is, who vows to keep
The jewel of your name as close as sleep
Can lock the sense up, or the heart a thought,

And never be by time or folly brought,
Weakness of brain, or any charm of wine,
The sin of boast, or other countermines
Made to blow up love's secrets, to discover
That article may not become our lover :
Which in assurance to your breast I tell,
If I had writ no word but, dear, farewell !

AN ELEGY.

Since you must go, and I must bid farewell,
Hear, mistress, your departing servant tell
What it is like : and do not think they can
Be idle words, though of a parting man.
It is as if a night should shade noonday,
Or that the sun was here, but forced away,
And we were left under that hemisphere,
Where we must feel it dark for half a year.
What fate is this, to change men's days and
hours,
To shift their seasons, and destroy their powers !
Alas ! I have lost my heat, my blood, my prime,
Winter is come a quarter ere his time !
My health will leave me ; and when you depart,
How shall I do, sweet mistress, for my heart ?
You would restore it ? No, that's worth a fear,
As if it were not worthy to be there :
O, keep it still ; for it had rather be
Your sacrifice, than here remain with me ;
And so I spare it ; come what can become
Of me, I'll softly tread unto my tomb ;

Or, like a ghost, walk silent amongst men,
Till I may see both it and you again.

AN ELEGY.

Let me be what I am ; as Virgil cold,
As Horace fat, or as Anacreon old ;
No poet's verses yet did ever move,
Whose readers did not think he was in love.
Who shall forbid me then in rhyme to be
As light and active as the youngest he
That from the Muses' fountains doth endorse
His lines, and hourly sits the poet's horse ?
Put on my ivy garland ; let me see
Who frowns, who jealous is, who taxeth me.
Fathers and husbands, I do claim a right
In all that is called lovely : take my sight,
Sooner than my affection from the fair ;
No face, no hand, proportion, line or air
Of beauty, but the Muse hath interest in :
There is not worn that lace, purl, knot, or pin,
But is the poet's matter ; and he must,
When he is furious, love, although not lust.
But then content, your daughters and your
wives,
If they be fair and worth it, have their lives
Made longer by our praises ; or, if not,
Wish you had foul ones, and deformèd got,
Cursed in their cradles, or there changed by elves,
So to be sure you do enjoy yourselves.
Yet keep those up in sackcloth too, or leather,

For silk will draw some sneaking songster
thither.

It is a rhyming age, and verses swarm
At every stall; the city cap's a charm.

But I who live, and have lived twenty year,
Where I may handle silk as free, and near,
As any mercer, or the whalebone man
That quilts those bodies I have leave to span;
Have eaten with the beauties, and the wits,
And braveries of court, and felt their fits
Of love and hate; and came so nigh to know
Whether their faces were their own or no:
It is not likely I should now look down
Upon a velvet petticoat, or a gown,
Whose like I have known the tailor's wife put on,
'To do her husband's rites in, ere 'twere gone
Home to the customer; his lechery
Being the best clothes still to preoccupy.
Put a coach-mare in tissue, must I horse
Her presently? or leap thy wife of force,
When by thy sordid bounty she hath on
A gown of that was the caparison?
So I might dote upon thy chairs and stools,
That are like clothed; must I be of those fools
Of race accounted, that no passion have,
But when thy wife, as thou conceiv'st, is brave?
Then ope thy wardrobe, think me that poor
groom
That, from the footman, when he was become
An officer there, did make most solemn love

To every petticoat he brushed, and glove
 He did lay up; and would adore the shoe
 Or slipper was left off, and kiss it too;
 Court every hanging gown, and, after that,
 Lift up some one, and do — I tell not what.
 Thou didst tell me, and wert o'erjoyed to peep
 In at a hole, and see these actions creep
 From the poor wretch, which though he plaied
 in prose,

He would have done in verse, with any of those
 Wrung on the withers by Lord Love's despite,
 Had he had the faculty to read and write!

Such songsters there are store of; witness he
 That chanced the lace, laid on a smock, to see,
 And straightway spent a sonnet; with that other
 That, in pure madrigal, unto his mother
 Commended the French hood and scarlet gown
 The lady-mayoress passed in through the town,
 Unto the Spittle sermon.⁵⁰ “O, what strange

⁵⁰ “Time out of mind, it hath been a laudable custom that on Good Friday, in the afternoon, some especial learned man, by appointment of the prelates, hath preached a sermon at Paul's-cross, treating of Christ's Passion; and upon the three next Easter holidays, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the like learned men, by the like appointment, have used to preach on the forenoons at the said Spittle” [a priory and hospital called St. Mary Spittle, on the site now occupied by Spital-square, Spitalfields, where there was another pulpit cross, somewhat resembling that in St. Paul's churchyard] “to persuade the article of Christ's Resurrection; and then on Low Sunday, one other learned man at Paul's-cross, to make rehearsal of those four former sermons, either com-

Variety of silks were on th' Exchange!
 Or in Moor-fields! this other night," sings one;
 Another answers, "'las! those silks are none,"
 In smiling *l'envoy*,⁵¹ as he would deride
 Any comparison had with his Cheapside;
 And vouches both the pageant and the day,
 When not the shops, but windows do display
 The stuffs, the velvets, plushes, fringes, lace,
 And all the original riots of the place.
 Let the poor fools enjoy their follies, love
 A goat in velvet; or some block could move
 Under that cover, an old midwife's hat,
 Or a close-stool so cased; or any fat
 Bawd, in a velvet scabbard! I envÿ
 None of their pleasures; nor will ask thee why
 Thou art jealous of thy wife's, or daughter's case,
 More than of either's manners, wit, or face!

AN EXECRATION UPON VULCAN.⁵²

And why to me this, thou lame lord of fire?
 What had I done that might call on thine ire?

mending or reproving them, as to him by judgment of the learned divines was thought convenient. And that done, he was to make a sermon of his own study, which in all were five sermons in one. At these sermons, so severally preached, the mayor, with his brethren the aldermen, were accustomed to be present in their violets at Paul's on Good Friday, and in their scarlets at the Spittle in the holidays, except Wednesday in violet, and the mayor with his brethren on Low Sunday in scarlet, at Paul's-cross, continued until this day."

⁵¹ That is, in a kind of supercilious close. — G.

⁵² By the fire, to which this poem alludes, Jonson's library

Or urge thy greedy flame thus to devour
 So many my years' labors in an hour ?
 I ne'er attempted, Vulcan, 'gainst thy life ;
 Nor made least line of love to thy loose wife ;
 Or in remembrance of thy affront and scorn,
 With clowns and tradesmen, kept thee closed in
 horn.⁵³

'Twas Jupiter that hurled thee headlong down,
 And Mars that gave thee a lanthorn for a crown.
 Was it because thou wert of old denied,
 By Jove, to have Minerva for thy bride ;
 That since, thou tak'st all envious care and pain
 To ruin any issue of the brain ?

Had I wrote treason there, or heresy,
 Imposture, witchcraft, charms, or blasphemy,
 I had deserved then thy consuming looks,
 Perhaps to have been burnèd with my books.
 But, on thy malice, tell me, didst thou spy

was destroyed, and with it a large quantity of his MSS., including some unfinished, and some complete. He seems to have borne his irreparable loss with extraordinary composure, satisfying his vexation by this pleasant revenge upon misfortune. He here enumerates most of the MSS. that perished — a life of Henry V., nearly completed ; an account of his journey into Scotland ; *The Rape of Proserpine* ; the poem on the ladies of Great Britain, alluded to in his epistle to the Countess of Rutland (see *ante*, p. 117) ; some dramas ; an English grammar, of which considerable fragments have been preserved ; and the gleanings of twenty-four years' study in philosophy and divinity. — B.

⁵³ A joke of very ancient standing : *Heus tu, qui Vulcanum conclusum in cornu geris !* — PLAUT. *Amphytr.* — W.

Any least loose or scurrile paper lie
Concealed, or kept here, that was fit to be,
By thy own vote, a sacrifice to thee?
Did I there wound the honors of the crown?
Or tax the glories of the church and gown?
Itch to defame the state, or brand the times,
And myself most, in some self-boasting rhymes?
If none of these, then why this fire? Or find
A cause before, or leave me one behind.

Had I compiled from Amadis de Gaul,
Th' Esplandians, Arthurs, Palmerins, and all
The learned library of Don Quixote,
And so some goodlier monster had begot;
Or spun out riddles, and weaved fifty tomes
Of logogriphs, and curious palindromes,
Or pumped for those hard trifles, anagrams,
Or eteostichs, or those finer flams
Of eggs, and halberds, cradles, and a hearse,
A pair of scissors, and a comb in verse,
Acrostics, and telestichs on jump names:⁵⁴
Thou then hadst had some color for thy flames,

⁵⁴ In this passage Jonson collects the names of some of the fantastical exercises in verse which were in high vogue, and which Puttenham, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, attempts to trace to China and Tartary. He calls them "geometrical figures," and says that they were sometimes square, round, or oval, and sometimes took the shapes of lozenges, eggs, tapers, triangles, &c.; but, in justice to the writer of that curious old treatise, it is only fair to add, that he does not claim a place for them amongst the legitimate forms of poetry, frankly acknowledging they are only "conceits" and "courtly trifles." — B.

On such my serious follies. But, thou'lt say,
 There were some pieces of as base allay,
 And as false stamp there; parcels of a play,
 Fitter to see the firelight than the day;
 Adulterate moneys, such as would not go:—
 Thou shouldst have stayed till public Fame said
 so;

She is the judge, thou executioner;
 Or, if thou needs wouldst trench upon her power,
 Thou mightst have yet enjoyed thy cruelty
 With some more thrift, and more variety:
 Thou mightst have had me perish piece by piece,
 To light tobacco, or save roasted geese,
 Singe capons, or poor pigs, dropping their eyes,
 Condemned me to the ovens with the pies;⁵⁵
 And so have kept me dying a whole age,
 Not ravished all hence in a minute's rage.
 But that's a mark whereof thy rites do boast,
 To make consumption ever where thou go'st.

Had I foreknown of this, thy least desire
 To have held a triumph, or a feast of fire,
 Especially in paper; that that steam
 Had tickled your large nostril; many a ream,
 To redeem mine, I had sent in: Enough!
 Thou shouldst have cried, and all been proper
 stuff.

The Talmud and the Alcoran had come,

⁵⁵ The MS. of this piece in the British Museum reads, with more variety, —

“Clothe spices, or guard sweetmeats from the flies.” — G.

With pieces of the Legend;⁵⁶ the whole sum
 Of errant knighthood, with the dames and dwarfs;
 The charmed boats, and the enchanted wharfs,
 The Tristrams, Lancelots, Turpins, and the Peers,
 All the mad Rolands, and sweet Olivers;
 To Merlin's marvels, and his Cabal's loss,
 With the chimera of the Rosy-cross,
 Their seals, their characters, hermetic rings,
 Their gem of riches, and bright stone that brings
 Invisibility, and strength, and tongues;
 The art of kindling the true coal by Lungs;⁵⁷
 With Nicholas' Pasquils,⁵⁸ Meddle with your
 match.

And the strong lines that so the times do catch;
 Or Captain Pamphlet's horse and foot, that sally
 Upon th' Exchange still, out of Pope's-head
 alley;⁵⁹

The weekly courants, with Paul's seal;⁶⁰ and all

⁵⁶ *The Lives of the Saints*. — G.

⁵⁷ The name given to the under-operators in the chemists' laboratories, whose business it was to blow the fire. It occurs several times in Jonson's plays: here is an example:—

“His lungs, his zephyrus, he that puffs his coals.”

Alchemist, II. 1. — B.

⁵⁸ Gifford thinks this alludes to Nicholas Breton, who wrote several pieces under the name of Pasquil. — B.

⁵⁹ A footway leading from Lombard-street to Cornhill. The figure is intended to represent the route of news-venders who passed out by that avenue to the Exchange. — B.

⁶⁰ A sarcastical allusion to the stories fabricated by the idle walkers in St. Paul's, and weekly detailed by Butter and others as authentic intelligence. — G.

The admired discourses of the prophet Ball.⁶¹

These, hadst thou pleased either to dine or sup,
Had made a meal for Vulcan to lick up ;
But, in my desk, what was there to excite
So ravenous and vast an appetite ?
I dare not say a body, but some parts
There were of search, and mastery in the arts ;
All the old Venusine, in poetry,
And lighted by the Stagyrte, could spy,⁶²
Was there made English ; with the grammar too,
To teach some that their nurses could do,
The purity of language ; and, among
The rest, my journey into Scotland song,
With all the adventures : three books, not afraid
To speak the fate of the Sicilian maid,
To their own ladies ; and in story there
Of our fifth Henry, eight of his nine year ;
Wherein was oil, beside the succor spent,
Which noble Carew, Cotton, Selden lent ;
And twice twelve years stored up humanity,
With humble gleanings in divinity,
After the fathers, and those wiser guides,
Whom faction had not drawn to study sides.
How in these ruins, Vulcan, thou dost lurk,

⁶¹ "The prophet Baal to be sent over to them,
To calculate a time," &c. — *Staple of News*, III. 2.

The title is applied to any fanatical leader, like John Ball, a Kentish minister, who was concerned in the rebellion of Wat Tyler. — B.

⁶² He alludes to his translation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, illustrated with notes from Aristotle's *Poetics*. — W.

All soot and embers ! odious as thy work !
 I now begin to doubt if ever Grace,
 Or goddess, could be patient of thy face.
 Thou woo Minerva ! or to wit aspire !
 'Cause thou canst halt with us in arts and fire !
 Son of the Wind ! for so thy mother, gone
 With lust, conceived thee ; father thou hadst none.
 When thou wert born, and that thou look'dst at
 best

She durst not kiss, but flung thee from her breast ;
 And so did Jove, who ne'er meant thee his cup ;
 No marvel the clowns of Lemnos took thee up !
 For none but smiths would have made thee a god.
 Some alchemist there may be yet, or odd
 'Squire of the squibs, against the pageant-day,
 May to thy name a Vulcanale say ;
 And for it lose his eyes with gunpowder,
 As th' other may his brains with quicksilver.

Well fare the wise men yet, on the Bankside,
 My friends, the watermen ! they could provide
 Against thy fury, when, to serve their needs,
 They made a Vulcan of a sheaf of reeds,
 Whom they durst handle in their holiday coats,
 And safely trust to dress, not burn their boats.
 But, O those reeds ! thy mere disdain of them,
 Made thee beget that cruel stratagem,
 Which some are pleased to style but thy mad
 prank, . . .

Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank ; ⁶³

⁶³ Alluding to the burning of the Globe Theatre on the

Which, though it were the fort of the whole
parish,

Flanked with a ditch, and forced out of a marish,
I saw with two poor chambers ⁶⁴ taken in,
And razed; ere thought could urge this might
have been!

See the World's ruins! nothing but the piles
Left, and wit since to cover it with tiles.
The brethren they straight noised it out for
news,

'Twas verily some relic of the stews;
And this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
That was raked up in the Winchestrian goose
Bred on the Bank in time of Popery,
When Venus there maintained in mystery.⁶⁵

Bankside, on the 29th June, 1613. The occurrence took place during the performance of a play called *All is True*, representing some passages in the reign of Henry VIII. During one of the scenes, exhibiting a masque at the house of Cardinal Wolsey, some cannons were fired off upon the entrance of the king, and the ignited materials striking the thatch with which the building was covered, the flames rapidly spread, and in less than an hour the house was burned to the ground. — B.

⁶⁴ The two small cannons used on the occasion of the performance. — B.

⁶⁵ It was under the Protestant régime of Henry VIII. that the dens of vice which had previously covered the Bankside were abolished by proclamation. Hence the allusion to "the Bank in time of Popery." The place was within the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, and any one who had become contaminated by frequenting it was nicknamed a Winchester goose. — B.

But others fell, with that conceit, by the ears,
And cried it was a threatening to the bears,
And that accursèd ground, the Paris-garden :⁶⁶
Nay, sighed a sister, 'twas the nun, Kate Arden,
Kindled the fire! — but, then did one return,
No fool would his own harvest spoil or burn!
If that were so, thou rather wouldst advance
The place that was thy wife's inheritance.
O no, cried all, Fortune, for being a whore,
'Scaped not his justice any jot the more:
He burned that idol of the Revels too.⁶⁷
Nay, let Whitehall with revels have to do,
Though but in dances, it shall know his power;
There was a judgment shown too in an hour.⁶⁸

⁶⁶ Paris-garden was used for bear-baiting as early as the reign of Henry VIII. A fatal accident occurred there on a Sunday, 13th January, 1582-83, when one of the galleries, crowded with spectators, broke down, and many persons were killed. A theatre was afterwards built on the ground, in which Dekker (*Satiromastix*, 1602) asserts that Ben Jonson acted. — B.

⁶⁷ The Fortune Theatre, in Golding-lane, Whitecross-street, was erected in 1599, by Edward Alleyn and his wife's step-father, Philip Henslowe; and was destroyed by fire on Sunday night, 14th December, 1621. The house, built of wood, was consumed, together with the entire wardrobe of the actors, and their plays, in two hours. A more substantial theatre of brick was raised on its site in 1623. — B.

⁶⁸ Alluding to the destruction by fire of the old Banqueting-house, at Whitehall on the 12th January, 1618-19. A second fire consumed the greater part of the palace towards the water side in 1691; and a third conflagration, still more destructive in its effects, occurred there on the 4th January, 1697-98. — B.

He is right Vulcan still ! he did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his Venus' care.
Fool, wilt thou let that in example come ?
Did not she save from thence to build a Rome ?
And what hast thou done in these petty spites,
More than advanced the houses and their rites ?
I will not argue thee, from those, of guilt,
For they were burned but to be better built :
'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroyed,
Which thou hast only vented, not enjoyed.
So wouldst thou've run upon the rolls by
stealth,⁶⁹
And didst invade part of the commonwealth,
In those records, which, were all chronicles
gone,
Would be remembered by Six Clerks to one.
But say all six, good men, what answer ye ?
Lies there no writ out of the Chancery
Against this Vulcan ? no injunction,
No order, no decree ? though we be gone
At common-law, methinks in his despite,
A court of equity should do us right.
But to confine him to the brew-houses,
The glass-house, dye-vats, and their furnaces ;
To live in sea-coal, and go forth in smoke ;
Or, lest that vapor might the city choke,
Condemn him to some brick-kilns, or some hill-
Foot (out of Sussex) to an iron-mill ;

⁶⁹ Alluding to a fire which took place in the Six Clerks' office.

Or in small fagots have him blaze about
Vile taverns, and the drunkards piss him out;
Or in the bell-man's lanthorn, like a spy,
Burn to a snuff, and then stink out, and die:
I could invent a sentence, yet were worse;
But I'll conclude all in a civil curse:
Pox on your flameship, Vulcan! if it be
To all as fatal as 't hath been to me,
And to Paul's steeple; which was unto us
'Bove all your fireworks had at Ephesus,
Or Alexandria;⁷⁰ and, though a divine
Loss, remains yet as unrepaid as mine.

Would you had kept your forge at Ætna still!
And there made swords, bills, glaives, and arms
your fill:

Maintained the trade at Bilboa, or elsewhere,
Struck in at Milan with the cutlers there;
Or stayed but where the friar and you first met,
Who from the devil's arse did guns beget;
Or fixed in the Low Countries, where you might
On both sides do your mischiefs with delight:
Blow up and ruin, mine and countermine,
Make your petards and grenades, all your fine
Engines of murder, and enjoy the praise
Of massacring mankind so many ways!
We ask your absence here, we all love peace,
And pray the fruits thereof and the increase;
So doth the king, and most of the king's men

⁷⁰ The burning of the Temple of Diana, and the Alexandrian Library.

That have good places : therefore once again,
Pox on thee, Vulcan ! thy Pandora's pox,
And all the evils that flew out of her box,
Light on thee ! or, if those plagues will not do,
Thy wife's pox on thee, and B. B——'s too !

A SPEECH, ACCORDING TO HORACE.

Why yet, my noble hearts, they cannot say,
But we have powder still for the king's day,
And ordnance too ; so much as from the Tower,
T' have waked, if sleeping, Spain's ambassador,
Old Æsop Gondomar :⁷¹ the French can tell,
For they did see it the last tilting well,
That we have trumpets, armor, and great horse,
Lances and men, and some a breaking force.
They saw, too, store of feathers, and more may,
If they stay here but till St. George's day.
All ensigns of a war are not yet dead,
Nor marks of wealth so from our nation fled,
But they may see gold chains and pearl worn
 then,
Lent by the London dames to the Lord's men :
Withal, the dirty pains those citizens take,
To see the pride at court, their wives do make ;

⁷¹ Gondomar was, perhaps, the most unpopular ambassador that ever visited England. He was frequently insulted in the streets by the populace, and on one occasion a person who had offended in this way was publicly whipped by the hangman, by the express orders of the king. At court, however, the ambassador acquired considerable influence by his skilful flattery and the brilliancy of his wit. — B.

And the return those thankful courtiers yield,
To have their husbands drawn forth to the field.
And coming home to tell what acts were done
Under the auspice of young Swinnerton.⁷²
What a strong fort old Pimlico had been !
How it held out ! how, last, 'twas taken in ! —
Well, I say, thrive, thrive, brave Artillery-yard,
Thou seed-plot of the war ! thou hast not spared
Powder or paper to bring up the youth
Of London, in the military truth,
These ten years day ; as all may swear that look
But on thy practice, and the posture-book.

He that but saw thy curious captain's drill,
Would think no more of Flushing or the Brill,
But give them over to the common ear,
For that unnecessary charge they were.
Well did thy crafty clerk and knight, Sir Hugh,
Supplant bold Panton, and brought there to view,
Translated Ælian's tactics to be read,
And the Greek discipline, with the modern, shed
So in that ground, as soon it grew to be
The city-question, whether Tilly or he
Were now the greater captain ? for they saw
The Berghen siege, and taking in Bredau,
So acted to the life, as Maurice might,
And Spinola have blushèd at the sight.

O happy art ! and wise epitome
Of bearing arms ! most civil soldiery !

⁷² Probably the son of Sir John Swinnerton, mayor of London in 1612. — G.

Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and fight dry
The battles of thy aldermanity,
Without the hazard of a drop of blood,
More than the surfeits in thee that day stood.
Go on, increased in virtue and in fame,
And keep the glory of the English name
Up among nations. In the stead of bold
Beauchamps and Nevills, Cliffords, Audleys, old,
Insert thy Hodges, and those newer men,
As Stiles, Dike, Ditchfield, Millar, Crips, and
Fen :

That keep the war, though now 't be grown more
tame,

Alive yet in the noise, and still the same ;
And could, if our great men would let their sons
Come to their schools, show 'em the use of guns;
And there instruct the noble English heirs
In politic and militar affairs.

But he that should persuade to have this done
For education of our lordings, soon
Should he hear of billow, wind, and storm
From the tempestuous grandlings, who'll inform
Us, in our bearing, that are thus and thus,
Born, bred, allied. What's he dare tutor us ?
Are we by bookworms to be awed ? must we
Live by their scale, that dare do nothing free ?
Why are we rich or great, except to show
All license in our lives ? What need we know
More than to praise a dog, or horse ? or speak
The hawking language ? or our day to break

With citizens ? let clowns and tradesmen breed
Their sons to study arts, the laws, the creed :
We will believe like men of our own rank,
In so much land a year, or such a bank,
That turns us so much moneys, at which rate
Our ancestors imposed on prince and state.
Let poor nobility be virtuous ; we
Descended in a rope of titles be
From Guy, or Bevis, Arthur, or from whom
The herald will ; our blood is now become
Past any need of virtue. Let them care,
That in the cradle of their gentry are,
To serve the state by counsels and by arms :
We neither love the troubles nor the harms.
What love you then ? your whore : what study ?

gait,

Carriage, and dressing. There is up of late
The Academy, where the gallants meet —
What ! to make legs ? yes, and to smell most
sweet :

All that they do at plays. O, but first here
They learn and study ; and then practise there.
But why are all these irons i' the fire
Of several makings ? helps, helps, t' attire
His lordship ; that is for his band, his hair
This ; and that box his beauty to repair ;
This other for his eyebrows ; hence, away !
I may no longer on these pictures stay,
These carcasses of honor ; tailors' blocks
Covered with tissue, whose prosperity mocks

The fate of things ; whilst tattered virtue holds
Her broken arms up to their empty moulds !

AN EPISTLE TO MASTER ARTHUR SQUIB.

What I am not, and what I fain would be,
Whilst I inform myself, I would teach thee,
My gentle Arthur, that it might be said
One lesson we have both learned, and well read.
I neither am, nor art thou, one of those
That hearkens to a jack's pulse, when it goes ;
Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet,
Was issue of the tavern or the spit ;
Much less a name would we bring up, or nurse.
That could but claim a kindred from the purse.
Those are poor ties depend on those false ends,
'Tis virtue alone, or nothing, that knits friends.
And as within your office ⁷³ you do take
No piece of money, but you know, or make
Inquiry of the worth : so must we do,
First weigh a friend, then touch, and try him
too :

For there are many slips and counterfeits ;
Deceit is fruitful ; men have masks and nets ;
But these with wearing will themselves unfold ;
They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
Turn him, and see his threads : look if he be
Friend to himself that would be friend to thee :

⁷³ It appears that this gentleman was one of the principal clerks in the Exchequer. I find several of his name, in succession, in the books of that office. — G.

For that is first required, a man be his own :
 But he that's too much that, is friend of none.
 Then rest, and a friend's value understand ;
 It is a richer purchase than of land.

AN EPIGRAM ON SIR EDWARD COKE,
 WHEN HE WAS LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

He that should search all glories of the gown,
 And steps of all raised servants of the crown,
 He could not find than thee, of all that store,
 Whom fortune aided less, or virtue more.
 Such, Coke, were thy beginnings, when thy good
 In others' evil best was understood ;
 When, being the stranger's help, the poor man's
 aid,
 Thy just defences made th' oppressor afraid.
 Such was thy process, when integrity,
 And skill in thee now grew authority,
 That clients strove, in question of the laws,
 More for thy patronage, than for their cause ;
 And that thy strong and manly eloquence
 Stood up thy nation's fame, her crown's defence ;
 And now such is thy stand, while thou dost deal
 Desirèd justice to the public weal,
 Like Solon's self, explat'st ⁷⁴ the knotty laws

⁷⁴ All our old writers use pleat, plight, for wreathe, curl, fold, &c., from *plico* ; expleat is as correctly formed from *explico*, to open, smooth, display, &c. Explation, a kindred word, is in Cole, and displeat and unpleat are sufficiently common in our old poets. *Explica frontem* is rendered by Jo. Davies, in his eclogue, 1620, "unpleat thy brow." — G.

With endless labors, whilst thy learning draws
 No less of praise, than readers, in all kinds
 Of worthiest knowledge, that can take men's
 minds.

Such is thy all, that, as I sung before,
 None fortune aided less, or virtue more.
 Or if chance must to each man that doth rise
 Needs lend an aid, to thine she had her eyes.

AN EPISTLE, ANSWERING TO ONE THAT ASKED
 TO BE SEALED OF THE TRIBE OF BEN.⁷⁵

Men that are safe and sure in all they do,
 Care not what trials they are put unto ;
 They meet the fire, the test, as martyrs would,
 And though opinion stamp them not, are gold.
 I could say more of such, but that I fly
 To speak myself out too ambitiously,
 And showing so weak an act to vulgar eyes,
 Put conscience and my right to compromise.
 Let those that merely talk, and never think,
 That live in the wild anarchy of drink,
 Subject to quarrel only; or else such

⁷⁵ Jonson had many "adopted sons" — young men in whose success he felt an interest, and whose talents he encouraged. The following list is, probably, complete: Bishop Morley, Lord Falkland, Richard Brome, William Cartwright, Robert Herrick, Joseph Rutter, Thomas Randolph, Sir Henry Morrison, Shakerley Marmion, James Howell, Sir Kenelm Digby, and Sir John Suckling. These persons constituted that band of youthful associates which Jonson here pleasantly designates "the tribe of Ben." The epistle is addressed to some new candidate for filiation. — B.

As make it their proficiency, how much
 They've glutted in, and lechered out that week,
 That never yet did friend or friendship seek,
 But for a sealing:⁷⁶ let these men protest.
 Or th' other on their borders, that will jest
 On all souls that are absent, — even the dead,
 Like flies, or worms, which man's corrupt parts
 fed;

That to speak well, think it above all sin,
 Of any company but that they are in;
 Called every night to supper in these fits
 And are received for the covey of wits;
 That censure all the town, and all th' affairs,
 And know whose ignorance is more than theirs:
 Let these men have their ways, and take their
 times

To vent their libels, and to issue rhymes;
 I have no portion in them, nor their deal
 Of news they get, to strew out the long meal;⁷⁷
 I study other friendships, and more one,
 Than these can ever be; or else wish none.

What is't to me whether the French design
 Be, or be not, to get the Valteline?
 Or the States' ships sent forth belike to meet
 Some hopes of Spain in their West-Indian fleet?
 Whether the dispensation yet be sent,
 Or that the match from Spain was ever meant?⁷⁸

⁷⁶ That is, becoming sureties for them, joining them in their bonds. — G.

⁷⁷ See Epigram cxv., *ante*, p. 68.

⁷⁸ These allusions to the breaking off the match between

I wish all well, and pray high heaven conspire
My prince's safety, and my king's desire.
But if for honor we must draw the sword,
And force back that, which will not be restored,
I have a body yet that spirit draws,
To live, or fall a carcass, in the cause.
So far without inquiry what the States,
Brunsfield, and Mansfield, do this year, my
fates

Shall carry me at call; and I'll be well,
Though I do neither hear these news, nor tell
Of Spain or France; or were not pricked down
one

Of the late mystery of reception;
Although my fame to his not under-hears,
That guides the motions, and directs the bears.
But that's a blow, by which in time I may
Lose all my credit with my Christmas clay,
And animated porcelain of the court;
Ay, and for this neglect, the coarser sort
Of earthen jars there may molest me too:
Well, with mine own frail pitcher, what to do
I have decreed; keep it from waves and press,
Lest it be justled, cracked, made naught, or less.
Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
And dwell as in my centre, as I can,
Still looking to, and ever loving heaven;
With reverence using all the gifts thence given;

Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain indicate the date of
the epistle. — B.

'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent,
 Such as are square, well-tagged, and permanent,
 Not built with canvas, paper, and false lights,
 As are the glorious scenes at the great sights;
 And that there be no fevery heats nor colds,
 Oily expansions, or shrunk dirty folds,
 But all so clear, and led by reason's flame,
 As but to stumble in her sight were shame;
 These I will honor, love, embrace, and serve,
 And free it from all question to preserve.
 So short you read my character, and theirs
 I would call mine, to which not many stairs
 Are asked to climb. First give me faith, who
 know
 Myself a little. I will take you so,
 As you have writ yourself. Now stand, and
 then,
 Sir, you are sealèd of the Tribe of Ben.

THE DEDICATION OF THE KING'S NEW CELLAR ⁷⁹
 TO BACCHUS.

Since, Bacchus, thou art father
 Of wines, to thee the rather
 We dedicate this Cellar,
 Where new thou art made dweller,
 And seal thee thy commission:
 But 'tis with a condition,
 That thou remain here taster

⁷⁹ Built by Inigo Jones.

Of all to the great master ;
And look unto their faces,
Their qualities and races,
That both their odor take him,
And relish merry make him.

For, Bacchus, thou art freer
Of cares, and overseer
Of feast and merry meeting,
And still beginn'st the greeting ;
See then thou dost attend him,
Lyæus, and defend him,
By all the arts of gladness,
From any thought like sadness.

So mayst thou still be younger
Than Phœbus, and much stronger,
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the world's diseases !

So may the Muses follow
Thee still, and leave Apollo,
And think thy stream more quicker
Than Hippocrene's liquor ;
And thou make many a poet,
Before his brain do know it !
So may there never quarrel
Have issue from the barrel,
But Venus and the Graces
Pursue thee in all places,
And not a song be other
Than Cupid and his mother !

That when King James above here

Shall feast it, thou mayst love there
 The causes and the guests too,
 And have thy tales and jests too,
 Thy circuits and thy rounds free,
 As shall the feast's fair grounds be.

Be it he holds communion
 In great Saint George's union;
 Or gratulates the passage
 Of some well-wrought embassy,
 Whereby he may knit sure up
 The wishèd peace of Europe;
 Or else a health advances,
 To put his court in dances,
 And set us all on skipping,
 When with his royal shipping
 The narrow seas are shady,
 And Charles brings home the lady.⁸⁰

*"Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis."*⁸¹

AN EPIGRAM ON THE COURT PUCELLE.⁸²

Does the Court Pucelle then so censure me,
 And thinks I dare not her? let the world see.

⁸⁰ This piece appears to be of an earlier date than the preceding, and to have been written before the Spanish match was broken off. — B.

⁸¹ Horace, *Sat.* II. i. 25.

⁸² The subject of this Epigram was one Mistress Boulstred, upon whom Donne wrote two elegies. Jonson told Drummond that this "piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drowsy, and given to Mistress Boulstred, which brought him great displeasure." — B.

What though her chamber be the very pit,
Where fight the prime cocks of the game, for wit,
And that as any are struck, her breath creates
New in their stead, out of the candidates ;
What though with tribade lust she force a muse,
And in an epicene fury can write news
Equal with that which for the best news goes,
As airy light, and as like wit as those ;
What though she talk, and cannot once with them
Make state, religion, bawdry, all a theme ;
And as lip-thirsty, in each word's expense,
Doth labor with the phrase more than the sense ;
What though she ride two mile on holydays
To church, as others do to feasts and plays,
To show their tires, to view, and to be viewed ;
What though she be with velvet gowns endued,
And spangled petticoats brought forth to eye,
As new rewards of her old secrecy ;
What though she hath won on trust, as many do,
And that her truster fears her ; must I too ?
I never stood for any place ; my wit
Thinks itself naught, though she should value it.
I am no statesman, and much less divine ;
For bawdry, 'tis her language, and not mine.
Farthest I am from the idolatry
To stuffs and laces ; those my man can buy.
And trust her I would least, that hath forswore
In contract twice ; what can she perjure more ?
Indeed her dressing some man might delight,
Her face there's none can like by candlelight ;

Not he, that should the body have, for ease
To his poor instrument, now out of grace.

Shall I advise thee, Pucelle? steal away
From court, while yet thy fame hath some small
day;

The wits will leave you if they once perceive
You cling to lords; and lords, if them you leave
For sermoneers, of which now one, now other,
They say you weekly invite with fits o' th' mother,
And practise for a miracle; take heed,
This age would lend no faith to Darrel's deed;⁸³
Or if it would, the court is the worst place,
Both for the mothers and the babes of grace;
For there the wicked in the chair of scorn,
Will call 't a bastard, when a prophet's born.

AN EPIGRAM TO THE HONORED COUNTESS
OF ———.⁸⁴

The wisdom, madam, of your private life,
Wherewith this while you live a widowed wife,

⁸³ "Did you never read, sir, little Darrel's tricks
With the boy o' Burton, and the seven in Lancashire,
Somers of Nottingham." — *The Devil is an Ass*, V. 3.

John Darrel was a Roman Catholic priest who in 1600 published a book called *A true Narration of the strange and grievous Vexation by the Devil, of seven Persons in Lancashire, and William Somers, of Nottingham*. Impositions of this kind were frequently carried on for the purpose of terrifying the illiterate and superstitious, and making converts of them. Dr. Harsnet, afterwards Archbishop of York, detected the fraud in this instance, and published an answer to Darrel's narrative. — B.

⁸⁴ The character drawn in this epigram, and the allusion

And the right ways you take unto the right,
To conquer rumor, and triumph on spite;
Not only shunning by your act to do
Aught that is ill, but the suspicion too —
Is of so brave example, as he were
No friend to virtue, could be silent here;
The rather when the vices of the time
Are grown so fruitful, and false pleasures climb,
By all oblique degrees, that killing height
From whence they fall, cast down with their own
weight.

And though all praise bring nothing to your
name,

Who, herein studying conscience, and not fame,
Are in yourself rewarded; yet 'twill be
A cheerful work to all good eyes, to see
Among the daily ruins that fall foul
Of state, of fame, of body, and of soul,
So great a virtue stand upright to view,
As makes Penelope's old fable true,
Whilst your Ulysses hath ta'en leave to go,
Countries and climes, manners and men to know.
Only your time you better entertain,
Than the great Homer's wit for her could feign;
For you admit no company but good,
And when you want those friends, or near in
blood,

to the absence of the lady's husband on his travels, suggest the probability that the piece was addressed to the Countess of Rutland. See *ante*, pp. 40, 117. See also Beaumont's Elegy on the death of the Countess of Rutland. — B.

Or your allies, you make your books your friends,
And study them unto the noblest ends,
Searching for knowledge, and to keep your mind
The same it was inspired, rich and refined.

These graces, when the rest of ladies view,
Not boasted in your life, but practised true,
As they are hard for them to make their own,
So are they profitable to be known :
For when they find so many meet in one,
It will be shame for them, if they have none.

LORD BACON'S BIRTHDAY.

Hail, happy Genius of this ancient pile !⁸⁵
How comes it all things so about thee smile ?
The fire, the wine, the men ! and in the midst
Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst !
Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
For whose returns, and many, all these pray ;
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
Since Bacon, and thy lord was born, and here
Son to the grave wise Keeper of the Seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then his father was, that since is he,
Now with a title more to the degree ;
England's High Chancellor : the destined heir
In his soft cradle to his father's chair ;
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,

⁸⁵ York-House in the Strand, which was Bacon's residence when at the top of his fortune. Here he kept his sixtieth birthday with great splendor in 1620.

Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.

'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness, kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my king.⁸⁶

THE POET TO THE PAINTER.

AN ANSWER ⁸⁷

Why, though I seem of a prodigious waist,
I am not so voluminous and vast,
But there are lines, wherewith I might be embraced.

⁸⁶ Nothing is more remarkable in Jonson's character than the steadiness of his friendship. . . . When Jonson wrote this poem, Lord Bacon was in the full tide of prosperity; the year after, misfortune overtook him, and he continued in poverty, neglect, and disgrace till his death, which took place in 1627. Yet the poet did not change his language; nor allow himself to be checked, by the unpopularity of the ex-Chancellor's name, or the dread of displeasing his sovereign and patron, from bearing that generous testimony to his talents and virtues, which is inserted in his *Discoveries*, and which concludes with these words: "My conceit of Lord Verulam's person was never increased by his place or honor; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for *greatness* he could not want. Neither could I condole, in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."—G.

⁸⁷ This answer is an acknowledgment of the following unintelligible piece of doggerel, here inserted, with its title, as it is printed in the folio:—

'Tis true, as my womb swells, so my back stoops,
 And the whole lump grows round, deformed,
 and droops ;
 But yet the Tun at Heidelberg had hoops.

You were not tied by any painter's law
 To square my circle, I confess, but draw
 My superficies : that was all you saw ;

Which if in compass of no art it came
 To be describèd by a monogram,
 With one great blot you'd formed me as I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
 An archetype, for all the world to see,
 You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, mastery, might,
 Your power of handling, shadow, air, and spright,
 How I would draw, and take hold and delight !

A POEM SENT ME BY SIR WILLIAM BURLASE.

THE PAINTER TO THE POET.

To paint thy worth, if rightly I did know it,
 And were but painter half like thee, a poet ;
 Ben, I would show it :
 But in this skill, my unskilful pen will tire,
 Thou, and thy worth, will still be found far higher ;
 And I a liar.
 Then, what a painter's here ! or what an eater
 Of great attempts ! whenas his skill's no greater,
 And he a cheater !
 Then, what a poet's here ! whom, by confession
 Of all with me, to paint without digression
 There's no expression.

Put you are he can paint; I can but write:
A poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knows he flattering colors, nor false light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face,
A lettered mind, and a large heart would place
To all posterity; I will write Burlase.

AN EPIGRAM TO WILLIAM, EARL OF NEW-
CASTLE.⁸⁸

When first, my lord, I saw you back your horse,
Provoke his mettle, and command his force

⁸⁸ William Cavendish, earl, marquis, and afterwards Duke of Newcastle, and husband of the voluminous Duchess of Newcastle, distinguished himself during the Civil Wars by his devotion to the cause of Charles I., the zeal he displayed in raising troops, and the ability with which he conducted the desultory military operations in which he was opposed to the army of the Parliament. The king constituted him general-in-chief over all the forces raised north of the Trent, and in several English counties, empowering him at the same time to confer the honor of knighthood, to coin money, and to issue any declarations he thought expedient; powers which the duke is said to have used with great moderation. In April, 1644, he made a successful movement for the relief of York; but the advantage gained through his skill was thrown away by the rashness of Prince Rupert, who, contrary to his advice, risked the fatal battle of Marston Moor. Seeing that the royal cause was lost, the Duke of Newcastle made his way to Scarborough, and took shipping for Hamburg, from whence he removed to Amsterdam and Paris, and finally to Antwerp, where he spent the remaining years of his exile. He was soon reduced to the last extremity of distress, pawning his clothes for a dinner, while the Parliament were levying enormous sums upon his estates. His losses were

To all the uses of the field and race,
 Methought I read the ancient art of Thrace,
 And saw a centaur, past those tales of Greece,
 So seemed your horse and you both of a piece !
 You showed like Perseus upon Pegasus,
 Or Castor mounted on his Cyllarus ;
 Or what we hear our home-born legend tell,
 Of bold Sir Bevis and his Arundel :
 Nay, so your seat his beauties did indorse,
 As I began to wish myself a horse : ⁸⁹

estimated at upwards of £ 730,000 ; for which some compensation was made to him on his return to England at the Restoration, when he was advanced to the dignity of Earl of Ogle and Duke of Newcastle. But he was now too old to take any part in public affairs, and, retiring into the country, he devoted the rest of his life to study. He died in December, 1676, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. As may be gathered from the epigram, the Duke of Newcastle was one of the most skilful horsemen of his time. He also excelled in fencing, an accomplishment which Jonson has likewise celebrated ; see *post*, p. 252. Of his Grace's writings, which are not numerous, and which consist chiefly of a few comedies and occasional poems, the most celebrated is his treatise on the management of horses. This work was originally written in English, translated into French by a Walloon, and first published at Antwerp in 1658, *La methode nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux*, &c. It was afterwards enlarged by the author, or altogether rewritten, and published in London in 1667, under the title of *A New Method and extraordinary Invention to dress Horses, and work them according to Nature ; as also to perfect Nature by the Subtlety of Art.* — B.

⁸⁹ An allusion, probably, to a passage in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poetry*, where, speaking of Pugliana's discourse upon horses, he says, " If I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have *wished myself a horse.*" — G.

And surely, had I but your stable seen
 Before, I think my wish absolved had been ;
 For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
 Nor any of their household, half so well.
 So well ! as when I saw the floor and room
 I looked for Hercules to be the groom ;
 And cried, Away with the Cæsarian bread !
 At these immortal mangers Virgil fed.⁹⁰

EPISTLE TO MR. ARTHUR SQUIB.⁹¹

I am to dine, friend, where I must be weighed
 For a just wager, and that wager paid
 If I do lose it ; and, without a tale,
 A merchant's wife is regent of the scale ;
 Who, when she heard the match, concluded
 straight,
 An ill commodity ! 't must make good weight.
 So that, upon the point, my corporal fear
 Is, she will play Dame Justice too severe,
 And hold me to it close ; to stand upright
 Within the balance, and not want a mite ;
 But rather with advantage to be found
 Full twenty stone, of which I lack two pound ;⁹²

⁹⁰ Alluding to the circumstance of Virgil having been employed in the stables of Augustus, and having his customary allowance of bread doubled for the judgment he gave of a colt the emperor had just bought. — W.

⁹¹ See *ante*, p. 231.

⁹² The wager, says Whalley, seems to have been that the poet weighed twenty stone ; but finding that he wanted two pounds of that weight, he artfully turns the circumstance into

That's six in silver; now within the socket
Stinketh my credit, if into the pocket
It do not come: one piece I have in store,
Lend me, dear Arthur, for a week, five more,
And you shall make me good, in weight and
fashion,
And then to be returned; or protestation
To go out after: — till when take this letter
For your security. I can no better.

TO MR. JOHN BURGES.⁹⁸

Would God, my Burges, I could think
Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this ink;
Then would I promise here to give

a reason for borrowing from his friend five pounds in silver. With this amount in his pocket, in addition to one piece he had already, he would be able to turn the scale, six pounds in silver being equal, upon Jonson's calculation, to two pounds in weight. — B. I doubt whether we understand the nature of this wager, which was probably a mere jest. If the sense be as Whalley states it, there is as little of art as of honesty in it. — G.

⁹⁸ Burges was probably the deputy-paymaster of the household. He had made Jonson a present of some ink, and this little production, which wants neither spirit nor a proper self-confidence, enclosed perhaps the return for it. Master Burges might have sent the wine at the same time. Jonson, who lived much about the court while his health permitted him to come abroad, seems to have made friends of most of those who held official situations there, and to have been supplied with stationery, and perhaps many other petty articles. The following is transcribed from the blank leaf of a volume of miscellaneous poetry, formerly in the possession of Dr.

Verse that should thee and me outlive.
 But since the wine hath steeped my brain,
 I only can the paper stain ;
 Yet with a dye that fears no moth,
 But, scarlet-like, outlasts the cloth.

EPISTLE TO MY LADY COVELL.⁹⁴

You won not verses, madam, you won me,
 When you would play so nobly, and so free,
 A book to a few lines ! But it was fit
 You won them too ; your odds did merit it.
 So have you gained a servant and a muse :
 The first of which I fear you will refuse ;
 And you may justly, being a tardy, cold,
 Unprofitable chattel, fat and old,
 Laden with belly, and doth hardly approach

John Hoadley, son of the Bishop of Winchester. He has written over it, "A Relique of Ben Jonson."

To my worthy and deserving Brother

MR. ALEXANDER GLOVER,

As the Token of my Love

And the perpetuating of our Friendship,

I send this small, but hearty Testimony ;

And with Charge that it remayne wth him,

Till I at much expense of time and taper

With 'Chequer-ink, upon his gift, my paper,

Shall pour forth many a line, drop many a letter

To make these good, and what comes after, better.

BEN JONSON. — G.

⁹⁴ From the opening lines, and the subsequent allusion to the poet's weight, it might be inferred that this Lady Covell was the "merchant's wife" who-acted as "regent of the scales" in the wager which forms the subject of the epistle to Mr. Squib (see *ante*, p. 247). But no such name occurs amongst the contemporaneous dignitaries of the city. — B.

His friends, but to break chairs, or crack a
coach.

His weight is twenty stone within two pound;
And that's made up as doth the purse abound.
Marry, the muse is one can tread the air,
And stroke the water, nimble, chaste, and fair.
Sleep in a virgin's bosom without fear,
Run all the rounds in a soft lady's ear,
Widow or wife, without the jealousy
Of either suitor, or a servant by.
Such, if her manners like you, I do send;
And can for other graces her commend,
To make you merry on the dressing-stool
A mornings, and at afternoons to fool
Away ill company, and help in rhyme
Your Joan to pass her melancholy time.
By this, although you fancy not the man,
Accept his muse; and tell, I know you can,
How many verses, madam, are your due!
I can lose none in tendering these to you.
I gain in having leave to keep my day,
And should grow rich, had I much more to pay.

TO MASTER JOHN BURGES.

Father John Burges,
Necessity urges
My woful cry
To Sir Robert Pye;⁹⁵

⁹⁵ Sir Robert Pye was auditor to the Exchequer in 1618, and in that capacity it was his duty to pay to Jonson his in-

And that he will venture
 To send my debenture.
 Tell him his Ben
 Knew the time, when
 He loved the Muses,
 Though now he refuses
 To take apprehension
 Of a year's pension,
 And more is behind;
 Put him in mind
 Christmas is near;
 And neither good cheer,
 Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
 Nor any least fit
 Of gambol or sport,
 Will come at the court;
 If there be no money,
 No plover, or coney
 Will come to the table,
 Or wine to enable
 The muse, or the poet,
 The parish will know it;
 Nor any quick warming-pan help him to bed,
 If the 'Chequer be empty, so will be his head.

EPIGRAM TO MY BOOKSELLER.

Thou, friend, wilt hear all censures; unto thee
 All mouths are open, and all stomachs free:

come as laureate. It is curious enough that a descendant of
 the auditor, Henry James Pye, afterwards wore the laurel,
 and became the recipient of the income. — B.

Be thou my book's intelligencer, note
 What each man says of it, and of what coat
 His judgment is; if he be wise, and praise,
 Thank him: if other, he can give no bays.
 If his wit reach no higher, but to spring
 Thy wife a fit of laughter, a cramp ring⁹⁶
 Will be reward enough: to wear like those
 That hang their richest jewels in their nose,
 Like a rung bear, or swine: grunting out wit
 As if that part lay for a⁹⁷ most fit!
 If they go on, and that thou lov'st a-life
 Their perfumed judgments, let them kiss thy
 wife.

AN EPIGRAM TO WILLIAM, EARL OF NEW-
 CASTLE.

They talk of fencing, and the use of arms;
 The art of urging and avoiding harms,
 The noble science, and the mastering skill
 Of making just approaches how to kill;
 To hit in angles, and to clash with time:
 As all defence or offence were a chime!

⁹⁶ It was an ancient usage of the kings of England to hallow rings on Good Friday; "which rings," says Boorde, "worn on one's finger doth help them which hath the cramp." Rings made from coffin hinges were also supposed to prevent the cramp. The custom of the royal hallowing of rings had its origin in a ring said to have been brought from Jerusalem to King Edward, and which had long been preserved with great veneration in Westminster Abbey, in consequence of its supposed efficacy in curing cramp and falling sickness. — B.

⁹⁷ This blank occurs in the folio.

I hate such measured, give me mettled, fire
That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts
higher!

A quick and dazzling motion! when a pair
Of bodies meet like rarefièd air!
Their weapons shot out with that flame and force,
As they outdid the lightning in the course;
This were a spectacle! a sight to draw
Wonder to valor! No, it is the law
Of daring not to do a wrong is true
Valor: to slight it being done to you;
To know the heads of danger, where 'tis fit
To bend, to break, provoke, or suffer it.
All this, my lord, is valor! This is yours,
And was your father's, all your ancestors!
Who durst live great 'mongst all the colds and
heats

Of human life; as all the frosts and sweats
Of fortune, when or death appeared, or bands;
And valiant were, with or without their hands.

AN EPITAPH ON HENRY LORD LA-WARE.⁹⁸

TO THE PASSER-BY.

If, passenger, thou canst but read,
Stay, drop a tear for him that's dead:
Henry, the brave young lord La-ware,

⁹⁸ Fourth Lord Delaware. It was his father who was appointed Captain-General of the expedition to America in 1609, and died near the coast when on his second voyage out as Governor of Virginia, in 1618.

Minerva's and the Muses' care!
What could their care do 'gainst the spite
Of a disease that loved no light
Of honor, nor no air of good,
But crept like darkness through his blood,
Offended with the dazzling flame
Of virtue, got above his name?
No noble furniture of parts,
No love of action and high arts;
No aim at glory, or in war,
Ambition to become a star,
Could stop the malice of this ill,
That spread his body o'er to kill:
And only his great soul envièd,
Because it durst have noblier died.

AN EPIGRAM.⁹⁹

That you have seen the pride, beheld the sport,
And all the games of fortune, played at court;
Viewed there the market, read the wretched rate
At which there are would sell the prince and state;
That scarce you hear a public voice alive,
But whispered counsels, and those only thrive;
Yet are got off thence, with clear mind and hands
To lift to heaven: who is't not understands
Your happiness, and doth not speak you blessed,

⁹⁹ Evidently addressed to the Lord-Keeper Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, and probably written in 1625, when the chancellorship was transferred from him to Sir Thomas Coventry. — G.

To see you set apart thus from the rest,
 To obtain of God what all the land should ask ?
 A nation's sin got pardoned ! 'twere a task
 Fit for a bishop's knees ! O bow them oft,
 My lord, till felt grief make our stone hearts soft,
 And we do weep to water for our sin.
 He, that in such a flood as we are in,
 Of riot and consumption, knows the way
 To teach the people how to fast and pray,
 And do their penance, to avert God's rod,
 He is the man, and favorite, of God.

AN EPIGRAM TO KING CHARLES,

FOR A HUNDRED POUNDS HE SENT ME IN MY SICKNESS.
 1629.

Great Charles, among the holy gifts of grace
 Annexèd to thy person and thy place,
 'Tis not enough (thy piety is such)
 To cure the called King's Evil with thy touch ;
 But thou wilt yet a kinglier mastery try,
 To cure the poet's evil, poverty :
 And in these cures dost so thyself enlarge,
 As thou dost cure our evil at thy charge.
 Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
 One poet, than of other folk ten score.¹⁰⁰

¹⁰⁰ Alluding to the angel which was given to each person who came to be touched for the evil. The angel was worth ten shillings, and as it would require two hundred angels to make up the value of £100, Jonson estimates that the king valued the poet more than ten score of other folk. The custom of presenting a piece of gold on these occasions was in-

O piety ! so to weigh the poor's estates !
 O bounty ! so to difference the rates !
 What can the poet wish his king may do,
 But that he cure the people's evil too ?

TO KING CHARLES AND QUEEN MARY,
 FOR THE LOSS OF THEIR FIRST-BORN. AN EPIGRAM CON-
 SOLATORY. 1629.

Who dares deny that all first-fruits are due
 To God, denies the Godhead to be true :
 Who doubts those fruits God can with gain
 restore,
 Doth by his doubt distrust His promise more.
 He can, He will, and with large interest, pay
 What, at His liking, He will take away.
 Then, royal Charles and Mary, do not grutch
 That the Almighty's will to you is such :
 But thank His greatness and His goodness too ;

roduced in the reign of Henry VIII. It probably descended from the practice, common in the time of Edward III., of wearing the rose-noble as an amulet against danger in battle. "The angel-noble of Henry VII.," observes Mr. Pettigrew, "appears to have been the coin given, as it was of the purest gold; it was the coin of the time, and not made especially for this purpose. It bore the inscription, *Per Cruce tua salva nos xpe rede* ; but in the time of Elizabeth this was altered to *A Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris*. After the reign of Elizabeth it was found necessary to reduce the size of the coin, so great were the numbers that applied to be touched, and the inscription was therefore reduced to that of *Soli Deo Gloria*, which continued to be the case to the time of Queen Anne." — *On Superstitions connected with Medicine and Surgery*. — B.

And think all still the best that He will do.
That thought shall make, He will this loss
supply
With a long, large, and blessed posterity !
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heap that grace He will requite.

AN EPIGRAM TO OUR GREAT AND GOOD KING
CHARLES,

ON HIS ANNIVERSARY DAY. 1629.

How happy were the subject if he knew,
Most pious king, but his own good in you !
How many times, Live long, Charles ! would he
say,

If he but weighed the blessings of this day ?
And as it turns our joyful year about,
For safety of such majesty cry out.
Indeed, when had Great Britain greater cause
Than now, to love the sovereign and the laws ;
When you that reign are her example grown,
And what are bounds to her, you make your
own ?

When your assiduous practice doth secure
That faith which she professeth to be pure ?
When all your life's a precedent of days,
And murmur cannot quarrel at your ways ?
How is she barren grown of love, or broke,
That nothing can her gratitude provoke !
O times ! O manners ! surfeit bred of ease,
The truly epidemical disease !

'Tis not alone the merchant, but the clown,
 Is bankrupt turned; the cassock, cloak, and
 gown,
 Are lost upon accmpt, and none will know
 How much to heaven for thee, great Charles,
 they owe!

AN EPIGRAM ON THE PRINCE'S BIRTH.

1630.

And art thou born, brave babe? Blessed be thy
 birth,
 That so hath crowned our hopes, our spring, and
 earth,
 The bed of the chaste Lily and the Rose!
 What month than May was fitter to disclose
 This prince of flowers? Soon shoot thou up,
 and grow
 The same that thou art promised; but be slow,
 And long in changing. Let our nephews see
 Thee quickly the garden's eye to be,
 And there to stand so. Haste now, envious
 moon,
 And interpose thyself ('care not how soon),
 And threat the great eclipse; two hours but
 run,
 Sol will reshine; if not, Charles hath a son.¹⁰¹

*"Non displicuisse meretur
 Festinat Cæsar qui placuisse tibi."*

¹⁰¹ The prince (Charles II.) was born this year, on the 29th of May, on which day there was an eclipse of the moon. — G.

AN EPIGRAM TO THE QUEEN, THEN LYING IN.

1630.

Hail, Mary, full of grace ! it once was said,
 And by an angel, to the blessed'st maid,
 The Mother of our Lord : why may not I,
 Without profaneness, yet a poet, cry
 Hail, Mary, full of honors ! to my queen,
 The mother of our prince ? When was there
 seen,

Except the joy that the first Mary brought,
 Whereby the safety of mankind was wrought,
 So general a gladness to an isle,
 To make the hearts of a whole nation smile,
 As in this prince ? Let it be lawful so
 To compare small with great, as still we owe
 Glory to God. Then, Hail to Mary ! spring
 Of so much safety to the realm and king !¹⁰²

AN ODE, OR SONG, BY ALL THE MUSES,
 IN CELEBRATION OF HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY. 1630.

1 *Clio*. Up, public joy, remember
 This sixteenth of November,

¹⁰² Although the character of this epigram might lead the reader to a different conclusion, Jonson had been "reconciled to the church" many years before it was written. Dryden alone has reached to the height of the impious parallel which runs through it, when, in the *Britannia Rediviva*, he treats the birth of a prince as a miracle brought about by the direct agency of the angels, and compares the union of three realms in one under his sway to the Trinity, who had stamped their image upon him. — B.

Some brave uncommon way;
And though the parish steeple
Be silent to the people,
Ring thou it holy-day.

2 *Mel.* What though the thrifty Tower,
And guns there spare to pour
Their noises forth in thunder;
As fearful to awake
This city, or to shake
Their guarded gates asunder?

3 *Thal.* Yet let our trumpets sound;
And cleave both air and ground,
With beatings of our drums;
Let every lyre be strung,
Harp, lute, theorbo sprung,
With touch of dainty thumbs!¹⁰³

4 *Eut.* That when the quire is full,
The harmony may pull
The angels from their spheres;
And each intelligence
May wish itself a sense,
Whilst it the ditty hears.

5 *Terp.* Behold the royal Mary,
The daughter of great Harry,
And sister to just Lewis!
Comes in the pomp and glory

¹⁰³ Gifford reads "learned thumbs," adopted from another edition.

Of all her brother's story,
And of her father's prowess!

6 *Erat.* She shows so far above
The feignèd queen of love,
This sea-girt isle upon ;
As here no Venus were,
But that she reigning here,
Had got the ceston on !

7 *Call.* See, see our active king
Hath taken twice the ring,
Upon his pointed lance : ¹⁰⁴
Whilst all the ravished rout
Do mingle in a shout,
Hey ! for the flower of France !

8 *Ura.* This day the court doth measure
Her joy in state and pleasure ;
And with a reverend fear,
The revels and the play,
Sum up this crownèd day,
Her two-and-twentieth year !

9 *Poly.* Sweet, happy Mary ! all
The people her do call,
And this the womb divine !
So fruitful, and so fair,
Hath brought the land an heir,
And Charles a Caroline.

¹⁰⁴ Alluding to the old chivalry joust of riding, or running at the ring. — B.

AN EPIGRAM TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

1630.

What can the cause be, when the king hath given
 His poet sack, the household will not pay?
 Are they so scanted in their store? or driven
 For want of knowing the poet, to say him nay?
 Well, they should know him, would the king
 but grant
 His poet leave to sing his household true;
 He'd frame such ditties of their store and want,
 Would make the very Greencloth to look blue:
 And rather wish in their expense of sack,
 So the allowance from the king to use,
 As the old bard should no canary lack;
 'Twere better spare a butt, than spill his muse.
 For in the genius of a poet's verse,
 The king's fame lives. Go now, deny his
 tierce!¹⁰⁵

EPIGRAM TO A FRIEND AND SON.

Son, and my friend, I had not called you so
 To me, or been the same to you, if show,
 Profit, or chance had made us; but I know
 What, by that name, we each to other owe,
 Freedom and truth; with love from those begot:
 Wise-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures not.

¹⁰⁵ This epigram is said to have given offence to the Board of Greencloth; and it is added that Jonson did not get his tierce of wine, to which he was entitled as part of the perquisites of his office of laureate, till he had written another epigram in a more subdued tone.

His is more safe commodity, or none,
 Nor dares he come in the comparison.
 But as the wretched painter, who so ill
 Painted a dog, that now his subtler skill
 Was, t' have a boy stand with a club, and fright
 All live dogs from the lane, and his shop's sight,
 Till he had sold his piece, drawn so unlike :
 So doth the flatterer with far cunning strike
 At a friend's freedom, prove all circling means
 To keep him off ; and howsoe'er he gleans
 Some of his forms, he lets him not come near
 Where he would fix, for the distinction's fear.
 For as at distance few have faculty
 To judge, so all men coming near can spy ;
 Though now of flattery, as of picture, are
 More subtle works, and finer pieces far,
 Than knew the former ages ; yet to life
 All is but web and painting ; be the strife
 Never so great to get them, and the ends,
 Rather to boast rich hangings, than rare friends.

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP
 OF THAT NOBLE PAIR, SIR LUCIUS CARY AND
 SIR HENRY MORISON.¹⁰⁶

I.

THE TURN.

Brave infant of Saguntum, clear
 Thy coming forth in that great year,

¹⁰⁶ Sir Lucius Cary, better known to modern readers as the gallant Lord Falkland who fell at the battle of Naseby,

When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
 His rage, with razing your immortal town.
 Thou, looking then about,
 Ere thou wert half got out,
 Wise child, didst hastily return,
 And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
 How summed a circle didst thou leave mankind
 Of deepest lore, could we the centre find !

THE COUNTER-TURN.

Did wiser Nature draw thee back,
 From out the horror of that sack,
 Where shame, faith, honor, and regard of right,
 Lay trampled on ? the deeds of death and night,
 Urged, hurried forth, and hurled
 Upon th' affrighted world ;
 Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met,
 And all on utmost ruin set ;
 As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
 No doubt all infants would return like thee.

was married to Letice, a sister of Sir Henry Morison. An early attachment appears to have grown up between these young men, who were two of the poet's most cherished "adopted sons." Sir Henry did not live to witness the marriage of his friend with his sister, and Falkland himself perished in the thirty-fourth year of his age. In some of the editions this poem is entitled "A Pindaric Ode," of which it is a perfect example ; but as Jonson himself did not give it that title, it is not introduced into the text. The reader need scarcely be reminded that the terms "turn," "counter-turn," and "stand," prefixed to the stanzas, are merely the equivalents of the "strophe," "antistrophe," and "epode." — B.

THE STAND.

For what is life, if measured by the space
 Not by the act?
 Or maskèd man, if valued by his face,
 Above his fact?
 Here's one outlived his peers,
 And told forth fourscore years;
 He vexèd time, and busied the whole state;
 Troubled both foes and friends,
 But ever to no ends.
 What did this stirrer but die late?
 How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
 For three of his fourscore he did no good.

II.

THE TURN.

He entered well, by virtuous parts,
 Got up, and thrived with honest arts;
 He purchased friends, and fame, and honors
 then,
 And had his noble name advanced with men:
 But weary of that flight,
 He stooped in all men's sight
 To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
 And sunk in that dead sea of life
 So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
 But that the cork of title buoyed him up.

THE COUNTER-TURN.

Alas! but Morison fell young:
 He never fell, — thou fall'st, my tongue.

He stood a soldier to the last right end.
A perfect patriot, and a noble friend ;
But most, a virtuous son.
All offices were done
By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

THE STAND.

Go now, and tell out days summed up with fears,
And make them years ;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age ;
Repeat of things a throng,
To show thou hast been long,
Not lived : for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light : her measures are, how well
Each syllable answered, and was formed, how
fair ;
These make the lines of life, and that's her air !

III.

THE TURN.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear ;
A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night;—
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures, life may perfect be.

THE COUNTER-TURN.

Call, noble Lucius, then for wine,
 And let thy looks with gladness shine :
 Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
 And think, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
 He leaped the present age,
 Possessed with holy rage
 To see that bright eternal day ;
 Of which we priests and poets say
 Such truths, as we expect for happy men ;
 And there he lives with memory and Ben.

THE STAND.

Jonson, who sung this of him, ere he went,
 Himself, to rest,
 Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
 To have expressed,
 In this bright Asterism!—
 Where it were friendship's schism,
 Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry,
 To separate these twi-
 Lights, the DioscURI ;
 And keep the one half from his Harry.
 But fate doth so alternate the design,
 Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth must
 shine, —

IV.

THE TURN.

And shine as you exalted are ;
Two names of friendship, but one star :
Of hearts the union, and those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leased out t'advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime,
Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feigned protests :
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners more than
blood.

THE COUNTER-TURN.

This made you first to know the why
You liked, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the t'other
Till either grew a portion of the other :
Each stylèd by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You lived to be the great sir-names,
And titles, by which all made claims
Unto the virtue; nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary, or a Morison.

THE STAND.

And such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a law

Was left yet to mankind;
 Where they might read and find
 Friendship, indeed, was written not in words;
 And with the heart, not pen,
 Of two so early men,
 Whose lines her rolls were, and recòrds;
 Who, ere the first down bloomèd on the chin,
 Had sowed these fruits, and got the harvest in.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE LORD HIGH
 TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

AN EPISTLE MENDICANT.

1631.

MY LORD,

Poor wretched states, pressed by extremities,
 Are fain to seek for succors and supplies
 Of princes' aids, or good men's charities.

Disease, the enemy, and his engineers,
 Want, with the rest of his concealed com-
 peers,
 Have cast a trench about me, now five years,

And made those strong approaches by false
 brays,¹⁰⁷

Redoubts, half-moons, horn-works, and such
 close ways,¹⁰⁷

The muse not peeps out, one of hundred days;

¹⁰⁷ *Fausse brayes.*

But lies blocked up and straightened, nar-
rowed in,
Fixed to the bed and boards, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never been;

Unless some saving honor of the Crown,
Dare think it, to relieve, no less renown,
A bedrid wit, than a besieged town.

TO THE KING, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

November 19, 1632.

AN EPIGRAM ANNIVERSARY.

This is King Charles his day. Speak it, thou
Tower,
Unto the ships, and they, from tier to tier,
Discharge it 'bout the island in an hour,
As loud as thunder, and as swift as fire.
Let Ireland meet it out at sea, half-way,
Repeating all Great Britain's joy, and more,
Adding her own glad accents to this day,
Like Echo playing from the other shore.
What drums or trumpets, or great ordnance can,
The poetry of steeples, with the bells,
Three kingdoms' mirth, in light and æry man,
Made lighter with the wine. All noises else,
At bonfires, rockets, fireworks, with the shouts
That cry that gladness which their hearts
would pray.
Had they but grace of thinking, at these routs,

On the often coming of this holy-day :
 And ever close the burden of the song,
 Still to have such a Charles, but this Charles
 long.

The wish is great ; but where the prince is such,
 What prayers, people, can you think too much !

ON THE RIGHT HONORABLE AND VIRTUOUS
 LORD WESTON, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF
 ENGLAND.

Upon the day he was made Earl of Portland, February 17, 1632.

TO THE ENVIOUS.¹⁰⁸

Look up, thou seed of envy, and still bring
 Thy faint and narrow eyes to read the king
 In his great actions : view whom his large hand
 Hath raised to be the PORT unto his LAND !
 Weston ! that waking man ! that eye of state !
 Who seldom sleeps ! whom bad men only hate !
 Why do I irritate or stir up thee,
 Thou sluggish spawn, that canst, but wilt not
 see !

Feed on thyself for spite, and show thy kind,
 To virtue and true worth be ever blind ;
 Dream thou couldst hurt it, but before thou
 wake
 To effect it, feel thou'st made thine own heart
 ache.

¹⁰⁸ From Clarendon's character of Lord Portland, it appears that he was not only very generally disliked and censured, but that he deserved the enmities he incurred. — B.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE JEROME LORD
WESTON.

AN ODE GRATULATORY, FOR HIS RETURN FROM HIS EMBASSY,
1632.

Such pleasure as the teeming earth
Doth take in easy Nature's birth,
 When she puts forth the life of everything;
And in a dew of sweetest rain,
She lies delivered without pain,
 Of the prime beauty of the year, the Spring:

The rivers in their shores do run,
The clouds rack clear before the sun,
 The rudest winds obey the calmest air;
Rare plants from every bank do rise,
And every plant the sense surprise,
 Because the order of the whole is fair!

The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly dressed,
 As all the wealth of season there was spread,
Doth show the Graces and the Hours
Have multiplied their arts and powers,
 In making soft her aromatic bed:

Such joys, such sweets, doth your return
Bring all your friends, fair lord, that burn
 With love, to hear your modesty relate,
The business of your blooming wit,
With all the fruit shall follow it,
 Both to the honor of the king and state.

Oh, how will then our court be pleased,
 To see great Charles of travail eased,
 When he beholds a graft of his own hand,
 Shoot up an olive, fruitful, fair,
 To be a shadow to his heir,
 And both a strength and beauty to his land !

EPITHALAMION ; OR, A SONG

*Celebrating the Nuptials of that Noble Gentleman, MR.
 JEROME WESTON, son and heir of the LORD WESTON, Lord
 High Treasurer of England, with the LADY FRANCES
 STUART, Daughter of ESME, Duke of LENOX, deceased,
 and sister of the surviving duke of the same name.*¹⁰⁹

Though thou hast passed thy summer-standing,
 stay
 Awhile with us, bright sun, and help our
 light ;
 Thou canst not meet more glory on the way,
 Between thy tropics, to arrest thy sight,
 Than thou shalt see to-day :
 We woo thee stay,
 And see what can be seen,
 The bounty of a king, and beauty of his queen.

See the procession ! what a holy-day,
 Bearing the promise of some better fate,

¹⁰⁹ Sir Richard Weston, the father of Jerome, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, and raised to the peerage as Baron Weston, in 1620. In 1633, he was created Earl of Portland, and was succeeded in the title in the following year by his son. The marriage probably took place about 1628. — B.

Hath filed, with caroches, all the way,
From Greenwich hither to Roehampton gate!
When looked the year, at best,
So like a feast?
Or were affairs in tune,
By all the sphere's consent, so in the heart of
June?

What beauty of beauties, and bright youths at
charge
Of summer's liveries, and gladding green,
Do boast their loves and braveries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seen!
When looked the earth so fine,
Or so did shine,
In all her bloom and flower,
To welcome home a pair, and deck the nuptial
bower?

It is the kindly season of the time,
The month of youth, which calls all creatures
forth
To do their offices in Nature's chime,
And celebrate, perfection at the worth,
Marriage, the end of life,
That holy strife,
And the allowed war,
Through which not only we, but all our species are.
Hark how the bells upon the waters play
Their sister-tunes from Thames his either side,

As they had learned new changes for the day,
 And all did ring th' approaches of the bride;
 The lady Frances dressed,
 Above the rest
 Of all the maidens fair,
 In graceful ornament of garland, gems, and hair.

See how she paceth forth in virgin white,
 Like what she is, the daughter of a duke,
 And sister; darting forth a dazzling light
 On all that come her simplesse to rebuke!
 Her tresses trim her back,¹¹⁰
 As she did lack
 Naught of a maiden queen,
 With modesty so crowned, and adoration seen.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the virgins do,
 The choicest virgin-troop of all the land!
 Porting¹¹¹ the ensigns of united two,
 Both crowns and kingdoms in their either
 hand;
 Whose majesties appear,
 To make more clear
 This feast, than can the day,
 Although that thou, O sun, at our entreaty stay!

See how with roses and with lilies shine,
 Lilies and roses, flowers of either sex,

¹¹⁰ See *ante*, p. 144.

¹¹¹ Milton has

“Sharpening in mooned horns
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
 With forked spears.”

The bright bride's paths, embellished more than
thine,

With light of love this pair doth intertex ! ¹¹²

Stay, see the virgins sow,

Where she shall go,

The emblems of their way. —

Oh, now thou smil'st, fair sun, and shin'st, as
thou wouldst stay !

With what full hands, and in how plenteous
showers

Have they bedewed the earth, where she doth
tread,

As if her airy steps did spring the flowers,

And all the ground were garden where she led !

See, at another door,

On the same floor,

The bridegroom meets the bride

With all the pomp of youth, and all our court
beside !

Our court, and all the grandees ! now, sun, look,

And looking with thy best inquiry, tell,

In all thy age of journals thou hast took,

Saw'st thou that pair became these rites so well,

Save the preceding two ? ¹¹³

Who, in all they do,

Search, sun, and thou wilt find

They are th' exempl'd pair, and mirror of their
kind.

¹¹² To interweave.

¹¹³ The king and queen.

Force from the phoenix, then, no rarity
Of sex, to rob the creature; but from man,
The king of creatures, take his parity
With angels, Muse, to speak these: nothing
can
Illustrate these, but they
Themselves to-day,
Who the whole act express;
All else, we see beside, are shadows, and go
less.

It is their grace and favor that makes seen,
And wondered at the bounties of this day;
All is a story of the king and queen;
And what of dignity and honor may
Be duly done to those
Whom they have chose,
And set the mark upon,
To give a greater name and title to — their
own!

Weston, their treasure, as their treasurer,
That mine of wisdom, and of counsels deep,
Great, 'say-master of state, who cannot err,
But doth his carat, and just standard keep,
In all the proved assays,
And legal ways
Of trials, to work down
Men's loves unto the laws, and laws to love the
crown.

And this well moved the judgment of the king
To pay with honors to his noble son
To-day, the father's service ; who could bring
Him up, to do the same himself had done :
That far all-seeing eye
Could soon espy
What kind of waking man
He had so highly set ; and in what barbican.

Stand there ; for when a noble nature's raised,
It brings friends joy, foes grief, posterity
fame ;
In him the times, no less than prince, are praised,
And by his rise, in active men, his name
Doth emulation stir ;
To the dull a spur
It is ; to the envious meant
A mere upbraiding grief, and torturing punish-
ment.

See ! now the chapel opens, where the king
And bishop stay to consummate the rites ;
The holy prelate prays, then takes the ring,
Asks first, Who gives her ? — I, Charles —
then he plights
One in the other's hand,
Whilst they both stand
Hearing their charge, and then
The solemn choir cries, Joy ! and they return,
Amen.

O happy bands ! and thou more happy place,
Which to this use wert built and consecrate !
To have thy God to bless, thy king to grace,
And this their chosen bishop celebrate,
And knit the nuptial knot,
Which time shall not,
Or cankered jealousy,
With all corroding arts, be able to untie !

The chapel empties, and thou mayst be gone
Now, sun, and post away the rest of day ;
Thesetwo, now Holy Church hath made them one,
Do long to make themselves so another way :
There is a feast behind,
To them of kind,
Which their glad parents taught
One to the other, long ere these to light were
brought.

Haste, haste, officious sun, and send them night
Some hours before it should, that these may
know
All that their fathers and their mothers might
Of nuptial sweets, at such a season, owe,
To propagate their names,
And keep their fames
Alive, which else would die ;
For fame keeps virtue up, and it posterity.

The ignoble never lived, they were awhile
Like swine, or other cattle here on earth ;

Their names are not recorded on the file
 Of life, that fall so ; Christians know their
 birth
 Alone, and such a race
 We pray may grace,
 Your fruitful spreading vine,
 But dare not ask our wish in language fescen-
 nine.

Yet, as we may, we will ; — with chaste desires,
 The holy perfumes of the marriage bed,
 Be kept alive, those sweet and sacred fires
 Of love between you and your lovely-head ;
 That when you both are old,
 You find no cold
 There ; but, renewèd, say,
 After the last child born, This is our wedding-
 day.

Till you behold a race to fill your hall,
 A Richard, and a Jerome, by their names
 Upon a Thomas, or a Francis call ;
 A Kate, a Frank, to honor their grand-dames,
 And 'tween their grandsire's thighs,
 Like pretty spies,
 Peep forth a gem ; to see
 How each one plays his part, of the large pedi-
 gree ! ¹¹⁴

¹¹⁴ These anticipations, unhappily, were not destined to be realized. Charles, the only male issue of this marriage, a young nobleman of great promise, entered the service of the

And never may there want one of the stem,
 To be a watchful servant for this state ;
 But like an arm of eminence 'mongst them,
 Extend a reaching virtue early and late !
 Whilst the main tree still found
 Upright and sound,
 By this sun's noonstead's made
 So great, his body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slipped to bed ; shut fast the door,
 And let him freely gather love's first-fruits ;
 He's master of the office ; yet no more
 Exacts than she is pleased to pay : no suits,
 Strifes, murmurs, or delay,
 Will last till day ;
 Night and the sheets will show
 The longing couple all that elder lovers know.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF POOR BEN, TO TH'
 BEST OF MONARCHS, MASTERS, MEN, KING
 CHARLES.

— Doth most humbly show it,
 To your majesty, your poet :

That whereas your royal father,
 James the blessèd, pleased the rather,
 Of his special grace to letters,

Duke of York, and was killed in an engagement with the Dutch in 1665. He was succeeded by his uncle, the fourth Earl of Portland, at whose death, about 1689, the title became extinct. — B.

To make all the muses debtors
To his bounty, by extension
Of a free poetic pension,
A large hundred marks annuity,
To be given me in gratuity
For done service, and to come :

And that this so accepted sum,
Or dispensed in books or bread
(For with both the Muse was fed),
Hath drawn on me, from the times,
All the envy of the rhymes,
And the rattling pit-pat noise
Of the less poetic boys,
When their pot-guns aim to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me they judged decayed ;
But we last out, still unlayed.

Please your majesty to make
Of your grace, for goodness' sake,
Those your father's marks, your pounds ;
Let their spite, which now abounds,
Then go on, and do its worst ;
This would all their envy burst ;
And so warm the poet's tongue,
You'd read a snake in his next song.¹¹⁵

¹¹⁵ The king granted the prayer of this petition by increasing the salary of the laureate to £100, with the additional grant of a tierce of his favorite Canary. The warrant is dated in March, 1630. — B.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE LORD TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

AN EPIGRAM.

If to my mind, great lord, I had a state,
I would present you now with curious plate
Of Nuremberg, or Turkey; hang your rooms,
Not with the Arras, but the Persian looms;
I would, if price or prayer could them get,
Send in what or Romano, Tintoret,
Titian, or Raphael, Michael Angelo,
Have left in fame to equal, or outgo
The old Greek hands in picture, or in stone.

This I would do, could I know Weston one
Caught with these arts, wherein the judge is
wise

As far as sense, and only by the eyes.
But you I know, my lord, and know you can
Discern between a statue and a man;
Can do the things that statues do deserve,
And act the business which they paint or carve.
What you have studied are the arts of life:
To compose men and manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring subjects; make the nations know
What worlds of blessings to good kings they owe;
And mightiest monarchs feel what large increase
Of sweets and safeties they possess by peace.
These I look up at with a reverent eye,
And strike religion in the standers-by;
Which, though I cannot, as an architect,
In glorious piles or pyramids erect

Unto your honor; I can tune in song
Aloud; and, haply, it may last as long.¹¹⁶

AN EPIGRAM TO MY MUSE, THE LADY DIGBY,
ON HER HUSBAND, SIR KENELM DIGBY.¹¹⁷

Though, happy Muse, thou know'st my Digby
well,
Yet read him in these lines: he doth excel

¹¹⁶ We learn from the following contemporary epigram that Jonson received £40 for these verses.

TO BEN JONSON, UPON HIS VERSES TO THE EARL OF PORTLAND, LORD TREASURER.

Your verses are commended, and 'tis true,
That they were very good, I mean to you;
For they returned you, Ben, as I was told,
A certain sum of forty pound in gold;
The verses then being rightly understood,
His lordship, not Ben Jonson, made them good. — B.

¹¹⁷ Sir Kenelm Digby was as much distinguished by the eccentricity of his conduct, and the singularity of his opinions, as by the graces of his person, and the variety of his accomplishments. He was a brave soldier, a skilful diplomatist, was master of ten or twelve languages, and had a wide acquaintance with general literature and philosophy. But he is now remembered only as the active supporter of some of the most remarkable scientific delusions of his age, which he illustrated by numerous experiments at the early meetings of the Royal Society. He implicitly believed in the transmutation of metals, and in the agency of sympathetic powder obtained from reptiles. The lady to whom Jonson addressed these verses was the celebrated courtesan, Venetia Stanley, whose extraordinary beauty, before and after she became Lady Digby, was a common theme of admiration. It was said that Sir Kenelm used to feed her upon capons fattened upon the flesh of vipers, as a means of preserving her charms; and Aubrey tells us that, after her death, which

In honor, courtesy, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or man could call his arts.
He's prudent, valiant, just, and temperate ;
In him all virtue is beheld in state ;
And he is built like some imperial room
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet :
Where Nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
As other souls, to his, dwelt in a lane :
Witness his action done at Scanderoon,
Upon his birthday, the eleventh of June ;¹¹⁸
When the apostle Barnaby, the bright,
Unto our year doth give the longest light,
In sign the subject, and the song will live,
Which I have vowed posterity to give.
Go, Muse, in, and salute him. Say he be
Busy, or frown at first ; when he sees thee

occurred suddenly, scarcely any brain was discovered in her head, which Sir Kenelm ascribed to her constant use of viper-wine. Digby was one of Jonson's "adopted sons." He died in 1655. — B.

¹¹⁸ "He had a fair reputation in arms," says Clarendon, "of which he gave an early testimony in his youth, in some encounters in Spain and Italy, and afterwards in an action in the Mediterranean Sea, where he had the command of a squadron of ships of war set out on his own charge, under the king's commission ; with which, upon an injury received or apprehended from the Venetians, he encountered their whole fleet, killed many of their men, and sunk one of their galleasses ; which in that drowsy and inactive time was looked upon with a general estimation, though the Crown disavowed it." — B.

He will clear up his forehead; think thou
bring'st

Good omen to him in the note thou sing'st,
For he doth love my verses, and will look
Upon them, next to Spenser's noble book,¹¹⁹
And praise them too. Oh! what a fame 'twill be,
What reputation to my lines and me,
When he shall read them at the Treasurer's board,
The knowing Weston, and that learned lord
Allows them! then, what copies shall be had,
What transcripts begged! how cried up, and
how glad

Wilt thou be, Muse, when this shall them befall!
Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, SUNG TO KING CHARLES,
1635.

PRELUDE.

New years expect new gifts. Sister, your harp,
Lute, lyre, theorbo, all are called to-day;
Your change of notes, the flat, the mean, the
sharp,

To show the rites, and t' usher forth the way
Of the new year, in a new silken warp,
To fit the softness of our year's-gift, when
We sing the best of monarchs, masters, men;
For had we here said less, we had sung nothing
then.

¹¹⁹ Sir Kenelm Digby wrote a tract called *Observations on the 22nd stanza in the 9th canto of the 2nd book of Spenser's Fairy Queen*, 1644. This was after Jonson's death. — B.

CHORUS OF NYMPHS AND SHEPHERDS.

Rector Chori. To-day old Janus opens the new
year,

And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all loyal
swains,

That know the times and seasons when t' appear,

And offer your just service on these plains;
Best kings expect first-fruits of your glad gains.

1 *Shep.* Pan is the great preserver of our bounds.

2 *Shep.* To him we owe all profits of our grounds.

3 *Shep.* Our milk.

4 *Shep.* Our fells.

5 *Shep.* Our fleeces.

6 *Shep.* And first lambs.

7 *Shep.* Our teeming ewes.

8 *Shep.* And lusty mounting rams.

9 *Shep.* See where he walks with Mira by his
side.

Cho. Sound, sound his praises loud, and with his
hers divide.

Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unused ways.

Shep. And in the chase, more than Sylvanus can.

Cho. Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, resound his
praise.

Of brightest Mira do we raise our song,
Sister of Pan, and glory of the spring;

Nym. Who walks on earth, as May still went
along.

Cho. Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.

Cho. of Shep. Of Pan we sing, the chief of lead-
ers, Pan

That leads our flocks and us, and calls both
forth

To better pastures than great Pales can :

Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, resound his
worth.

Cho. of Nym. Of brightest Mira is our song ;
the grace

Of all that Nature yet to life did bring ;
And were she lost, could best supply her place ;
Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.

1. Where'er they tread the enamored ground,
The fairest flowers are always found :

2. As if the beauties of the year
Still waited on 'em where they were.

1. He is the father of our peace ;

2. She to the crown hath brought increase.

1. We know no other power than his ;
Pan only our great shepherd is,

Cho. Our great, our good. Where one's
dressed

In truth of colors, both are best.

Rect. Chor. Haste, haste you hither, all you gen-
tler swains,

That have a flock or herd upon these plains ;
 This is the great preserver of our bounds,
 To whom you owe all duties of your grounds ;
 Your milks, your fells, your fleeces, and first
 lambs,
 Your teeming ewes, as well as mounting rams ;
 Whose praises let's report unto the woods,
 That they may take it echoed by the floods.

Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he ; in singing he,
 And hunting, Pan, exceedeth thee :
 He gives all plenty and increase,
 He is the author of our peace.

Rect. Cho. Where'er he goes, upon the ground
 The better grass and flowers are found.
 To sweeter pastures lead he can,
 Than ever Pales could, or Pan ;
 He drives diseases from our folds,
 The thief from spoil his presence holds ;
 Pan knows no other power than his,
 This only the great shepherd is.

Cho. 'Tis he, 'tis he, &c.

AN ELEGY.¹²⁰

Fair friend, 'tis true your beauties move
 My heart to a respect,

¹²⁰ This piece occurs in this place without any title, and following the last with only a blank space, so that to the eye it belongs to it. Gifford prefixed the general title of An Elegy.

Too little to be paid with love,
Too great for your neglect !

I neither love, nor yet am free ;
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of love but pain ;
Your beauty takes my sense,
And lest you should that price disdain,
My thoughts too feel the influence.

'Tis not a passion's first access,
Ready to multiply ;
But like love's calmest state it is
Possessed with victory.

It is like love to truth reduced,
All the false values gone,
Which were created, and induced
By fond imagination.

'Tis either fancy or 'tis fate,
To love you more than I ;
I love you at your beauty's rate,
Less were an injury.

Like unstamped gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect
Th' intrinsic value of your face,
Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so fair a sight
Payment enough; for who dare move
Reward for his delight?

ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY. ¹²¹

Rouse up thyself, my gentle Muse,
Though now our green conceits be gray,
And yet once more do not refuse
To take thy Phrygian harp, and play
In honor of this cheerful day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of crowns is such a love.

Make first a song of joy and love,
Which chastely flames in royal eyes,
Then tune it to the spheres above,
When the benignest stars do rise,
And sweet conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
Whilst diadems invest his head;
Long may he live, whose life doth bound
More than his laws, and better led
By high example, than by dread.
Long may, &c.

¹²¹ This is probably Ben's last tribute of duty to his royal master; it is not his worst; it was, perhaps, better as it came from the poet, for a stanza has apparently been lost, or confounded with the opening one. — G.

Long may he round about him see
 His roses and his lilies blown ;
 Long may his only dear and he
 Joy in ideas of their own,
 And kingdom's hopes so timely sown.
 Long may they both contend to prove,
 That best of crowns is such a love.

TO MY LORD THE KING.

ON THE CHRISTENING HIS SECOND SON, JAMES. ¹²²

That thou art loved of God, this work is done,
 Great king, thy having of a second son ;
 And by thy blessing may thy people see
 How much they are beloved of God in thee.
 Would they would understand it! Princes
 are

Great aids to empire, as they are great care
 'To pious parents, who would have their blood
 Should take first seisin of the public good,
 As hath thy James; cleansed from original
 dross,

This day, by baptism, and a Saviour's cross :
 Grow up, sweet babe, as blessèd in thy name,
 As in renewing thy good grandsire's fame ;
 Methought, Great Britain in her sea, before
 Sate safe enough, but now securèd more.
 At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
 Her rose and lily intertwined have made.

*Oceano securo meo, securior umbris.*¹²² Afterwards James II. Born October 15, 1633.—B.

AN ELEGY ON THE LADY JANE PAWLET, MARCHIONESS OF WINTON.¹²³

What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
 Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew,¹²⁴
 And beckoning wooes me from the fatal tree
 To pluck a garland for herself or me?
 I do obey you, beauty! for in death,
 You seem a fair one! O that you had breath
 To give your shade a name! Stay, stay, I feel
 A horror in me; all my blood is steel;
 Stiff, stark, my joints 'gainst one another knock!
 Whose daughter? Ha! great Savage of the
 Rock.¹²⁵

He's good as great. I am almost a stone, —
 And ere I can ask more of her she's gone!

¹²³ The Lady Jane Pawlet was the first wife of the fifth Marquis of Winchester, who obtained so much celebrity in the civil wars by his memorable defence of Basing-House, his residence in Hampshire, which he garrisoned at his own cost, and held against the forces of the Parliament for two years. At last it fell before Cromwell, who levelled it to the ground. The plunder of Basing-House was estimated at the value of two hundred thousand pounds. The Marquis survived to participate in the triumph of the Restoration, and, dying in 1674, was buried at Englefield in Berkshire, where an inscription by Dryden appears upon his monument. — B.

¹²⁴ "What gentle ghost along the moonlight shade,
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade."

POPE, *On an Unfortunate Lady*. — B.

¹²⁵ Rock Savage was the name of the seat in Cheshire of the Marchioness of Winchester's family. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Savage, who was created Viscount Savage,

Alas, I am all marble ! write the rest
Thou wouldst have written, Fame, upon my
 breast ;
It is a large fair table, and a true,
And the disposure will be something new,
When I, who would the poet have become,
At least may bear the inscription to her tomb.
She was the Lady Jane, and Marchioness
Of Winchester ; the heralds can tell this.
Earl Rivers' grandchild — 'serve not forms, good
 Fame,
Sound thou her virtues, give her soul a name.
Had I a thousand mouths, as many tongues,
And voice to raise them from my brazen lungs,
I durst not aim at that ; the dotes were such
Thereof, no notion can express how much
Their carat was ! I or my trump must break,
But rather I, should I of that part speak ;
It is too near of kin to heaven, the soul,
To be described ! Fame's fingers are too foul
To touch these mysteries : we may admire
The blaze and splendor, but not handle fire.
What she did here, by great example, well,
T' inlive posterity, her fame may tell ;
And, calling truth to witness, make that good
From the inherent graces in her blood !

of Rock Savage, in November, 1626. Her mother was the eldest daughter of Thomas, Lord Darcy, of Chiche, afterwards in succession created Viscount Colchester, and Earl Rivers. Hence Jonson speaks of her as "Earl Rivers' grandchild." — B.

Else, who doth praise a person by a new,
But a feigned way, doth rob it of the true.
Her sweetness, softness, her fair courtesy,
Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
Were like a ring of virtues 'bout her set,
And piety the centre, where all met.
A reverend state she had, an awful eye,
A dazzling, yet inviting majesty:
What nature, fortune, institution, fact,
Could sum to a perfection, was her act!¹²⁶
How did she leave the world, with what contempt!

Just as she in it lived, and so exempt
From all affection! when they urged the cure
Of her disease, how did her soul assure
Her sufferings, as the body had been away!
And to the torturers, her doctors, say,
Stick on your cupping-glasses; fear not, put
Your hottest caustics, to burn, lance, or cut:
'Tis but a body which you can torment,
And I into the world all soul was sent!
Then comforted her lord, and blessed her son,¹²⁷
Cheered her fair sisters in her race to run,
With gladness tempered her sad parents' tears,

¹²⁶ Howell in a letter to the marchioness alludes to her accomplishments, her knowledge of Spanish, which he assisted in teaching her, and her skill in poetry, and says that Nature and the Graces had exhausted all their resources in "framing this exact model of female perfection."—B.

¹²⁷ Charles, who on his father's death succeeded to the title, and, in 1689, was created Duke of Bolton.—B.

Made her friends' joys to get above their fears,
 And in her last act taught the standers-by
 With admiration and applause to die !¹²⁸

Let angels sing her glories, who did call
 Her spirit home to her original ;
 Who saw the way was made it, and were sent
 To carry and conduct the compliment
 'Twixt death and life, where her mortality
 Became her birthday to eternity !
 And now through circumfused light she looks
 On Nature's secrets there, as her own books :
 Speaks heaven's language, and discovereth free
 To every order, every hierarchy !

¹²⁸ It appears from Milton's affecting epitaph on this lady, that she died in childbirth, at the early age of three-and-twenty ; and the following passage intimates that the child was still-born :—

“ Once had the early matrons run
 To greet her of a lovely son ;
 And now with second hope she goes,
 And calls Lucina to her throes.
 But, whether by mischance or blame,
 Atropos for Lucina came ;
 And with remorseless cruelty
 Spoiled at once both fruit and tree.
 The hapless babe before his birth,
 Had burial, yet not laid in earth ;
 And the languished mother's womb
 Was not long a living tomb.”

“ It is remarkable,” says Warton, “ that both husband and wife should have severally received the honor of an epitaph from two such poets as Milton and Dryden.” This statement might have been rendered still more “ remarkable,” if Warton had not forgotten to include the elegy by Jonson. — B.

Beholds her Maker, and in Him doth see
What the beginnings of all beauties be ;
And all beatitudes that thence do flow,
Which they that have the crown are sure to
know !

Go now, her happy parents, and be sad
If you not-understand what child you had.
If you dare grudge at heaven, and repent
T' have paid again a blessing was but lent,
And trusted so, as it deposited lay
At pleasure, to be called for every day !
If you can envy your own daughter's bliss,
And wish her state less happy than it is ;
If you can cast about your either eye,
And see all dead here, or about to die !
The stars, that are the jewels of the night,
And day, deceasing with the prince of light,
The sun, great kings, and mightiest kingdoms
fall ;

Whole nations, nay, mankind, the world, with all
That ever had beginning there, t' have end !
With what injustice should one soul pretend
T' escape this common known necessity ?
When we were all born, we began to die ;
And, but for that contention and brave strife,
The Christian hath t' enjoy the future life,
He were the wretched'st of the race of men ;
But as he soars at that, he bruise then
The serpent's head ; gets above death, and sin,
And, sure of heaven, rides triùmphing in.

EUPHEME; OR, THE FAIR FAME

Left to posterity of that truly noble lady, the LADY VENETIA DIGBY, ¹²⁹ late wife of SIR KENELM DIGBY, Knt., a gentleman absolute in all numbers.

CONSISTING OF THESE TEN PIECES:—

The Dedication of her Cradle,	Her happy Match,
The Song of her Descent,	Her hopeful Issue,
The Picture of her Body,	Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, or, Relation
Her Mind,	to the Saints,
Her being chosen a Muse,	Her Inscription, or Crown.
Her fair Offices,	

Vivam amare Voluptas, defunctam Religio. — STAT.

I. THE DEDICATION OF HER CRADLE.

Fair Fame, who art ordained to crown,
With ever green and great renown,

¹²⁹ See *ante*, p. 284. This lady was a daughter of Sir Edward Stanley, of Tongue Castle, Shropshire. She was exquisitely beautiful, and Aubrey tells us that, “being *matura viro*, she was left by her father to live with a tenant and servants at Enston Abbey, in Oxfordshire; but, as private as that place was, it seems her beauty could not lie hid.” The fame of her charms soon reached the ears of the gallant and munificent Earl of Dorset, who made no delay in urging his suit. “I have now forgot,” continues Aubrey, “who first brought her to town, but I have heard my uncle Danvers, who was her contemporary, say that she was so commonly courted, and that by grandees, that ’twas written over her lodging one night *in literis uncialibus*,

“Pray come not near,

For Dame Venetia Stanley liveth here.”

Lord Dorset eventually became her “greatest gallant,” had several children by her, and settled on her an annuity of £500 a year. It was during this period she was seen by Sir Kenelm Digby, who fell in love with her, and married her, against the will of his mother. Whatever may have been the

Their heads that Envy would hold down
With her, in shade

Of death and darkness; and deprive
Their names of being kept alive,
By thee and conscience, both who thrive
By the just trade

Of goodness still: vouchsafe to take
This cradle, and, for goodness' sake,
A dedicated ensign make
Thereof to Time;

That all posterity, as we,
Who read what the Crepundia be,
May something by that twilight see
'Bove rattling rhyme.

For though that rattles, timbrels, toys,
Take little infants with their noise,
As properest gifts to girls and boys,
Of light expense;

Their corals, whistles, and prime coats,
Their painted masks, their paper boats,
With sails of silk, as the first notes
Surprise their sense.

life of Lady Digby before marriage, her conduct afterwards was irreproachable. Her exemplary actions, even more than her beauty, are testified in the elegiac tributes of Jonson, Habington, Randolph, and Feltham. She expired suddenly, and was found dead in her bed, with her head resting on her hand.—B.

Yet here are no such trifles brought,
No cobweb caul, no surcoats wrought
With gold, or clasps, which might be bought
On every stall;

But here's a song of her descent;
And call to the high parliament
Of heaven; where seraphim take tent
Of ordering all.

This uttered by an ancient bard,
Who claims, of reverence, to be heard:
As coming with his harp prepared
To chant her 'gree,

Is sung: as als' her getting up,
By Jacob's ladder, to the top
Of that eternal port, kept ope
For such as she.

II. THE SONG OF HER DESCENT.

I sing the just and uncontrolled descent
Of dame Venetia Digby, styled the fair:
For mind and body the most excellent
That ever nature, or the later air,
Gave two such houses as Northumberland
And Stanley, to the which she was co-heir.
Speak it, you bold Penates! you that stand
At either stem, and know the veins of good
Run from your roots; tell, testify the grand
Meeting of Graces, that so swelled the flood

Of virtues in her, as, in short, she grew
 The wonder of her sex, and of your blood.
 And tell thou, Alde-leyh, none can tell more true,
 Thy niece's line, than thou that gav'st thy
 name
 Into the kindred, whence thy Adam drew
 Meschine's honor, with the Cestrian fame
 Of the first Lupus, to the family
 By Ranulph

[The rest of this song is lost.]

III. THE PICTURE OF THE BODY.

Sitting, and ready to be drawn,
 What make these velvets, silks, and lawn,
 Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
 Where every limb takes like a face ?

Send these suspected helps to aid
 Some form defective, or decayed ;
 This beauty, without falsehood fair,
 Needs naught to clothe it but the air.

Yet something to the painter's view
 Were fitly interposed ; so new :
 He shall, if he can understand,
 Work with my fancy, his own hand.

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,
 And out of that make day to break ;
 Till like her face it do appear,
 And men may think all light rose there.

Then let the beams of that disperse
The cloud, and show the universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore, than spy.

The heaven designed, draw next a spring,
With all that youth, or it can bring;
Four rivers branching forth like seas,
And Paradise confining these.¹⁸⁰

Last, draw the circles of this globe,
And let there be a starry robe
Of constellations 'bout her hurled:
And thou hast painted Beauty's world.

But, painter, see thou do not sell
A copy of this piece; nor tell
Whose 'tis: but if it favor find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

IV. HER MIND.

Painter, you're come, but may be gone;
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can perform alone;
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse,
But here I may no colors use.
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

¹⁸⁰ Bordering upon.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle towering in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit;
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to express this mind to sense,
Would ask a heaven's intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then speak yourself, and say,
As you go on, by what brave way
Our sense you do with knowledge fill,
And yet remain our wonder still.

I call you, Muse, now make it true:
Henceforth may every line be you;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine;
And so disdaining any trier,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will express
In speech, it is with that excess

Of grace, and music to the ear,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air;
And though the sound had parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness; there's the how and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And sunk in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some celestial sleight,
Up to her own sublimèd height?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise or palace found,
In all the bounds of beauty, fit
For her t' inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so straight,
So polished, perfect, round and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling, like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oil poured forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,
 Where it may run to any good ;
 And where it stays, it there becomes
 A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, wingèd as the wind ;
 In rest, like spirits left behind
 Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
 Begotten by the wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
 Yet know, with what thou art possessed,
 Thou, entertaining in thy breast
 But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest.

[A whole quaternion in the midst of this poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole is the eighth) excepting the very end : which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus :]

VIII. A FRAGMENT.

— But for you, growing gentlemen, the happy branches of two so illustrious houses as these, wherefrom your honored mother is in both lines descended ; let me leave you this last legacy of counsel ; which, so soon as you arrive at years of mature understanding, open you, sir, that are the eldest, and read it to your brethren, for it will concern you all alike. Vowed by a faithful servant and client of your family, with his latest breath expiring it. B. I.

TO KENELM, JOHN, GEORGE.¹⁸¹

Boast not these titles of your ancestors,
 Brave youths, they're their possessions, none¹
 of yours.

WOTTON A

¹⁸¹ The three sons of Lady Digby.

When your own virtues equalled have their
 names,
 'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames ;
 For they are strong supporters ; but, till then,
 The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
 It is a wretched thing to trust to reeds ;
 Which all men do, that urge not their own deeds
 Up to their ancestors : the river's side
 By which you're planted, shows your fruit shall
 bide.
 Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree ;
 'Tis virtue alone is true nobility :
 Which virtue from your father, ripe, will fall ;
 Study illustrious him, and you have all.

IX. ELEGY ON MY MUSE.

*The truly honored lady, THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY ; who
 living gave me leave to call her so, being her 'ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ,
 or, Relation to the Saints.'*

Sera quidem tanto struitur medicina doloris.

'Twere time that I died too, now she is dead,
 Who was my muse, and life of all I did ;
 The spirit that I wrote with, and conceived,
 All that was good, or great with me, she weaved,
 And set it forth : the rest were cobwebs fine,
 Spun out in name of some of the old Nine,
 To hang a window, or make dark the room,
 Till swept away, th' were cancelled with a broom !
 Nothing that could remain, or yet can stir
 A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her !

Oh, had I seen her laid out a fair corse,
By death, on earth, I should have had remorse
On Nature for her; who did let her lie,
And saw that portion of herself to die.
Sleepy or stupid Nature, couldst thou part
With such a rarity, and not rouse Art,
With all her aids, to save her from the seize
Of vulture Death, and those relentless cleies ?¹³²
Thou wouldst have lost the Phoenix, had the kind
Been trusted to thee; not to 'tself assigned.
Look on thy sloth, and give thyself undone,
(For so thou art with me) now she is gone.
My wounded mind cannot sustain this stroke,
It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would provoke
The world to ruin with it; in her fall,
I sum up my own breaking, and wish all.
Thou hast no more blows, Fate, to drive at one;
What's left a poet when his muse is gone ?
Sure I am dead, and know it not! I feel
Nothing I do; but, like a heavy wheel,
Am turnèd with another's powers: my passion
Whirls me about, and, to blaspheme in fashion,
I murmur against God, for having ta'en
Her blessèd soul hence, forth this valley vain
Of tears, and dungeon of calamity!
I envy it the angels' amity,
The joy of saints, the crown for which it lives,
The glory and gain of rest, which the place gives.
Dare I, profane, so irreligious be,

¹³² Claws. The old spelling is generally *clees*. — B.

To greet or grieve her soft euthanasy !
So sweetly taken to the court of bliss,
As spirits had stolen her spirit in a kiss,
From off her pillow and deluded bed ;
And left her lovely body unthought dead !
Indeed she is not dead ! but laid to sleep
In earth, till the last trump awake the sheep
And goats together, whither they must come
To hear their judge, and His eternal doom ;
To have that final retribution,
Expected with the flesh's restitution.
For, as there are three natures, schoolmen call
One corporal only, th' other spiritual,
Like single ; so there is a third commixed
Of body and spirit together, placed betwixt
Those other two ; which must be judged or
crowned.

This, as it guilty is, or guiltless found,
Must come to take a sentence, by the sense
Of that great evidence, the Conscience,
Who will be there, against that day prepared,
T' accuse or quit all parties to be heard !
O day of joy, and surety to the just,
Who in that feast of resurrection trust !
That great eternal holy day of rest
To body and soul, where love is all the guest !
And the whole banquet is full sight of God !
Of joy the circle, and sole period !
All other gladness with the thought is barred ;
Hope hath her end, and Faith hath her reward !

This being thus, why should my tongue or
pen

Presume to interpel that fulness, when
Nothing can more adorn it than the seat
That she is in, or make it more complete ?
Better be dumb than superstitious :
Who violates the Godhead, is most vicious
Against the nature he would worship. He
Will honored be in all simplicity,
Have all his actions wondered at, and viewed
With silence and amazement ; not with rude,
Dull and profane, weak and imperfect eyes,
Have busy search made in his mysteries !
He knows what work H' hath done, to call this
guest

Out of her noble body to this feast,
And give her place according to her blood
Amongst her peers, those princes of all good !
Saints, Martyrs, Prophets, with those Hierar-
chies,
Angels, Archangels, Principalities,
The Dominations, Virtues, and the Powers,
The Thrones, the Cherubs, and Seraphic bowers,
That, planted round, there sing before the
Lamb

A new song to His praise, and great I AM :
And she doth know, out of the shade of death,
What 'tis t' enjoy an everlasting breath !
To have her captived spirit freed from flesh,
And on her innocence, a garment fresh

And white as that put on ; and in her hand
With boughs of palm, a crownèd victrice stand !

And will you, worthy son, sir, knowing this,
Put black and mourning on ? and say you miss
A wife, a friend, a lady, or a love ;

Whom her Redeemer honored hath above
Her fellows, with the oil of gladness, bright
In heaven's empire, and with a robe of light ?
Thither you hope to come ; and there to find
That pure, that precious, and exalted mind
You once enjoyed ; a short space severs ye,
Compared unto that long eternity,
That shall rejoin ye. Was she, then, so dear,
When she departed ? You will meet her there,
Much more desired, and dearer than before,
By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
Accumulated on her, by the Lord
Of life and light, the Son of God, the Word !

There all the happy souls that ever were,
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre ;
And each shall know there one another's face,
By beatific virtue of the place.
There shall the brother with the sister walk,
And sons and daughters with their parents talk ;
But all of God ; they still shall have to say,
But make him All in All, their Theme, that day ;
That happy day that never shall see night !
Where He will be all beauty to the sight ;
Wine or delicious fruits unto their taste ;
A music in the ears will ever last ;

Unto the scent, a spicery or balm ;
And to the touch, a flower like soft as palm.
He will all glory, all perfection be,
God in the Union, and the Trinity !
That holy, great, and glorious mystery,
Will there revealèd be in majesty !
By light and comfort of spiritual grace ;
The vision of our Saviour face to face
In His humanity ! to hear Him preach
The price of our redemption, and to teach
Through His inherent righteousness, in death,
The safety of our souls, and forfeit breath !

What fulness of beatitude is here !
What love with mercy mixèd doth appear,
To style us friends, who were by nature foes !
Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those
Had lost ourselves, and prodigally spent
Our native portions, and possessèd rent !
Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
B' imputed right to an inheritance
In his eternal kingdom, where we sit
Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.
Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
He that shall be our supreme judge, should leave
Himself so uninformed of His elect,
Who knows the hearts of all, and can dissect
The smallest fibre of our flesh ; He can
Find all our atoms from a point t' a span ;
Our closest creeks and corners, and can trace
Each line, as it were graphic, in the face.

And best He knew her noble character,
For 'twas Himself who formed and gave it her.
And to that form lent two such veins of blood,
As nature could not more increase the flood
Of title in her ! all nobility
But pride, that schism of incivility,
She had, and it became her ! she was fit
T' have known no envy, but by suffering it !
She had a mind as calm as she was fair ;
Not tossed or troubled with light lady-air,
But kept an even gait, as some straight tree
Moved by the wind, so comely movèd *she*.
And by the awful manage of her eye,
She swayed all business in the family.
To one she said, Do this — he did it ; so
To another, Move — he went ; to a third, Go —
He ran ; and all did strive with diligence
'T' obey, and serve her sweet commandements.

She was in one a many parts of life ;
A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,
So charitable to a religious end
In all her petite actions, so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of piety and private holiness.
She spent more time in tears herself to dress
For her devotions, and those sad essays
Of sorrow, than all pomp of gaudy days ;
And came forth ever cheerèd with the rod
Of divine comfort, when sh' had talked with God.

Her broken sighs did never miss whole sense,
Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence :
For prayer is the incense most perfumes
The holy altars, when it least presumes.
And hers were all humility ! they beat
The door of grace, and found the mercy-seat.
In frequent speaking by the pious psalms
Her solemn hours she spent, or giving alms,
Or doing other deeds of charity,
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry. She
Would sit in an infirmary whole days
Poring, as on a map, to find the ways
To that eternal rest, where now sh' hath place
By sure election and predestined grace !
She saw her Saviour, by an early light,
Incarnate in the manger, shining bright
On all the world ! she saw Him on the cross
Suffering and dying to redeem our loss :
She saw Him rise triumphing over death,
To justify and quicken us in breath ;
She saw Him too in glory to ascend
For His designèd work, the perfect end
Of raising, judging and rewarding all
The kind of man, on whom His doom should fall !

All this by faith she saw, and framed a plea
In manner of a daily apostrophe,
To Him should be her judge, true God, true Man,
Jesus, the only-gotten Christ ! who can,
As being Redeemer and repairer too
Of lapsèd nature, best know what to do,

In that great act of judgment, which the Father
 Hath given wholly to the Son (the rather
 As being the Son of Man) to show His power,
 His wisdom and His justice, in that hour,
 The last of hours, and shutter up of all;
 Where first His power will appear, by call
 Of all are dead to life; His wisdom show
 In the discerning of each conscience so;
 And most His justice, in the fitting parts,
 And giving dues to all mankind's deserts!

In this sweet ecstasy she was wrapt hence,
 Who reads, will pardon my intelligence,
 That thus have ventured these true strains upon,
 To publish her a saint. My muse is gone!

In pietatis memoriam

Quam præstas

Venetice tue illustrissim.

Marit. dign. DIGBEIE

Hanc ΑΗΘΕΩΣΙΝ, tibi, tuisque sacro.

[THE TENTH,

Being her INSCRIPTION, OR CROWN, is lost.]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO THE MOST NOBLE AND ABOVE HIS TITLES
ROBERT, EARL OF SOMERSET.¹

They are not those are present with their face,
And clothes, and gifts, that only do thee grace
At these thy nuptials; but whose heart and
thought

Do wait upon thee; and their love not bought.
Such wear true wedding robes, and are true
friends,

That bid, God give thee joy and have no ends!
Which I do, early, virtuous Somerset,
And pray, thy loves as lasting be, as great;

¹ These lines were discovered in 1852, in the handwriting of the poet, signed "Ben Jonson," on a leaf of paper pasted upon the inner cover of a copy of his works, ed. 1640, with the following memorandum by another hand: "These verses were made by the author of this book, and were delivered to the Earl of Somerset on his wedding day." The volume bears on the outside covers the arms of the Earl of Somerset, to whom it evidently belonged. The book afterwards came into the possession of the Hon. Archibald Fraser, of Lovat, and upon the sale of his library, in February, 1852, it was purchased by the British Museum for £14. The occasion to which the verses refer determines the time when they were written, — 1613. — B.

Not only this, but every day of thine
 With the same look, or with a better shine;
 May she, whom thou for spouse to-day dost take,
 Out-be that wife, in worth, thy friend did make;
 And thou to her, that husband, may exalt
 Hymen's amends, to make it worth his fault.
 So be there never discontent, or sorrow
 To rise with either of you on the morrow;
 So be your concord still as deep as mute,
 And every joy in marriage turn a fruit;
 So may thy marriage pledges comforts prove,
 And every birth increase the heat of love;
 So in their number may you never see
 Mortality, till you a mortal be;²
 And when your years rise more than would be told,
 Yet neither of you seem to the other old,
 That all that view you then and late may say,
 Sure this glad pair were married but this day.

LEGES CONVIVALES.³

Quod felix faustumque convivis in Apolline sit.

1. NEMO ASYMBOLUS, NISI UMBRA, HUC VENITO.
2. IDIOTA, INSULUS, TRISTIS, TURPIS, ABESTO.
3. ERUDITI, URBANI, HILARES, HONESTI, ADSCISCUNTOR.

² We should, probably, read "till you immortal be."—B.

³ The following is the old translation of the celebrated canons of conviviality:—

RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY,

or,

LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

From the Latin of Ben Jonson, engraven in marble over the

4. NEC LECTÆ FŒMINÆ REPUDIANTOR.
5. IN APPARATU QUOD CONVIVIS CORRUGET NARES
NIL ESTO.
6. EPULÆ DELECTU POTIUS QUAM SUMPTU PARAN-
TOR.
7. OBSONATOR ET COQUUS CONVIVARUM GULÆ
PERITI SUNTO.

chimney, in the Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern, at Temple Bar; that being his Club-room.

Non verbum reddere verbo.

I.

1. As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot,
Except some chance friend, whom a member brings in.
2. Far hence be the sad, the lewd fop, and the sot;
For such have the plagues of good company been.

II.

3. Let the learned and witty, the jovial and gay,
The generous and honest, compose our free state;
4. And the more to exalt our delight while we stay,
Let none be debarred from his choice female mate.

III.

5. Let no scent offensive the chamber infest.
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
And the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

IV.

8. Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
To show your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be tied.

V.

10. Let our wines without mixture or stum,⁴ be all fine,
Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle.
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

⁴ Strong, new wine, from Latin *mustum*; used to give strength and spirit to what is vapid.

8. DE DISCUBITU NON CONTENDITOR.

9. MINISTRI A DAPIBUS, OCCULATI ET MUTI,
A POCULIS, AURITI ET CELERES SUNTO.

10. VINA PURIS FONTIBUS MINISTRENTOR AUT VAPU-
LET HOSPES.

11. MODERATIS POCULIS PROVOCARE SODALES FAS
ESTO.

12. AT FABULIS MAGIS QUAM VINO VELITATIO FIAT.

VI.

- 12. Let the contests be rather of books than of wine.
- 13. Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
- 14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and heart's full, profanely dispute.

VII.

- 15. Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for to vary our bliss.
- 16. With mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing conclude,
To regale every sense, with delight in excess.

VIII.

- 17. Let raillery be without malice or heat.
- 18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take,
- 19. Let no poetaster command or entreat
Another extempore verses to make.

IX.

- 20. Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.
- 21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

X.

- 22. Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardoned will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehelly prank.

XI.

- 23. Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banished for ever our assembly divine.
- 24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

The Old Devil Tavern, so called to distinguish it from a

13. CONVIVÆ NEC MUTI⁵ NEC LOQUACES SUNTO.
14. DE SERIIS AC SACRIS POTI ET SATURI NE DIS-
SERUNTO.
15. FIDICEN, NISI ACCERSITUS, NON VENITO.
16. ADMISSE RISU, TRIPUDIIS, CHOREIS, CANTU, CELE-
BRANTOR.
17. JOCI SINE FELLE SUNTO.
18. INSIPIDA POEMATA NULLA RECITANTOR.
19. VERSUS SCRIBERE NULLUS COGITOR.
20. ARGUMENTATIONIS TOTIUS STREPITUS ABESTO.
21. AMATORIIS QUERELIS, AC SUSPIRIIS LIBER ANGU-
LUS ESTO.
22. LAPITHARUM MORE SCYPHIS PUGNARE, VITREA
COLLIDERE.
- FENESTRAS EXCUTERE, SUPPELLECTILEM DILA-
CERARE NEFAS ESTO.
23. QUI FORAS VEL DICTA, VEL FACTA ELIMINET,
ELIMINATOR.
24. NEMINEM REUM POCULA FACIUNTO.
- FOCUS PERENNIS ESTO.

neighboring hostelry called the Young Devil Tavern, stood on that spot close to Temple Bar, which is now occupied by Child's Banking House. The Apollo was the great room of the tavern, in which, like that of the Will's and Button's of a later day, the wits assembled to hold their convivial meetings, over which, by undisputed authority, Jonson reigned supreme. The rules of the club, as stated in the introduction to the translation, were engraved in marble over the chimney-piece; and the verses by Jonson over the entrance to the room were printed in gold letters on a black ground, surmounted by a bust of Apollo. The bust and the verses are now in the possession of Messrs. Child. The room was furnished with a gallery for music, and was frequently used for balls. The old sign of the tavern, which stood nearly opposite to St. Dunstan's church, represented St. Dunstan pulling the Devil by the nose. — B.

⁵ AL. CONVIVÆ NON MULTI. — G.

VERSES PLACED OVER THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO.

Welcome all who lead or follow
 To the Oracle of Apollo —
 Here he speaks out of his pottle,
 Or the tripes, his tower bottle:
 All his answers are divine,
 Truth itself doth flow in wine.
 Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
 Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;⁶
 He the half of life abuses,
 That sits watering with the Muses.
 Those dull girls no good can mean us;
 Wine it is the milk of Venus,
 And the poet's horse accounted:
 Ply it, and you all are mounted.
 'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
 Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker.
 Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
 And at once the senses pleases.
 Welcome all who lead or follow,
 To the Oracle of Apollo.

ON THE PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE.⁷

TO THE READER.

This figure that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,

⁶ Simon Wadloe, who then kept the Devil Tavern; and of him, probably, is the old catch, beginning, "Old Sir Simon the King." — W. A skinker was a tapster.

⁷ Printed under Droeshout's engraving of Shakespeare's

Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdo the life:
Oh, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass;
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, AND WHAT HE HATH
LEFT US.

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;

portrait, prefixed to the folio edition of his works, 1623. Granger draws attention to the above lines, as bearing testimony to the fidelity of the likeness by one who knew the original well. In these verses, and the more elaborate tribute which follows, unsurpassed in discrimination and completeness of panegyric, it is impossible not to be struck by the affectionate homage which this great poet pays to the memory of Shakespeare. From these pieces we derive the familiar term "gentle," and the epithet "sweet swan of Avon," which have now passed into common use, but were here first applied to Shakespeare. There are other descriptive phrases to be found here which have also become current, such as "Marlowe's mighty line." — B.

Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
 And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
 These are, as some infâmous bawd, or whore,
 Should praise a matron: what would hurt her
 more?

But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
 Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.
 I, therefore, will begin: Soul of the age!
 The applause! delight! the wonder of our
 stage!

My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further off, to make thee room:
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,⁸

⁸ An allusion to an elegy on Shakespeare, by W. Basse. This elegy, curious in its way, is quoted by Whalley, and runs as follows:—

“ Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
 To learned Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lie
 A little nearer Spenser, to make room
 For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
 To lodge all four in one bed make a shift,
 For, until doomsday hardly will a fifth,
 Betwixt this day and that, by fates be slain,
 For whom your curtains need be drawn again.
 But if precedency in death doth bar
 A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
 Under this sable marble of thine own,
 Sleep, rare tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone;
 Thy unmolested peace, in an unshared cave,
 Possess as lord, not tenant of thy grave:
 That unto us, and others, it may be
 Honor hereafter to be laid by thee.”

And art alive still, while thy book doth live
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
 I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,⁹
 Or sporting Kyd,¹⁰ or Marlow's mighty line.¹¹
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less
 Greek,
 From thence to honor thee, I will not seek

⁹ Lily is now better known as the originator of that affected style of language and imagery called euphuism than by his plays, which were deficient in dramatic spirit, although they were full of fancy, and contain some delightful lyrics. They were chiefly written, however, as court performances, and are scarcely amenable to the same criticism as pieces strictly intended for the stage. For the most part, they more nearly resemble masques. — B.

¹⁰ 'Sporting' seems to be applied to Kyd in derision, for of all the contemporary dramatists he was the least fanciful or lively. He wrote *Jeronimo* and *The Spanish Tragedy*, pieces which deal largely in sanguinary horrors. Jonson was employed to supply additional scenes and speeches for *The Spanish Tragedy*. Kyd also translated *Cornelia* from the French of Garnier. — B.

¹¹ The 'mighty line' has, probably, a double signification, if it be true, as conjectured by Mr. Collier, that Marlow was the first poet who used blank verse on the stage, and that *Tamburlaine* was the first play in which the experiment was tried. Independently, however, of that consideration, it applies with singular propriety to the verse of Marlow, which, disfigured by many of the vices and excesses of the age, is frequently distinguished by a grandeur and weight of expression which none of his contemporaries sustained at an equal height. — B.

For names: but call forth thundering Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion: and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muse's anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;

Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly
shines

In his well turnèd and true filèd lines;
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of
Thames,

That so did take Eliza, and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath
mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

ON THE HONORED POEMS OF HIS HONORED
FRIEND, SIR JOHN BEAUMONT, BARONET.¹²

This book will live; it hath a Genius; this
Above his reader, or his praiser, is.
Hence, then, profane! here needs no words' ex-
pense

¹² The elder brother of the dramatist, and himself a poet. He died in 1628, at the age of forty-eight. The verses are prefixed to the volume of poems.

In bulwarks, ravelines, ramparts for defence :
 Such as the creeping common pioneers use,
 When they do sweat to fortify a muse,
 Though I confess it Beaumont's book to be
 The bound, and frontier of our poetry ;
 And doth deserve all muniments of praise,
 That art, or engine, on the strength can raise ;
 Yet, who dares offer a redoubt to rear,
 To cut a dike, or stick a stake up, here,
 Before this work ? where envy hath not cast
 A trench against it, or a battery placed ?
 Stay till she make her vain approaches ; then,
 If maimèd she come off, 'tis not of men,
 This fort of so impregnable access :
 But higher power, as spite could not make less,
 Nor flattery ; but, secured by the author's name,
 Defies what's cross to piety, or good fame ;
 And like a hallowed temple, free from taint
 Of ethnicism, makes his muse a saint.

TO MR. JOHN FLETCHER, UPON HIS " FAITHFUL
 SHEPHERDESS." ¹³

The wise and many-headed bench, that sits
 Upon the life and death of plays and wits,
 (Composed of gamester, captain, knight, knight's
 man,
 Lady or pucelle, that wears mask or fan,

¹³ Taken by Whalley from Seward's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. The *Faithful Shepherdess* was brought out about 1610.

Velvet or taffeta cap, ranked in the dark
 With the shop's foreman, or some such brave
 spark
 That may judge for his sixpence) had, before
 They saw it half, damned thy whole play, and
 more;
 Their motives were, since it had not to do
 With vices, which they looked for, and came to.
 I, that am glad thy innocence was thy guilt,
 And wish that all the Muses' blood were spilt
 In such a martyrdom, to vex their eyes,
 Do crown thy murdered poem: which shall rise
 A glorified work to time, when fire,
 Or moths shall eat what all these fools admire.

EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.¹⁴

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,

¹⁴ The accomplished sister of Sir Philip Sidney, who dedicated to her his *Arcadia*. The Countess of Pembroke wrote some graceful poems, translated the tragedy of *Antony* from the French, and joined her brother in a translation of the *Psalms*, which was first published in 1823. Spenser speaks of her as

“Most resembling, both in shape and spirit,
 Her brother dear.”

She died in 1621.

The above epitaph was first introduced into the collected works of Ben Jonson by Whalley, on the ground that it was ‘universally assigned to him.’ Jonson’s claim to it, however, is by no means certain. In a manuscript collection of Browne’s poems, preserved amongst the Lansdowne MSS. in

Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother :
Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

the British Museum, the epitaph is ascribed to Browne, with the following additional stanza : —

“ Marble piles let no man raise
To her name for after days,
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb.”

Osborne published this stanza under the impression that the whole piece was written by Jonson ; and Gifford, who calls these lines a ‘paltry addition,’ and condemns them upon a groundless charge of inconsistency, says that the critics ought to have known that they were copied from the poems of the Earl of Pembroke, ‘to whose pen they are assigned by the prefix of his usual initials.’ Now Gifford himself ought to have known that the prefix of his lordship’s initials cannot be admitted as proof of the authorship, it being notorious to all readers familiar with the literature of the period, that the Earl of Pembroke, to use the language of a writer entitled to be heard on the subject, ‘had the fame of a poet, but that his right to the poems ascribed to him has been questioned as standing on no adequate authority.’ That no part of this epitaph was written by the Earl of Pembroke is established by the MS. in the Museum, which contains, together with other pieces, a song by Lord Pembroke. This latter circumstance collaterally supports the evidence, for had his Lordship also written the epitaph, it is only reasonable to assume that it would have been also ascribed to him. The question of the authorship, dismissing Pembroke’s pretensions to any share in it, may thus be fairly stated : that while Jonson’s claim rests upon no more definite authority than that of tradition, Browne’s is directly asserted in an

A VISION ON THE MUSES OF HIS FRIEND

MICHAEL DRAYTON.¹⁵

It hath been questioned, Michael, if I be
 A friend at all ; or, if at all, to thee :
 Because, who make the question, have not seen
 Those ambling visits pass in verse, between
 Thy muse and mine, as they expect ; 'tis true,
 You have not writ to me, nor I to you.
 And though I now begin, 'tis not to rub
 Haunch against haunch, or raise a rhyming
 club

authentic MS. undoubtedly comprising a large collection of his poems which had long been supposed to have been lost. A further presumption in favor of Browne may be raised upon the intimate relations which existed between him and Pembroke. That he should have furnished an epitaph for the tomb of an admirable woman, whose death was deeply deplored by his friend and patron, is, at least, extremely probable ; and this probability is strengthened by the elegy which some years afterwards he dedicated to her memory. — B.

¹⁵ Whalley observes that these lines contain "an enumeration of Drayton's poems, with our author's testimony to their merits." It is scarcely necessary to point out that the "enumeration" does not include the "Odes," "Pastorals," "The Muses' Elysium," and many other pieces, some of which were of a later date than the edition of Drayton's works to which this panegyric was prefixed. Jonson was one of Drayton's most intimate friends ; yet in his loose conversations with Drummond he spoke slightly of him, saying that Drayton "feared him, and that he esteemed not of him." Drayton died in 1631. -- B. The lines are prefixed to the second volume of Drayton's works, which came out, in folio, in 1627. — G.

About the town; this reckoning I will pay,
Without conferring symbols : this, my day.

It was no dream ! I was awake, and saw.
Lend me thy voice, O Fame, that I may draw
Wonder to truth, and have my vision hurled
Hot from thy trumpet round about the world.
I saw a beauty, from the sea to rise,
That all earth looked on, and that earth all eyes !
It cast a beam, as when the cheerful sun
Is fair got up, and day some hours begun ;
And filled an orb as circular as heaven ;
The orb was cut forth into regions seven,
And those so sweet, and well-proportioned parts,
As it had been the circle of the arts :
When, by thy bright IDEA ¹⁶ standing by,
I found it pure and perfect poesy.
There read I, straight, thy learnèd LEGENDS
three,
Heard the soft airs, between our swains and thee,
Which made me think the old Theocritus,
Or rural Virgil, come to pipe to us.
But then thy Epistolar HEROIC SONGS,
Their loves, their quarrels, jealousies and wrongs,
Did all so strike me, as I cried, who can
With us be called the Naso, but this man ?
And looking up, I saw Minerva's fowl,

¹⁶ This is one of Drayton's earliest pieces : *Idea, or the Shepherd's Garland*, fashioned in nine eglogs, 1593. The *Legends* are, I believe, those of *Cromwell*, *Mortimer*, and *Matilda* ; the *Songs* are *England's Heroical Epistles*, published in 1598. — G.

Perched overhead, the wise Athenian OWL: ¹⁷
 I thought thee then our Orpheus, that wouldst
 try,

Like him, to make the air one volary.

And I had styled thee Orpheus, but, before
 My lips could form the voice, I heard that roar,
 And rouse, the marching of a mighty force,
 Drums against drums, the neighing of the horse,
 The fights, the cries, and wondering at the jars
 I saw and read it was the BARONS' WARS.

O how in those dost thou instruct these times,
 That rebels' actions are but valiant crimes;
 And carried, though with shout and noise, con-
 fess

A wild, and an unauthorized wickedness!
 Sayst thou so, Lucan? but thou scorn'st to
 stay

Under one title; thou hast made thy way
 And flight about the isle, well near, by this
 In thy admired Periegesis,
 Or universal circumduction

Of all that read thy POLY-OLBION; ¹⁸
 That read it! that are ravished; such was I,

¹⁷ *The Owl*, published in 4to, 1604. *The Barons' Wars*, 1598. — G.

¹⁸ Drayton's principal work, and once exceedingly popular. . . . The poems to which Jonson alludes in the subsequent lines, are *The Battle of Agincourt*, *The Miseries of Queen Margaret*, *The Quest of Cynthia*, *The Shepherds' Syrene*, *The Moon-Calf*, and the well-known *Nymphidia*, or *the Court of Fairies*; all published in 1627. — B.

With every song, I swear, and so would die;¹⁹
But that I hear again thy drum to beat
A better cause, and strike the bravest heat
That ever yet did fire the English blood,
Our right in France, if rightly understood.
There thou art Homer; pray thee use the style
Thou hast deserved, and let me read the while
Thy catalogue of ships, exceeding his,
Thy list of aids and force, for so it is,
The poet's act; and for his country's sake,
Brave are the musters that the muse will make.
And when he ships them, where to use their arms,
How do his trumpets breathe! what loud alarms!
Look how we read the Spartans were inflamed
With bold Tyrtæus' verse; when thou art named,
So shall our English youth urge on, and cry
An AGINCOURT! an AGINCOURT! or die.
This book, it is a catechism to fight,
And will be bought of every lord and knight
That can but read; who cannot, may in prose
Get broken pieces, and fight well by those.
The miseries of MARGARET the queen,
Of tender eyes will more be wept than seen.

¹⁹ This panegyric must be qualified by the opinion expressed to Drummond, who reports Jonson to have said "that Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, if he had performed what he promised to write (the deeds of all the worthies), had been excellent; his long verses pleased him not." There is apparently some confusion in this reference to the *Polyolbion*; but it does not affect the fact of Jonson's dislike to the long measure. — B.

I feel it by mine own, that overflow
And stop my sight in every line I go.
But then, refreshèd by thy FAIRY COURT,
I look on Cynthia and Syrena's sport,
As on two flowery carpets, that did rise,
And with their grassy green restored mine eyes.
Yet give me leave to wonder at the birth
Of thy strange MOON-CALF, both thy strain of
 mirth,
And gossip-got acquaintance, as to us
Thou hast brought Lapland, or old Cobalus,
Empusa, Lamia, or some monster more
Than Afric knew, or the full Grecian store.
I gratulate it to thee, and thy ends,
To all thy virtues and well-chosen friends ;
Only my loss is, that I am not there,
And till I worthy am to wish I were,
I call the world that envies me, to see
If I can be a friend, and friend to thee.

EPITAPH ON MICHAEL DRAYTON.²⁰

Do, pious marble, let thy readers know
What they, and what their children owe
To Drayton's name : whose sacred dust
We recommend unto thy trust.
Protect his memory, and preserve his story,
Remain a lasting monument of his glory.

²⁰ The authorship of this epitaph is doubtful. It has been ascribed to Quarles, Randolph, and others ; but more commonly to Jonson, whose manner it resembles. — B.

And when thy ruins shall disclaim
 To be the treasurer of his name ;
 His name, that cannot die, shall be
 An everlasting monument to thee.

TO MY TRULY BELOVED FRIEND, MASTER
 BROWNE; ON HIS PASTORALS.²¹

Some men, of books or friends not speaking
 right,
 May hurt them more with praise, than foes with
 spite.

But I have seen thy work, and I know thee :
 And, if thou list thyself, what thou canst be.
 For, though but early in these paths thou tread,
 I find thee write most worthy to be read.
 It must be thine own judgment, yet, that sends
 This thy work forth : that judgment mine com-
 mends.

And, where the most read books, on authors'
 fames,

Or, like our money-brokers, take up names
 On credit, and are cozened ; see that thou,
 By offering not more sureties than enow,
 Hold thine own worth unbroke ; which is so good
 Upon the Exchange of Letters, as I would
 More of our writers would, like thee, not swell
 With the how much they set forth, but the how
 well.

²¹ Prefixed to *Britannia's Pastorals, the second book*, by William Browne, fol., 1616, and 8vo., 1625. — G.

TO HIS MUCH AND WORTHILY ESTEEMED FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.²²

Who takes thy volume to his virtuous hand,
Must be intended still to understand ;
Who bluntly doth but look upon the same,
May ask, what author would conceal his name ?
Who reads may rove, and call the passage dark,
Yet may as blind men sometimes hit the mark.
Who reads, who roves, who hopes to understand,
May take thy volume to his virtuous hand :
Who cannot read, but only doth desire
To understand, he may at length admire.

TO MY WORTHY AND HONORED FRIEND, MASTER
GEORGE CHAPMAN.²³

Whose work could this be, Chapman, to refine
Old Hesiod's ore, and give it thus, but thine,
Who had before wrought in rich Homer's mine !

What treasure hast thou brought us ! and what
store
Still, still, dost thou arrive with at our shore,
To make thy honor, and our wealth the more !

²² Prefixed to a piece called *Cinthia's Revenge ; or Menander's Extacy*, published in 1613 ; a lugubrious and tedious tragedy in verse — the longest play, says Langbaine, that ever was written. Of the author, John Stephens, nothing is known, except that he was a member of Lincoln's Inn. — B.

²³ Prefixed to Chapman's translation of Hesiod's *Weeks and Days*, 1618. — G.

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day
 Were asked of thy discoveries, they must say,
 To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Such passage hast thou found, such returns
 made,

As now, of all men, it is called thy trade,
 And who make thither else, rob, or invade.

TO MY CHOSEN FRIEND, THE LEARNED TRANSLATOR OF LUCAN, THOMAS MAY, ESQ.²⁴

When, Rome, I read thee in thy mighty pair,
 And see both climbing up the slippery stair
 Of Fortune's wheel, by Lucan driven about,
 And the world in it, I begin to doubt,
 At every line some pin thereof should slack
 At least, if not the general engine crack.
 But when again I view the parts so payed,²⁵
 And those in number so, and measure raised,
 As neither Pompey's popularity,
 Cæsar's ambition, Cato's liberty,
 Calm Brutus' tenor start, but all along

²⁴ Prefixed to May's translation of Lucan, 1627. May was descended from an ancient family in Sussex, where he was born in 1594. . . . He wrote several plays, but his literary reputation rests chiefly on his translation of the *Pharsalia*, and his continuation of that poem, in Latin and English, to the death of Julius Cæsar. The Latin continuation was reprinted at Leyden, in 1640, with commendatory verses by several writers. Dr. Johnson preferred May's Latin poetry to that of Cowley and Milton.— B.

²⁵ Poised.

Keep due proportion in the ample song,
 It makes me, ravished with fresh wonder, cry
 What Muse, or rather God of harmony
 Taught Lucan these true modes? replies my
 sense

What gods but those of arts and eloquence,
 Phœbus and Hermes? they whose tongue or
 pen,

Are still th' interpreters 'twixt gods and men!
 But who hath them interpreted, and brought
 Lucan's whole frame unto us, and so wrought,
 As not the smallest joint, or gentlest word
 In the great mass, or machine there is stirred?
 The selfsame genius! so the work will say;
 The Sun translated, or the son of May.

TO MY DEAR SON, AND RIGHT LEARNED FRIEND,
 MASTER JOSEPH RUTTER.²⁶

You look, my Joseph, I should something say
 Unto the world, in praise of your first play:
 And truly, so I would, could I be heard.
 You know, I never was of truth afeard,
 And less ashamed; not when I told the crowd
 How well I loved truth: I was scarce allowed

²⁶ The "first play" (and only play by this author) to which these lines were prefixed, on its publication in 1635, was a pastoral comedy called *The Shepherd's Holiday*. Joseph Rutter translated the first part of *The Cid* of Corneille, at the request of the Earl of Dorset, to whose son he was tutor; and afterwards translated the second part at the command of the king. — B.

By those deep-grounded, understanding men,
 That sit to censure plays, yet know not when,
 Or why to like: they found it all was new,
 And newer than would please them, because true:
 Such men I've met withal, and so have you.
 Now, for mine own part, and it is but due,
 (You have deserved it from me) I have read,
 And weighed your play; untwisted every thread,
 And know the woof and warp thereof; can tell
 Where it runs round, and even; where so well,
 So soft, and smooth it handles, the whole piece,
 As it were spun by nature off the fleece:
 This is my censure. Now there is a new
 Office of wit, a mint, and (this is true)
 Cried up of late; whereto there must be first
 A master-worker called, th' old standard burst
 Of wit, and a new made; a warden then,
 And a comptroller, two most rigid men
 For order; and, for governing the pix,
 A 'say-master, hath studied all the tricks
 Of fineness and alloy; follow his hint,
 You've all the mysteries of wit's new mint,
 The valuations, mixtures, and the same
 Concluded from a carat to a dram.

EPIGRAM. IN AUTHOREM.²⁷

Thou, that wouldst find the habit of true passion,
 And see a mind attired in perfect strains,

²⁷ The poem to which this epigram specially refers is a piece called *Melancholike Humour*, 1600, by Nicholas Breton,

Not wearing moods, as gallants do a fashion,
 In those pied times, only to show their trains,
 Look here on Breton's work, the master print,
 Where such perfections to the life do rise;
 If they seem wry to such as look askint,
 The fault's not in the object, but their eyes.
 For, as one coming with a lateral view,
 Unto a cunning piece wrought perspective,
 Wants faculty to make a censure true;
 So with this author's readers will it thrive;
 Which being eyed directly, I divine,
 His proof their praise 'll incite, as in this line.

TO THE WORTHY AUTHOR OF "THE HUSBAND."²⁸

It fits not only him that makes a book
 To see his work be good; but that he look
 Who are his test, and what their judgment is,
 Lest a false praise do make their dotage his.
 I do not feel that ever yet I had
 The art of uttering wares, if they were bad;
 Or skill of making matches in my life;
 And therefore I commend unto *The Wife*,²⁹
 That went before — a *Husband*. She, I'll swear,

one of the contributors to *England's Helicon*, and the author of a vast number of poems of very unequal merit, including some short pieces of singular grace and beauty. — B.

²⁸ Prefixed to an anonymous work called *The Husband; a Poem expressed in a Complete Man*. 1614. — B.

²⁹ A poem by Sir Thomas Overbury called *The Wife*, which obtained considerable popularity from the circumstances

Was worthy of a good one, and this, here,
 I know for such, as (if my word will weigh)
 She need not blush upon the marriage day.

TO THE AUTHOR.³⁰

In picture, they which truly understand,
 Require (besides the likeness of the thing)
 Light, posture, heightening, shadow, coloring,
 All which are parts commend the cunning hand ;
 And all your book, when it is thoroughly
 scanned,
 Will well confess ; presenting, limiting
 Each subtlest passion, with her source, and
 spring,
 So bold, as shows your art you can command.
 But now your work is done, if they that view
 The several figures, languish in suspense,
 To judge which passion's false, and which is
 true,
 Between the doubtful sway of reason and
 sense,
 'Tis not your fault if they shall sense prefer,
 Being told there Reason cannot, Sense may err.

connected with the tragical death of the author. The public appear to have been interested in this piece by the contrast presented between the portrait drawn in it of a pure and virtuous woman, and the character of the infamous Countess of Essex. — B.

³⁰ Prefixed to *The Passions of the Mind in general*, a poem by Thomas Wright, 1604 and 1620. — B.

TO THE AUTHOR.³¹

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch ;
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the life and light of love,
The sun that ever shineth,
And spirit of that special grace,
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the word,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to faith to tread
All falsehood under feet.

It is the sword that doth divide
The marrow from the bone,
And in effect of heavenly love
Doth show the Holy One.

This, blessèd Warre, thy blessèd book
Unto the world doth prove ;
A worthy work, and worthy well
Of the most worthy love.

TO EDWARD FILMER, ON HIS MUSICAL WORK,
DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN.³²

What charming peals are these,
That, while they bind the senses, do so please ?

³¹ Prefixed to *The Touchstone of Truth*, by T. Warre, 1630. — B.

³² Of Filmer nothing is known. The "musical work" ap-

They are the marriage-rites
 Of two, the choicest pair of man's delights,
 Music and Poesy ;
 French air, and English verse, here wedded lie.

Who did this knot compose,
 Again hath brought the Lily to the Rose ;
 And, with their chainèd dance,
 Re-celebrates the joyful match with France.
 They are a school to win
 The fair French daughter to learn English in ;
 And, gracèd with her song,
 To make the language sweet upon her tongue.

TO RICHARD BROME, ON HIS COMEDY OF "THE
 NORTHERN LASS." ³³

I had you for a servant once, Dick Brome,
 And you performed a servant's faithful parts ;
 Now you are got into a nearer room
 Of fellowship, professing my old arts.

pears to have been a mere adaptation of French music to English words, in compliment to Queen Henrietta. — B.

³³ Richard Brome, from having been originally servant to Ben Jonson, became afterwards his friend, and was esteemed so highly by his contemporaries, that most of the principal poets addressed commendatory verses to him on his productions. He was the author of fifteen comedies, all entering into the current humors of the age, and treating them with considerable dramatic skill. In addition to these plays he produced *The Lancashire Witches*, in conjunction with Thomas Heywood ; and is said to have written six others. *The Northern Lass*, to which Jonson's lines were prefixed, was Brome's first play, and was published in 1632. Jonson's

And you do do them well, with good applause,
Which you have justly gainèd from the stage,
By observation of those comic laws

Which I, your master, first did teach the age.
You learnt it well, and for it served your time,
A 'prenticeship, which few do nowadays :

Now each court hobby-horse will wince in rhyme,
Both learnèd, and unlearnèd, all write plays.
It was not so of old ; men took up trades

That knew the crafts they had been bred in
right ;

An honest bilbo-smith would make good blades,

And the physician teach men spew and —.

The cobbler kept him to his awl ; but now,
He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a plough.

A SPEECH AT A TILTING.⁸⁴

Two noble knights, whom true desire, and zeal,
Hath armed at all points, charge me humbly
kneel

To thee, O king of men, their noblest parts

lines are thus introduced : "To my faithful servant, and (by his continued virtue) my loving friend, the author of this work, Richard Brome." Brome died about the year 1652. His comedy of *A Jovial Crew* was successfully revived at the Theatre Royal in Cibber's time. — B.

⁸⁴ This speech, which was copied from Ashmole's MSS., is said to have been "presented to King James at a tilting, in the behalf of the two noble brothers, Sir Robert and Sir Henry Rich." The lines have no date, but were probably produced on one of those festive occasions to which the attachment of Prince Henry to martial exercises gave birth. — G.

To tender thus, their lives, their loves, their
hearts.

The elder of these two ³⁵ rich hopes increase.
Presents a royal altar of fair peace ;
And, as an everlasting sacrifice,
His life, his love, his honor which ne'er dies,
He freely brings, and on this altar lays
As true oblations. His brother's emblem says,
Except your gracious eye, as through a glass,
Made perspective, behold him, he must pass
Still that same little point he was ; but when
Your royal eye, which still creates new men,
Shall look, and on him, so, — then art's a liar,
If from a little spark he rise not fire.

AN EXPOSTULATION WITH INIGO JONES.³⁶

Master Surveyor, you that first began
From thirty pounds in pipkins, to the man
You are : from them leaped forth an architect,

³⁵ These youths, says Gifford, were the sons of Robert Rich, first Earl of Warwick, by the too celebrated sister of the Earl of Essex. Robert, the elder, succeeded to the title in 1618. He "protests much," like Hamlet's player-queen, in his speech, and he kept his word somewhat in the same manner. James was scarcely dead, when he threw himself into the arms of the Parliament. His brother Henry, notwithstanding his emblem, trod in Robert's steps. James created him Earl of Holland. Great honors were also conferred upon him by Charles, in return for which he deserted and betrayed the royal cause. He was not long in receiving his reward from his new masters, who deprived him of his head in 1620. — B.

³⁶ This expostulation and the two pieces, also referring to

Able to talk of Euclid, and correct
 Both him and Archimede ; damn Archytas,
 The noblest engineer that ever was :
 Control Ctesibius, overbearing us
 With mistook names, out of Vitruvius ;
 Drawn Aristotle on us, and thence shown
 How much Architectonice is your own ;
 Whether the building of the stage, or scene,
 Or making of the properties it mean,
 Vizors, or antics ; or it comprehend
 Something your sir-ship doth not yet intend.
 By all your titles, and whole style at once,
 Of tireman,³⁷ mountebank, and Justice Jones,
 I do salute you : are you fitted yet ?
 Will any of these express your place, or wit ?
 Or are you so ambitious 'bove your peers,
 You'd be an Assinigo by your ears ?
 Why much good do't you ; be what part you will,
 You'll be, as Langley said, "an Inigo still,"
 What makes your wretchedness to bray so loud
 In town and court ? are you grown rich and
 proud ?

Inigo Jones, which immediately follow, were first printed by Whalley from copies in the possession of Vertue. — B. That some part of this may have proceeded from Jonson, I am not prepared to question ; but it has assuredly been much corrupted or interpolated. The fifth line could not be written by our poet, who was much too good a judge of accent to give this for a verse. — G.

³⁷ A contemptuous title, as if Jones had taken a tire-woman's part.

Your trappings will not change you, change
your mind ;

No velvet suit you wear will alter kind.

A wooden dagger is a dagger of wood,

Nor gold, nor ivory haft can make it good.

What is the cause you pomp it so, I ask ?

And all men echo, you have made a masque.

I chime that too, and I have met with those

That do cry up the machine, and the shows ;

The majesty of Juno in the clouds,

And peering forth of Iris in the shrouds ;

The ascent of lady Fame, which none could spy,

Not they that sided her, dame Poetry,

Dame History, dame Architecture too,

And goody Sculpture, brought with much ado

To hold her up : O shows, shows, mighty shows !

The eloquence of masques ! what need of prose

Or verse, or prose, t' express immortal you ?

You are the spectacles of state, 'tis true,

Court-hieroglyphics, and all arts afford,

In the mere perspective of an inch-board ;

You ask no more than certain politic eyes,

Eyes that can pierce into the mysteries

Of many colors, read them, and reveal

Mythology, there painted on slit deal.

Or to make boards to speak ! there is a task !

Painting and carpentry are the soul of masque.

Pack with your peddling poetry to the stage,

This is the money-got, mechanic age.

To plant the music where no ear can reach,

Attire the persons, as no thought can teach
 Sense, what they are ; which by a specious, fine
 Term of [you] Architects, is called Design ;
 But in the practised truth, destruction is
 Of any art, besides what he calls his.
 Whither, O whither will this tireman grow ?
 His name is Σχηνοποιος, we all know,
 The maker of the properties ; in sum,
 The scene, the engine ; but he now is come
 To be the music-master ; tabler too ;
 He is, or would be, the main *Dominus Do-*
All of the work, and so shall still for Ben,
 Be Inigo, the whistle, and his men.
 He's warm on his feet, now, he says ; and can
 Swim without cork : why, thank the good Queen

Anne.³⁸

I am too fat to envy, he too lean
 To be worth envy ; henceforth I do mean
 To pity him, as smiling at his feat
 Of lantern-lerry,³⁹ with fuliginous heat
 Whirling his whimsies, by a subtilty
 Sucked from the veins of shop-philosophy.
 What would he do now, giving his mind that
 way,

In presentation of some puppet-play,
 Should but the king his justice-hood employ,

³⁸ Consort to James I., who appointed Jones to be her architect. — W.

³⁹ A term either coined or applied by Jonson to Inigo Jones. It seems to mean some trick of producing artificial light. — NARES.

In setting forth of such a solemn toy ?
How would he firk, like Adam Overdo,⁴⁰
Up and about ; dive into cellars too,
Disguised, and thence drag forth Enormity,
Discover Vice, commit Absurdity ;
Under the moral, show he had a pate
Moulded or stroked up to survey a state !
O wise surveyor, wiser architect,
But wisest Inigo ; who can reflect
On the new priming of thy old sign-posts,
Reviving with fresh colors the pale ghosts
Of thy dead standards ; or with marvel see
Thy twice conceived, thrice paid for imagery,
And not fall down before it, and confess
Almighty Architecture, who no less
A goddess is, than painted cloth, deal board,
Vermilion, lake or crimson can afford
Expression for ; with that unbounded line,
Aimed at in thy omnipotent design !
What poesy e'er was painted on a wall,
That might compare with thee ? what story
shall

Of all the worthies, hope t' outlast thy own,
So the materials be of Purbeck stone ?
Live long the feasting room ! and ere thou burn
Again, thy architect to ashes turn ;
Whom not ten fires, nor a parliament, can,
With all remonstrance,⁴¹ make an honest man.

⁴⁰ A character in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.

⁴¹ Jones, by some arbitrary proceedings, had subjected

TO A FRIEND.

AN EPIGRAM OF INIGO JONES.

Sir Inigo doth fear it, as I hear,
And labors to seem worthy of this fear,
That I should write upon him some sharp
verse,
Able to eat into his bones, and pierce
The marrow. Wretch! I quit thee of thy
pain,
Thou'rt too ambitious, and dost fear in vain:
The Libyan lion hunts no butterflies;
He makes the camel and dull ass his prize.
If thou be so desirous to be read,
Seek out some hungry painter, that, for bread,
With rotten chalk or coal, upon the wall,
Will well design thee to be viewed of all
That sit upon the common draught or strand;
Thy forehead is too narrow for my brand.

himself to the censures of Parliament; and this seems to refer to the affair between him and the parishioners of St. Gregory in London. In order to execute his design of repairing St. Paul's Cathedral, he demolished part of the church of St. Gregory adjoining to it; upon which the parishioners presented a *Remonstrance* to the Parliament against him: but that affair did not come to an issue till some time after the writing of this satire. — W. The question is, when it began. The *Remonstrance* was not even presented to Parliament till three years after Jonson's death, and could scarcely have been in contemplation at the date of this satire, 1635. There are many difficulties in the way of those who make Jonson the author of the whole of this piece. — G.

TO INIGO MARQUIS WOULD-BE.

A COROLLARY.

But 'cause thou hear'st the mighty King of Spain
 Hath made his Inigo marquis,⁴² wouldst thou fain
 Our Charles should make thee such? 'twill not
 become

All kings to do the selfsame deeds as some :
 Besides, his man may merit it, and be
 A noble honest soul: what's this to thee?
 He may have skill, and judgment to design
 Cities and temples, thou a cave for wine,
 Or ale; ⁴³ he build a palace, thou the shop,
 With sliding windows, and false lights a-top ;
 He draw a forum with quadrivial streets ;
 Thou paint a lane where Tom Thumb Jeffrey
 meets,⁴⁴

He some Colossus, to bestride the seas,
 From the famed pillars of old Hercules ;
 Thy canvas giant at some channel aims,
 Or Dowgate torrents falling into Thames ;
 And straddling shows the boys' brown paper fleet
 Yearly set out there, to sail down the street.
 Your works thus differing, much less so your
 style,

Content thee to be Pancridge earl the while,

⁴² This passage refers to a current notion, having its origin in Jones's Christian name, that he had a Spaniard for his god-father. — B.

⁴³ Jones did construct the king's cellar. See *ante*, p. 236.

⁴⁴ That is, just wide enough to allow of the meeting of Tom Thumb and Jeffrey Hudson [the dwarf]. — G.

An earl of show ;⁴⁵ for all thy worth is show :
 But when thou turn'st a real Inigo,
 Or canst of truth the least entrenchment pitch,
 We'll have thee styled the Marquis of Tower-
 ditch.

EPITHALAMION.

FROM THE MASQUE OF HYMEN.⁴⁶

Glad time is at his point arrived,
 For which love's hopes were so long lived.
 Lead, Hymen, lead away ;
 And let no object stay,
 Nor banquets, but sweet kisses,
 The turtles from their blisses.
 'Tis Cupid calls to arm,
 And this his last alarm.

Shrink not, soft virgin, you will love
 Anon, what you so fear to prove.
 This is no killing war,
 To which you pressèd are ;

⁴⁵ One of the "worthies" who annually rode to Mile-end, or the Artillery ground, in the procession called Arthur's Show. — G. Jones was said to have aspired to a peerage, but there is no better proof of it than can be found in the scurrilous doggerel of the day. — B.

⁴⁶ This masque was performed in 1606 at the marriage of Robert, Earl of Essex, son of the Essex of Elizabeth, and Lady Frances, second daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. The marriage was a most inauspicious one, for it was this Lady Frances who, divorced from Essex, married the Earl of Somerset and caused the death of Overbury.

But fair and gentle strife
Which lovers call their life.
'Tis Cupid cries, to arm,
And this his last alarm.

Help, youths and virgins, help to sing
The prize, which Hymen here doth bring.
And did so lately rap
From forth the mother's lap,
To place her by that side
Where she must long abide.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

See ! Hesperus is yet in view.
What star can so deserve of you ?
Whose light doth still adorn
Your bride, that, ere the morn,
Shall far more perfect be,
And rise as bright as he ;
When, like to him, her name
Is changed, but not her flame.

Haste, tender lady, and adventure ;
The covetous house would have you enter,
That it might wealthy be,
And you, her mistress, see.
Haste your own good to meet,
And lift your golden feet ⁴⁷

⁴⁷ That she might not touch the threshold as she entered,
the bride was lifted over it.

Above the threshold high,
With prosperous augury.

Now youths, let go your pretty arms ;
The place within chants other charms.
Whole showers of roses flow,
And violets seem to grow,
Strew'd in the chamber there,
As Venus' mead it were.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

Good matrons, that so well are known
To aged husbands of your own,
Place you our bride to-night,
And snatch away the light,
That she not hide it dead
Beneath her spouse's bed ;
Nor he reserve the same
To help the funeral flame.

So ! now you may admit him in ;
The act he covets is no sin,
But chaste and holy love,
Which Hymen doth approve ;
Without whose hallowing fires
All aims are base desires.
On Hymen, Hymen call,
This night is Hymen's all.

Now free from vulgar spite or noise
May you enjoy your mutual joys ;

Now, you no fear controls,
But lips may mingle souls ;
And soft embraces bind
To each the other's mind ;
Which may no power untie
Till one or both must die !

And look ! before you yield to slumber
That your delights be drawn past number ;
Joys got with strife, increase.
Affect no sleepy peace,
But keep the bride's fair eyes
Awake with her own cries,
Which are but maiden fears ;
And kisses dry such tears.

Then coin them 'twixt your lips so sweet,
And let not cockles closer meet ;
Nor may your murmuring loves
Be drowned by Cypris' doves.
Let ivy not so bind
As when your arms are twined :
That you may both, ere day ;
Rise perfect every way.

And Juno, whose great powers protect
The marriage bed, with good effect,
The labor of this night
Bless thou, for future light :
And thou, thy happy charge,
Glad genius, enlarge ;

That they may both, ere day,
Rise perfect every way.

And Venus, thou, with timely seed,
Which may their after-comforts breed,
Inform the gentle womb ;
Nor let it prove a tomb,
But, ere ten moons be wasted,
The birth by Cynthia hasted,
So may they both, ere day,
Rise perfect every way.

And when the babe to light is shown,
Let it be like each parent known ;
Much of the father's face,
More of the mother's grace ;
And either grandsire's spirit
And fame let it inherit.
That men may bless th' embraces
That joinèd two such races.

Cease, youths and virgins, you have done ;
Shut fast the door, and as they soon
To their perfection haste,
So may their ardors last.
So either's strength outlive
All loss that age can give ; ⁴⁸
And though full years be told,
Their forms grow slowly old.

⁴⁸ Essex was in his fifteenth and Lady Frances in her fourteenth year.

VENUS' RUNAWAY.⁴⁹

Beauties, have ye seen this toy
 Callèd love, a little boy,
 Almost naked, wanton, blind,
 Cruel now, and then as kind ?
 If he be amongst ye, say ;
 He is Venus' runaway.

She that will but now discover
 Where the wingèd wag doth hover
 Shall to-night receive a kiss
 How or where herself would wish ;
 But who brings him to his mother
 Shall have that kiss and another.

H' hath of marks about him plenty ;
 You shall know him among twenty.
 All his body is a fire,
 And his breath a flame entire,
 That being shot like lightning in,
 Wounds the heart but not the skin.

At his sight the sun hath turned,
 Neptune in the waters burned,
 Hell hath felt a greater heat,

⁴⁹ These verses, which are sometimes headed as above, occur in *The Description of the Masque with the Nuptial Songs at the Lord Viscount Haddington's Marriage at Court, on the Shrove Tuesday at night, 1608*. Gifford, avoiding the circumlocutory title, has given it the happy one of *The Hue and Cry after Cupid*. The Ἔρως Δραπέτης of Moschus is said to have furnished Jonson with the suggestion.

Jove himself forsook his seat.
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies reared high.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights and heart,
But not stay in any part ;
And if, chance, his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself, in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows that outbrave
Dian's shafts ; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel ;
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood ;
Naught but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

Trust him not ; his words though sweet
Seldom with his heart do meet ;
All his practice is deceit,
Every gift it is a bait ;
Not a kiss but poison bears ;
And most treason in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign ;
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think 'em joys.
'Tis the ambition of the elf
T' have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice but show him.
Though ye had a will to hide him
Now, we hope ye'll not abide him.
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he is Venus' Run-away.

EPITHALAMION.⁵⁰

Up, youths and virgins, up and praise
The god, whose nights outshine his days :
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights ;
Whose bands pass liberty.
Two of your troop that with the morn were free
Are now waged to his war.
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Yourselves must be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star.
What joy or honors can compare
With holy nuptials when they are

⁵⁰ From the same masque as the last,

Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts ?
When, in the happy choice,
The spouse and spousèd have the foremost voice.
Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are,
And long perfection see,
And such ours be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished star.

The solemn state of this one night
Were fit to last an age's light ;
But there are rites behind
Have less of state but more of kind :
Love's wealthy crop of kisses,
And fruitful harvest of his mother's blisses.
Sound then to Hymen's war,
That what these are,
Who will perfection see
May haste to be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished star.

Love's commonwealth consists of toys ;
His council are those antique boys,
Games, laughter, sports, delights,
That triumph with him on these nights ;
To whom we must give way,
For now their reign begins and lasts till day.
They sweeten Hymen's war,
And in that jar,

Make all that married be
Perfection see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished star.

Why stays the bridegroom to invade
Her that would be a matron made ?
Good-night, while yet we may
Good-night to you a virgin say ;
To-morrow rise the same
Your mother is, and use a nobler name.
Speed well in Hymen's war,
That what you are
By your perfection, we
And all may see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished star.

To-night is Venus' vigil kept ;
This night no bridegroom ever slept ;
And if the fair bride do,
The mames say 'tis his fault too.
Wake then, and let your lights
Wake too, for they'll tell nothing of your nights,
But that in Hymen's war
You perfect are.
And such perfection, we
Do pray should be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished star.

That, ere the rosy-fingered morn
Behold nine moons there may be born
A babe, t' uphold the fame

Of Radcliffe's blood and Ramsey's name,
That may in his great seed
Wear the long honors of his father's deed.
Such fruits of Hymen's war
Most perfect are.
And all perfection we
Wish you should see.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth thou wished star.

ODE TO HIMSELF. ⁵¹

Come, leave the loathèd stage
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence, in faction knit,
Usurp the chair of wit.
Indicting and arraigning every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commission of the brain
Run on and rage, sweat, censure and condemn;
They were not made for thee, less thou for them.

Say that thou pour'st them wheat,
And they will acorns eat;
'Twere simple fury still thyself to waste
On such as have no taste!

⁵¹ This ode was printed at the close of *The New Inn*, and bears this explanatory notice: "The just indignation the author took at the vulgar censure of his play, by some malicious spectators, begat this following ode to himself." It called out several retorts and compliments in verse.

To offer them a surfeit of pure bread
 Whose appetites are dead !
 No, give them grains their fill,
 Husks, draff to drink and swill :
If they love lees, and leave the lusty wine,
Envy them not, their palate's with the swine.

 No doubt some mouldy tale
 Like Pericles, and stale
As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish —
 Scraps out of every dish
Thrown forth and raked into the common tub,
 May keep up the Play-club :
 There, sweepings do as well
 As the best-order'd meal ;
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit.

 And much good do't you then :
 Brave plush and velvet men
Can feed on orts ; and safe in your stage clothes
 Dare quit upon your oaths
The stagers and the stage-wrights too, your peers
 Of larding your large ears
 With their foul comic socks,
 Wrought upon twenty blocks ;
Which, if they're torn, and turned and patched
 enough,
The gamesters share your guilt, and you their
 stuff.

Leave things so prostitute
 And take the Alcaic lute,
 Or thine own Horace, or Anacreon's lyre;
 Warm thee by Pindar's fire,
 And though thy nerves be shrunk and blood be
 cold

Ere years have made thee old,
 Strike that disdainful heat
 Throughout, to their defeat,
 As curious fools, and envious of thy strain,
 May, blushing, swear no palsy's in thy brain.

But when they hear thee sing
 The glories of thy king,
 His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men:
 They may, blood-shaken then,
 Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers
 As they shall cry, "Like ours,
 In sound of peace or wars,
 No harp e'er hit the stars,
 In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign,
 And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his brain."

CHARLES CAVENDISH TO HIS POSTERITY.⁵²

Sons, seek not me among these polished stones,
 These only hide part of my flesh and bones,
 Which, did they e'er so neat and proudly dwell,

⁵² Sir Charles Cavendish was the third son of Sir William Cavendish, the faithful and confidential servant of Cardinal Wolsey.

Will all turn dust, and may not make me swell.
 Let such as justly have outlived all praise,
 Trust in the tombs their careful friends do raise;
 I made my Life my monument, and yours,
 Than which there's no material more endures,
 Nor yet inscription like it writ but that;
 And teach your nephews it to emulate:
 It will be matter loud enough to tell
 Not when I died, but how I lived — farewell.

EPITAPH ON LADY KATHERINE OGLE.⁵³

She was the light (without reflex
 Upon herself) of all her sex,
 The best of women! — Her whole life
 Was the example of a wife,
 Or of a parent, or a friend!
 All circles had their spring and end
 In her, and what could perfect be
 And without angles, IT WAS SHE. —

All that was solid in the name
 Of virtue; precious in the frame,
 Or else magnetic in the force,
 Or sweet, or various, in the course;
 What was proportion, or could be
 By warrant called just symmetry
 In number, measure, or degree
 Of weight or fashion, IT WAS SHE. —
 Her soul possessed her flesh's state

⁵³ The second wife of Sir Charles Cavendish, and mother of the Duke of Newcastle.

In freehold, not as an inmate,
 And when the flesh here shut up day,
 Fame's heat upon the grave did stay,
 And hourly brooding o'er the same,
 Keeps warm the spice of her good name,
 Until the ashes turned be
 Into a Phoenix — WHICH IS SHE.

Ὁ Ζεὺς κατείδε χρόνιος εἰς τὰς διφθέρας.

'Tis a record in heaven. You that were
 Her children and grandchildren, read it here;
 Transmit it to your nephews, friends, allies,
 Tenants, and servants: have they hearts and
 eyes
 To view the truth and own it? Do but look
 With pause upon it: make this page your
 book!
 Your book? Your volume! Nay, the state
 and story!
 Code, Digests, Pandects of all female glory!
 Diphthera Jovis.

For this did Katherine Lady Ogle die
 To gain the crown of immortality;
 Eternity's Great Charter; which became
 Her right, by gift and purchase of the Lamb.
 Sealed and delivered to her, in the sight
 Of Angels, and all witnesses of light,
 Both saints and martyrs, by her lovèd Lord,
 And this a copy is of the Record.

EPITAPH ON THE LADY JANE.⁵⁴

I could begin with that grand form *Here lies*
(And bid thee, reader, bring thy weeping eyes
To see who 'tis —) a noble countess, great
In blood, in birth, by match and by her state,
Religious, wise, chaste, loving, gracious, good,
And number attributes unto a flood ;
But every table in this church can say
A list of epithets and praise this way ;
No stone in any wall here but can tell
Such things of everybody, and as well —
Nay, they will render one's descent to hit
And Christian name too with a herald's wit.
But I would have thee to know something new,
Not usual in a lady, and yet true,
At least so great a lady — she was wife
But of one husband, and since he left life,
But Sorrow she desired no other friend,
And her she made her inmate to the end.
To call on sickness still to be her guest,
Whom she with sorrow first did lodge, then feast,
Then entertain, and as death's harbinger,
So woo'd at last that he was won to her
Importune wish, and by her loved lord's side
To lay her here, inclosed, his second bride ;
Where, spite of death, next life, for her love's sake
This second marriage will eternal make.

⁵⁴ Eldest daughter of Lord Ogle, and sister of the lady just mentioned.

AN EPIGRAM TO MY JOVIAL GOOD FRIEND, MR.
ROBERT DOVER, ON HIS GREAT INSTAURATION
OF HIS HUNTING AND DANCING AT COTSWOLD.⁵⁵

I cannot bring my muse to drop vies⁵⁶
'Twixt Cotswold and the Olympic exercise,
But I can tell thee, Dover, how thy games
Renew the glories of our blessed James :
How they do keep alive his memory
With the glad country and posterity ;
How they advance true love and neighborhood,
And do both church and commonwealth the good
In spite of hypocrites, who are the worst
Of subjects. Let such envy till they burst.

ANSWER TO WITHER'S LINES,

“SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.”

Shall I my affections slack
'Cause I see a woman's black,
Or myself with care cast down
'Cause I see a woman's brown ?
Be she blacker than the night
Or the blackest jet in sight,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how black she be ?

⁵⁵ From the *Annalia Dubrensia*, a collection of encomiastic verses composed and published in honor of Mr. Robert Dover, the founder of an annual meeting for rustic sports upon the Cotswold Hills, in the reign of James I. The volume is dated 1636.

⁵⁶ To *vie* was to hazard, to put down a certain sum upon a hand of cards.

Shall my foolish heart be burst
'Cause I see a woman's curst,
Or a thwarting, haggish nature
Joined in as bad a feature ?
Be she curst or fiercer than
Brutish beast or savage man,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be ?

Shall a woman's vices make
Me her vices quite forsake,
Or her faults to me made known
Make me think that I have none ?
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst ;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how bad she be ?

'Cause her fortunes seem too low,
Shall I therefore let her go ?
He that bears an ample mind
And with riches can be kind,
Think what with them he would do
That without them dares to woo ?
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great, or proud, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair,
If she love me, then believe
I will die ere she shall grieve :

If she slight me when I woo,
I can slight and bid her go.
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

TO MY DETRACTOR.⁵⁷

My verses were *commended* thou dars't say,
And *they were very good* ; yet thou think'st nay ;
For thou objectest (as thou hast been told)
The envied returns of forty pound in gold.
Fool ! do not rate my rhymes. I've found thy vice
Is to make cheap the lord, the lines, the price.
But howl thou on, I pity thee, poor cur,
Till thou hast lost thy noise, thy foam, thy stir,
To be known what thou art, a blatant beast,
By barking against me. Thou look'st at least
I now would write on thee ! No, wretch ; thy name
Shall not work out unto it such a fame.
Thou art not worth it. Who will care to know
If such a tyke as thou e'er wert or no ?
A mongrel cur, thou shouldst stink forth and die
Nameless and noisome as thy infamy !
No man will tarry by thee, as he goes,
To ask thy name if he have half his nose,
But fly thee like the Pest. Walk not the street
Out in the dog-days, lest the killer meet
Thy noddle with his club, and dashing forth
Thy dirty brains, men smell thy want of worth.

⁵ This poem should be read in connection with the Epigram, page 284, where see note.

A FRAGMENT OF ONE OF THE LOST QUATERNIONS OF EUPHEME.⁵⁸

You worms (my rivals), whiles she was alive
How many thousands were there that did strive
To have your freedom? For their sakes forbear

Unseemly holes in her soft skin to wear;
But, if you must (as what worm can abstain?)
Taste of her tender body, yet refrain,
With your disordered eating, to deface her,
And feed yourselves so as you most may grace
her.

First, through yon ear-tips see you work a pair
Of holes, which as the moist enclosed air
Turns into water, may the cold drops take,
And in her ears a pair of jewels make.
That done, upon her bosom make your feast,
Where, on a cross, carve Jesus in her breast.
Have you not yet enough of that soft skin,
The touch of which in times past might have
been

Enough to ransom many a thousand soul
Captived to love? Then hence your bodies roll
A little higher; when I would you have
This epitaph upon her forehead grave:
Living, she was fair, young, and full of wit;
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ.

⁵⁸ See *ante*, page 298. From *Notes and Queries*, 1st. series, III. 367.

ON THE AUTHOR, WORKS AND TRANSLATOR.⁵⁹

Who tracks this author's, or translator's, pen
 Shall find that either hath read books and men :
 To say but one were single : Then it chimes
 When the old words do strike on the new times,
 As in this Spanish Proteus; who, though writ
 But in one tongue, was formed with the world's
 wit;

And hath the noblest mark of a good book,
 That an ill man dares not securely look
 Upon it, but will loathe or let it pass,
 As a deformèd face doth a true glass.
 Such books deserve translators of like coat,
 As was the genius wherewith they were wrote :
 And this hath met that one that may be styled
 More than the foster father of this child.
 For though Spain gave him his first air and
 vogue

He would be called henceforth *The English
 Rogue,*

But that he's too well suited, in a cloth
 Finer than was his Spanish, if my oath
 Will be received in Court; if not, would I
 Had cloathed him so. Here's all I can supply

⁵⁹ Prefixed to the Translation of *The Spanish Rogue*, by James Mabbe, 1623. James Mabbe learned his Spanish by accompanying Sir John Digby when he went as ambassador to Spain. He adopted the quaint name of Don Diego Puede Ser (that is, Don James May-Be), and translated other Spanish books.

To your desert, who have done it, friend. And
this

Fair emulation and as envy is,
When you behold me with myself the man
That would have done that which you only can.

ODE ἀλληγορική.⁶⁰

I.

Who saith our times nor have nor can
Produce us a black swan ?
Behold where one doth swim
Whose note and hue

⁶⁰ These spirited and thoroughly Jonsonian stanzas are prefixed to a Poem published in 1603, with the following title, "PANCHARIS : The First Booke, containing The Preparation of the Love betweene Owen Tudyr, and the Queene, long since intended to her Maiden Majestie; And now dedicated to *The Invincible James*, Second and greater Monarch of Great Britaine, King of *England, Scotland, France, and Ireland*, with the Islands adjacent. Printed at London, by V. S. for Clement Knight. 1603."

This work, of which only one copy is known to exist (among Burton's books in the Bodleian) was first described in 1865 by Mr. Collier, in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*, Vol. II. p. 443, and afterwards reprinted in the following year in his "green series," or "Illustrations of our old English Literature." Particular attention was called by him to this Ode of Jonson's, which has, notwithstanding, been overlooked by Mr. Hazlitt. The notices of Scotland are especially interesting, as showing for how many years before he actually visited it the localities of his ancestral land had occupied his mind. His mention of the drinking habits of the Danes, in the same year in which *Hamlet* was first published, has hitherto escaped Shakespearian commentators. — CUNNINGHAM.

Besides the other swans admiring him,
Betray it true :
A gentler bird than this
Did never dint the breast of *Tamisis*.

II.

Mark, mark, but when his wing he takes
How fair a flight he makes !
How upward and direct !
Whilst pleased Apollo
Smiles in his sphere to see the rest affect
In vain to follow.
This swan is only his,
And *Phæbus*' love cause of his blackness is.

III.

He showed him first the hoof-cleft spring,
Near which Thespiads sing ;
The clear Dircean fount
Where Pindar swam ;
The pale Pyrene and the forkèd Mount :
And when they came
To brooks and broader streams,
From Zephyr's rape would close him with his
beams.

IV.

This changed his down, till this, as white
As the whole beard in sight,
And still is in the breast ;
That part nor wind,

Nor sun could make to vary from the rest,
Or alter kind ;
So much doth virtue hate,
For style of rareness, to degenerate.

V.

Be then both rare and good : and long
Continue thy sweet song.
Nor let one river boast
Thy tunes alone ;
But prove the air, and sail from coast to coast :
Salute old Mône.
But first to Cluid stoop low,
The vale that bred thee pure as her hills' snow.

VI.

From thence display thy wing again
Over Ierna main
To the Engenian dale ;
There charm the rout
With thy soft notes, and hold them within pale
That late were out.
Music hath power to draw,
Where neither force can bend, nor fear can awe.

VII.

Be proof, the glory of his hand,
(Charles Montjoy) whose command
Hath been all harmony :
And more hath won

Upon the Kerne, and wildest Irishry
Than time hath done,
Whose strength is above strength,
And conquers all things ; yea itself, at length.

VIII.

Who ever sipped at Bathyre river,
That heard but spite deliver
His far-admired acts,
And is not rapt
Withentheate rage to publish their brighttracts?
But this more apt
When him alone we sing ;
Now must we fly our aim, our swan's on wing.

IX.

Who (see) already hath o'erflown
The Hebrid Isles, and known
The scattered Orcades ;
From thence is gone
To utmost Thule ; whence he backs the seas
To Caledon,
And over Grampius mountain
To Loumond lake, and Tweed's black-springing
fountain.

X.

Haste, haste, sweet singer ! nor to Tine,
Humber, or Ouse decline ;
But overland to Trent :
There cool thy plumes,

And up again, in skies and air to vent
Their reeking fumes ;
Till thou at Thames alight,
From whose proud bosom thou began'st thy
flight.

XI.

Thames, proud of thee and of his fate
In entertaining late
The choice of Europe's pride,
The nimble French,
The Dutch, whom wealth (not hatred) doth
divide,
The Danes that drench
Their cares in wine: with sure
Though slower Spain, and Italy mature.

XII.

All which, when they but hear a strain
Of thine, shall think the Maine
Hath sent her mermaids in,
To hold them here ;
Yet, looking in thy face, they shall begin
To lose that fear ;
And (in the place) envÿ
So black a bird so bright a quality.

XIII.

But should they know (as I) that this
Who warbleth Pancharis
Were Cynus, once high flying
With Cupid's wing ;

Though now, by Love transformed and daily
dying,
 (Which makes him sing
 With more delight and grace) ;
Or thought they Leda's white adult'rer's place.

XIV.

Among the stars should be resigned
 To him, and he there shrined ;
 Or Thames be rapt from us
 To dim and drown
In heaven the sign of old Eridanus :
 How they would frown !
 But these are mysteries
Concealed from all but clear prophetic eyes.

XV.

It is enough, their grief shall know
 At their return, nor Po
 Iberus, Tagus, Rhine
 Scheldt, nor the Maas
Slow Arar, nor swift Rhone, the Loire, nor Seine,
 With all the race
 Of Europe's waters can
Set out a like, or second to our Swan.



SONGS

FROM THE DRAMAS AND MASQUES.

SONGS.

THE KISS.

FROM "CYNTHIA'S REVELS."

O that joy so soon should waste !
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss
Might not forever last !
So sugared, so melting, so soft, so delicious ;
The dew that lies on roses,
When the morn herself discloses,
Is not so precious.
O, rather than I would it smother,
Were I to taste such another,
It should be my wishing
That I might die, kissing.

THE GLOVE.

FROM "CYNTHIA'S REVELS."

Thou more than most sweet glove
Unto my more sweet love,
Suffer me to store with kisses
This empty lodging, that now misses

The pure rosy hand that ware thee,
Whiter than the kid that bare thee.
 Thou art soft, but that was softer ;
 Cupid's self hath kissed it ofter
 Than e'er he did his mother's doves,
 Supposing her the Queen of loves,
 That was thy mistress, best of gloves.

HYMN TO CYNTHIA.

FROM "CYNTHIA'S REVELS."

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver car,
 State in wonted manner keep.
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did close.
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever ;
 Thou that maks't a day of night,
 Goddess, excellently bright.

A LOVER'S INVENTORY.

FROM "POETASTER."

If I freely may discover
What would please me in my lover :
I would have her fair and witty,
Savoring more of court than city ;
A little proud, but full of pity ;
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying ;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying.
Neither too easy nor too hard, —
All extremes I would have barred.

She should be allowed her passions,
So they were but used as fashions ;
Sometimes froward and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish and then swowning,
Every fit, with change still crowning.
Purely jealous I would have her,
Then only constant when I crave her ;
'Tis a virtue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicacies would cloy me,
Neither her peevishness annoy me.

THE FORTUNATE FOOL.

FROM "VOLPONE ; OR THE FOX."

Fools, they are the only nation
Worth men's envy or admiration ;
Free from care or sorrow-taking,
Selves and others merry making ;

All they speak or do is sterling.
 Your fool he is your great man's dearling,
 And your ladies' sport and pleasure ;
 Tongue and bauble are his treasure.
 E'en his face begetteth laughter,
 And he speaks truth free from slaughter :
 He's the grace of every feast,
 And sometimes the chiefest guest ;
 Hath his trencher and his stool
 When wit waits upon the fool.
 O, who would not be
 He, he, he ?

A MISTRESS' PERFECTIONS.

FROM "THE DEVIL IS AN ASS."

Do but look on her eyes ! they do light
 All that Love's world compriseth.
 Do but look on her hair ! it is bright
 As Love's star when it riseth.
 Do but mark, her forehead's smother
 Than words that soothe her.
 And from her archèd brows such a grace
 Sheds itself through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the gain, all the good, of the elements'
 strife.

 Have you seen but a bright lily grow
 Before rude hands have touched it ?
 Have you marked but the fall of the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it ?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver ?
Or swan's down, ever ?
Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier ?
Or the nard i' the fire ?
Or have tasted the bag o' the bee ?
O, so white ! O, so soft ! O, so sweet is she !

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

FROM "THE NEW INN."

It was a beauty that I saw,
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe was lame
To that one figure, could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law !

A skein of silk without a knot,
A fair march made without a halt,
A curious form without a fault,
A printed book without a blot,
All beauty, and without a spot !

LOVE THE SLAYER.¹

FROM "THE SAD SHEPHERD."

Though I am young and cannot tell
Either what Death or Love is well,
Yet I have heard they both bear darts,
And both do aim at human hearts ;
And then again I have been told

¹ This song was set to music by Nicholas Launceare, and inserted in the compilation of *Ayres and Dialogues* by Henry Lawes, 1653. — G.

Love wounds with heat, as Death with cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch and mean one thing.

As in a ruin we it call
One thing to be blown up, or fall,
Or to our end like way may have
By flash of lightning or a wave:
So Love's inflamed shaft or brand
May kill as soon as Death's cold hand,
Except Love's fires the virtues have,
To fright the frost out of the grave.

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